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**October, 1916**

# Tipyn o' Bob

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## Contents

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	PAGE
Editorials.....	1
October.....Eleanor Steward Cooper, '19	3
The Faith of the Fathers.....Therese Born, '18	4
Crabbed Age and Youth ..Thalia Howard Smith, '17	11
Prophecy.....	14
The Moon-Path.....M. W., '18	14
In the Interests of Religion.....Mildred Foster, '17	15
Freshman Notes.....M. W., '17	22
Impressions .....	25
Book Review.....Sarah Hinde, '17	27
Dulci Fistula .....	29

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# Tipyn o' Bob

*Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post office as Second Class Matter.*

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Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 1

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## EDITORIALS

Three years ago the TIPYN o' BOB was changed from a monthly to a fortnightly publication. The change was made to bring it into closer touch with current topics and enable it to report frequently and promptly on events of interest. The present editors feel that, as the *College News* now covers the journalistic side of the work, TIP may properly return to its more leisurely and considered form. We hope that you will not forget us, now that we appear only once a month, and that you will not shrink from our doubled number of pages. Believe us, it is mostly fiction.

To begin the year with a confession and a discovery: in college we do not learn most from our teachers or from each other—at least directly—but from ourselves. We are comically eager to talk about ourselves, to show what we are among our kind, and we soon find that this needs exact analysis. We are not to-day as we were yesterday. Strangely our points of view, even our principles, are changing. We are appalled, perhaps, but certainly interested. We realize how ephemeral is an opinion and wonder if it be worth while taking a position in which we did not stand last week and from which we shall probably recede before the term is out.

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TIP believes that the development of character during four years of college is largely brought about through the conflict of opinion. We are all inexperienced and, from that standpoint, our ideas are all equally worthless. But we are crowding each other into shape, and, most of all, we are learning to make decisions where there is no older person to advise or correct.

Therefore we claim indulgence, remembering always that we speak only to one another. We are confident as being sincere, and our faith is the good faith of common citizenship.

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When asked by anxious parents if there is any hazing in her college, the loyal Bryn Mawr undergraduate is always very much shocked and replies without hesitation that no such thing exists. In fact she feels rather heated at the suggestion. But if this lofty attitude of denial is justified, what is it which causes the almost constant friction existing between the Freshman and the Sophomore classes? Every year the same thing has occurred; it will occur this year, and possibly may continue to occur in spite of the illuminating suggestions of this editorial. When the Freshmen see the Sophomores trying to break up their class meeting, trying to get their Parade song by fair means or foul, trying to break through their line in the hockey field, they naturally will take up the challenge, and will seek retaliation of some sort. They may find a rearrangement of the sheets on the Sophomores' beds of peculiar interest, or they may do their best to arouse a general class antipathy, which will break loose somewhere in the realm of athletics. Then the Sophomores who have gained some wisdom perhaps, yet have not quite reached that almost superhuman degree attained by Juniors and Seniors, will get their feelings hurt, will inquire in injured voices how the Freshmen could have thought, etc. And to what is all this due? It is due to a few relics of a former system, relics so sacred that it seems almost sacrilege to mention them in this connection. We shall do so, however.

Surely the custom which causes reluctant Sophomores to hurry around the campus, get hot and lose their tempers, in order to break up the first Freshman class meeting, might be allowed to die a natural death. Such a lapse in tradition ought not seriously to disturb even the most faithful. For the difficulties of the reading of Freshmen Rules and of the rules themselves, we dare offer no solution. Such things may not be desecrated. Much the same is true of Parade Night. We can only suggest the Freshmen

realize that, with all its blare of trumpets and terrifying accompaniments, it is purely and simply an entertainment to cheer its supposed victims. We suggest they remember that the Sophomores pay the bills. The song, however, offers a difficulty. We do not think that the parody in itself creates any ill feeling and it later serves the much needed purpose of enlivening Senior singing. But the method, now in use, of stealing the song, is certainly undesirable. For a day or so, the Freshman president is never allowed out of official Sophomore sight and her room becomes the center of a veritable Mary Roberts Rinehart intrigue. This gives ample opportunity for misunderstandings of all sorts—which is expressing it mildly. One remedy, however, lies in the hands of the Freshmen. We do not expect them to think of it for themselves. We do not really expect them to accept it when mentioned to them. But we do ask them at least to consider for a moment the excessively awkward position in which the Sophomores would be placed, were the Freshmen willingly to give them the song.

Such are our suggestions, for it is our humble prerogative to suggest. But our real hope this year lies in the class of 1920. Of course, we are longing to be reformed under their wise treatment. Of course they will find us willing, though perhaps backward pupils. In closing, we can only beg of them to remember our youth and forgive our deficiencies.

---

## OCTOBER

Now cease the soft and warming winds that swell'd  
The buds of spring and summer's increase woo'd.  
On ev'ry tree the last brave flags unfurl  
In vain before the hidden, silent foe.  
The sickle busy turns; the grape hangs ripe  
With future wine for hearts that will be chill.  
And when night early falls the ruddy moon  
More cheerful grown, rides slow and full and close  
To fields half winter-bare, half rich with grain  
That bends beneath the breath of that new wind  
Whose edge shall end the old and shape the new,  
Whose keenness stirs the leaden pulse to courage.

ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER, 1919.

## THE FAITH OF THE FATHERS

Six days of the week Gabriel Cyrolsky bent over his work. Around him thirty machines whirred in unpleasant monotone. Occasionally the woman next him coughed, or the big blue bottle flies that crawled along the ceiling would buzz in his ear. No one spoke, they were people of few words, the sad-eyed dwellers of the Ghetto. He hardly shifted his position as he worked; sometimes a fugitive ray of light would make its way to the basement and cause him to lift his squinting, half blinded eyes and blink dizzily. Sometimes, too, the flies would come too close to his ear or brush his cheek; then he would slap, vainly, automatically, like one of the machines about him. He worked there from six in the morning until seven at night, almost heedless of the rattle of the machines, the dampness of the room, the other workers, haggard unkempt. There he worked, stitching one shirt after another, until the pile before him grew to be twenty; then he would stop long enough to carry them all to the sweater and be ready to begin again.

But to-night was the seventh night, and the week's work was nearing its close. In the basement, dusk was deepening to darkness; the Sabbath was at hand. The two old women who worked across the table were already weeping in each other's

arms; a young man and his betrothed—for love flourishes even in a place such as this—had exchanged a Sabbath kiss; the boy with the gouged eye called out a gay greeting. It was the Passover. The man rose stiffly, his neck and shoulders were cramped, his eyes almost blinded. He groped his way down the steps into the street. It was already dark, and from within the houses he caught the gleam of candles on white cloths. Here and there he passed groups of men, belated loiterers from the synagogue. From the doorstep came to his ears the nasal chatter of women or the fitful whine of a baby left alone while the Passover feast was in progress. He knew that at his own home the feast was awaiting him; candles would shine at his table; there would be a fish, and even wine. He hurried the faster. This night was one of the two events of his year. The day when he stood wrapped in his grave clothes, the Kippur Day, the White Fast, was one; this night was the other. It was a night of sorrowful memories mingled with splendid pride that carried his thoughts far away. Thirty years ago to the day, the Cossacks had raged in Kishineff; when the evening came his mother and his sister and his baby brother lay dead on the snow, and he himself was stunned, with a



sabre cut across his check and down his shoulder. Then he remembered that it was thirty hundred years ago, this night, that his nation's history had begun, and his heart beat fast within. He had come now to his own home. He passed through the narrow door, up the dark flight of many stairs. A lamp was gleaming and his wife waited to greet him. The spell was broken and he had come into his own.

A half hour later he stood at the head of his table dignified, proud, almost clean. His spare shoulders stood out in firm outline against the folds of his prayer-robe; the gleam of the candles fell on the face of a man glorified by his office of priest and king, absolute in his power, with no one to gainsay his rule.

At the foot of the table the mother sat. She was not old, hardly at the age when mothers uptown are taking up golf as a preventative against stoutness, and board meetings to ward off dullness. She had come from Odessa, a young girl, only sixteen, bright, hopeful. She had half hoped to find gold dollars growing on trees, and bread to be had for the asking. But the gloom of the Ghetto, the bearing of five children and the making pitifully few pennies to feed seven hungry people, made her look now as though she had lived forever. She lived for her husband, her children, and a big book filled with ferocious Hebrew characters

that she could not understand. For her, too, this night was a great event; she liked to have her children about her, with food enough for all. She mashed up a bit of potato for the baby, and smiled proudly at her two big boys, sturdy youngsters of twelve and fourteen, already taller than their father, and proud of their newly acquired American slang. Her gaze dwelt lovingly on her eldest daughter. Rosie was a good child, she reflected; she worked hard in the daytime beside her father, and she never complained. She was going to marry Isadore Cohen soon, too, and Isadore was a good boy; he was saving money and he would be good to Rosie and Rosie could stop work and grow plump and get rid of the cough that had troubled her for such a long time.

Miriam, she thought, was not so good, or so patient, but who knows, perhaps in time she might become more like the elder sister. Her mother wished that she would "fill out" a bit; her neck was too scrawny, and her face seemed all eyes. She seemed different, the mother reflected—she had always been so; when she was quite a little girl she would run off for hours with an American book. And if she were only not so proud! Why there wasn't a boy on the street with whom she would have anything to do.

The supper progressed splendidly. There was little left of the fish, and

the almond cake was fast disappearing. The cake had never been so good as this year, the mother thought proudly; and no one knows that the wine is half water. The boys were chanting a song almost as old as the Temple of Jerusalem, a ridiculous song about "a kid, a kid that my father bought for two zuezim" and the dog that came and ate the kid and "the staff that beat the kid that my father bought for two zuezim." The mother laughed and laughed; she had heard the chant many times, yet she always laughed. And then, because laughter is very close to tears in these simple people, she began to weep silently.

The reading of the ritual was resumed. The father stood holding aloft a delicate Venetian goblet, a relic of days of Spanish greatness before the humiliating wandering over Europe had begun. His face was glowing with pride in his nation and his God.

"And it came to pass at midnight that Jehovah smote all the first born in the land of Egypt, from the first born of Pharaoh who sat on his throne, to the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon. And so will He deal always with the enemies of Israel. . . ."

"Why doesn't He?" It was Miriam's voice, breaking forth in protest. "Why doesn't He punish that brute who makes you bend over a machine all day? It is much worse

than making bricks for the Egyptians. And why did He not punish those soldiers who killed your mother and your brother and your sister? And why did He send manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness and let Mrs. Zabo's baby starve? It died to-day because it had nothing to eat! Why doesn't He remember us?"

There was silence for a moment; a dark flush of anger passed across the father's face, he staggered slightly. Then once more he raised his goblet, and in a voice firmer and stronger than before repeated "And it came to pass that at midnight Jehovah smote all the first born in the land of Epypt . . . And thus will it be always with the enemies of Israel."

The candles sputtered and grew dim. Someone started the chant again, but no one laughed. The boys were crumbling the almond cake, the wine went untasted. Miriam bit her lip and, unable to remain longer, rose from the table. She was genuinely sorry that she had spoken, the words seemed to have said themselves. For years she had revolted in silence, now, almost in spite of herself, the words that she had not meant to utter had risen to her lips. From the time that she had been a little girl she had resented the narrow orthodoxy of her father and his devotion to a dead and buried past. More than anything she longed to be

a part of the world in which she lived. There was nothing in a dream of Jerusalem fallen these hundred years, nothing in the memory of centuries of exile, nothing in her squalid surroundings. The future alone held out some ray of brightness. She could hear her father droning out the service; they were nearing the close, and had come to the point where, according to tradition, they might expect the advent of the Prophet Elijah—or if he himself could not come—and he had many other homes in Israel to visit—the coming of the “stranger within the gates.”

“Let there be no hungry mouth in Israel,” her father was reading. She knew the place was set; she could hear her mother move towards the door. She smiled bitterly to herself. No one would come; no one ever came. It was another of the foolish old customs. The door creaked. There was a scraping of feet on the threshold and the sound of an unfamiliar voice. She tiptoed back to the room unobserved. There was no Prophet Elijah awaiting her there, no bearded patriarch of tradition. In a second she recognized Mr. Carewe, the principal of her school, whom she saw but seldom, but who she knew resided in some mysterious recess named “The Office.” A dull flush of anger clouded her father’s face. “What right has this stranger,

this outsider to come here at this time?”

“Am I a welcome guest?” the young man asked, well acquainted with the ways of the people among whom he worked.

The face of the older man softened. “You are a welcome guest,” he said. “See, your place is set for you.”

The service was again resumed, the parting benediction soon spoken. Then the stranger explained his mission. He had come to speak about Miriam; she had a remarkable mind, he said, and it was a pity for her to stop when she finished the High School course, this June. She needed work at a university and he could arrange for a scholarship. The father listened uncomprehendingly. What had a girl to do with education; it was true that none admired learning more than he; no one could have regretted more that, as a boy, all opportunities of education had been denied him; he had given his children as good a chance as he could; he even hoped to send the boys to a master to learn the Mishrah and the Talmud; but a girl! What had she to do with a university? The young man was explaining to the mother; it was the chance of a life time, he was telling her. The scholarship would pay everything except a few trivial expenses; they surely could not stand in the way of their daughter’s success. The mother

began to comprehend. It would be hard to send her further. They were counting on her to help when school was over; Rosie was going to be married and someone was needed to earn money in her place. "But she can marry next year," she said to herself, "and my husband can bring me vests to sew at home."

Later that evening Rosie was sitting with Isadore. "We can marry after a while," she was saying. "Now they need me at home."

That fall Miriam went to the university. The winter slipped by into spring, and almost without one's realizing it, there was another Passover. This time the angel stopped at the house, and when he left, he took the mother with him. It was on an April day that he came, just when the candle lights first shone and the old woman had sat down to rest. The last stitch in the last garment had been taken, and she had picked up the big book whose characters she could not understand. But a pleasant dream came, and she slept, forgetting the big book and the almond cake and her husband's return. All that night and the next day her husband sat beside her, dry eyed, for the law forbade any mourning on the Sabbath. The next evening, as he followed beside the cart that bore her away, the pent-up sobs shook his whole frame, and he wept like a little child.

As one year passed into the second

he became more than ever a machine, the piles of twenty grew with the same regularity, the shoulders became more bent, the eyes more dim. At home Rosie awaited him; Rosie was a good girl, her voice was a little too sharp, she was perhaps not always so patient; but after all few daughters were so good as Rosie. She and Isadore still dreamed on the front stoop, of a home in the country where there would be children and chickens, but from day to day she coughed more, and her chest became flatter and flatter, her face older. The boys had left home; they had been attracted by the swimming pool and electric lights of a Young Men's Institute. From time to time they came to see their father, and they were as generous as possible; but they were interested in Ty Cobb and petty business transactions, while the father dreamed of the olden glory of Zion.

He was always glad when Miriam came home. After her first year she had lived at the dormitories, but every Friday she would come back in time for the lighting of the Sabbath candles. He liked to hear her gentle voice coming in grateful relief after the nasal twang of Rosie; he enjoyed watching her as she hurried about the kitchen in her quick capable way; and he would laugh at the funny stories of her new life that she told in quaint Yiddish. After the meal, he would lie back in the rickety arm

chair, and she would lean over the arm and tell of the pictures she had seen, and the books she had read, and the symphonies she had heard. On symphony nights she had no supper and there were a million steps to the gallery; from where she sat the players looked like so many little ants.

"And the synagogue," he would interrupt, "do you ever go there?"

Then she would make a tiny grimace and leap into a ridiculous story about college life, until at last she would jump up and point an accusing finger at the clock. There was a long distance to walk, she would exclaim, and who was so rich as to spend pennies for carfare; and with a hurried kiss she would be gone. He would be left alone with the candles that were sputtering and burning.

Two years passed, and at last the time came for Miriam's graduation. It was one fine spring morning that the old man found himself hustled into the church and shown none too politely to a seat far in the back, behind a post. He was hardly interested in the exercise; he could not understand the Latin hymn; still less could he comprehend the long words of the orator of the day. What he did understand, and what brought the hunted defiant gleam to his eye, was that the man in the long black gown had ended his prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. . . .

The class rose, a hundred names

were droned out, a thousand so it seemed to him; then—"Miriam Cyr-olsky." Afterwards they walked home arm in arm.

"Now that you have finished," he said to her, "you will come home. A girl like you who has been to college, can easily find a place where she won't have to work hard and where they pay well."

The girl shook her head. "Much good it does to bring you anywhere, Papa-chen," she said laughing. "Didn't you hear the man say that it was only the beginning of everything?" Then she told him that Mr. Carewe, who was one of the instructors in the economics department—did her father remember him; he was the principal of her school who had arranged for her scholarship?—had made it possible that she continue her work. He had seen about a graduate fellowship, and library work; now it was all arranged; she was going to Philadelphia to study further, and some day he would be proud of his little Miriam.

Once more the old man was left alone. His daughter's work, something vague, incomprehensible to him, had taken her away from him. Hurried little notes came from time to time, and, occasionally, newspaper clippings commenting on the original research work of a young Dr. Carewe. All this meant little to the old man who spent all his free hours

leaning back in a broken chair, waiting for his daughter to come home.

It was in the springtime that she came back. "Easter vacation," she had written; "in time for the Pass-over," he had thought. He heard her firm step on the stair, her voice calling to him from the doorway, and in a second her strong young arms were about his neck. Even in that moment of meeting, she was whispering her love story in her father's ear. The young doctor loved her, she him; he was strong and honorable and good; he was not of her religion, but her father could surely pardon him that.

"My daughter marry outside the faith," he cried; fury gave him strength, he unclasped her arms and pushed her from him. "My daughter marry a Gentile! Thank God, your mother is dead. I would sooner see you beside her."

"But father I love him."

"Love him? Are you mad?" There came to his mind that memory of long ago. His sister was a little girl playing with her doll. And when the soldiers came they broke even the doll. And his mother, who was so good and kind, who would harm no one—they killed her children before her eyes, before they struck her down!

"But father I love him, I tell you, and it is my own life that I must live!"

"Your life? What life have you

that is not your people's. What if your great-grandfather had said that when he was in Spain; he would have been a rich and powerful man. And when our people were driven from Spain into Holland, and from Holland into Germany, and from Germany into Russia. What if they had said 'We have our own lives; let us submit, let us not be Jews any longer.' The Venetian glass would not be our only reminder of a time of greatness. My mother would not have been struck down and my brother and sister might have been alive to-day. And if I had said, and my father had said, 'We have our own lives,' I might have been happy and respected instead of a worn-out worker in a sweat shop. You have no life; your life is your people's, and you cannot undo the work of your fathers."

The two stood facing each other; the old man, lately so old and weak, now tall and erect with the fire of the Maccabees in his eyes.

"But it is the present that we live in," she protested. "The past is gone. There is no more Jew or Gentile. We are all one."

"Go;" the voice of the man broke in his fury. He listened as the sound of her steps died away. For a moment he stood there. The light of the first star shone in the window; the Passover had begun. Five years ago that night he had bidden the stranger enter and now the stranger

had taken his daughter from him. He stumbled over to the seven pronged candelabrum; for the first

time in his life he broke the Sabbath.

THERESE BORN, 1918.

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## CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

I was looking through a book of Browning the other day, and in the course of my reading came upon the lines,—

“Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first  
was made.”

Instinctively the youth in me challenged that statement, and I began to wonder which of youth or age was best, and whether one could accept the confident promises of Browning. Solon praised the mellow maturity of age; to him, between sixty and eighty years old seemed the best time of life, when a kindlier sympathy and wisdom makes the heart richer and fuller; and many other men of a philosophic cast of mind have claimed this too. The greater number of poets, on the other hand, have felt that youth was the more desirable time, the flower of our years, the climax of life; “*Carpe diem*,” sang Horace, a thousand years ago, and “Alas that Spring should vanish with the Rose, that Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close,” murmured the Persian poet.

Which then is the better time, youth or age? And “better” I take to mean, first, that which gives the greater joy and fullness to life, and secondly, that which strives after and accomplishes more good; in short, which ultimately means the most in life. The two points of view stand opposite each other; does age, with its deeper judgment and wisdom, and tranquil maturity give more to a man, than youth with its headstrong passions, its eagerness and enthusiasm? And without hesitation I claim that youth is the better part of life, and that the last of life is only happy in that it can look back on the achievements of youth.

In the first place, youth is the time of beauty, external as well as mental; then the eyes shine, the body is strong and lithe, the senses are most keenly alive,—and a walk over the autumn downs with the wind blowing past, seems pure ecstatic beauty. Persephone, whose clear freshness rivalled the narcissi as she gathered flowers in the field, was beautiful because of her youth. Even its transient nature makes youth lovely and desirable;—

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,"

and so, because it must go, youth and its rosebuds are precious. But even more wonderful and characteristic than its bodily beauty, is the enthusiasm and ardor with which youth greets life, and takes what the gods provide. To young eyes the world is new, with all the sparkle of a dewy morning; it is a pathway untrod, where every step offers new possibilities of experience and delight, and vivid fancy is continually reaching ahead to grasp new wonders. Because the ideals of life still shine out, and because the heart of youth still cherishes its illusions, hope springs up, unquenchable, a beacon light to better things. When was ever a world-changer from the ranks of old men? It needs the hope, the faith, the enthusiasm of a young man to lift his standard and fight against existing conditions. For youth is the time when the passions as well as the senses are keenest; and hence youth's activity and zest in that activity. Better to be going through the battle of experience, gaining deep joys and with them perhaps deep pain, than to live grayly in an undisturbed seclusion. In youth is the real fulness of life, the beauty, hope, enthusiasm and accomplishment.

But, cries Rabbi Ben Ezra, youth is but half of life, and age its neces-

sary fulfillment. True; age comes, inevitable and calming, and "youth is but half"; nevertheless it is the best half; it is a more than half, then, a greater half, most full of beauty and wonder, out of whose experience is forged the judgment of age. Another says it is good to live and learn and then use our wisdom. But is not the living and the learning better than the employing of knowledge? Wordsworth gives best the attitude of the philosophic mind, when he says that, after youth has gone,

"We will grieve not; rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy,  
Which having been, must ever be."

Even he, who finds content in old age, says, however, that it is the thought of his past years that breeds in him perpetual benediction. This is the attitude of all the men who preach the superiority of age over youth; they are philosophic, reconciled to the natural yoke and able to find content in what must be, but still unconsciously looking back to youth as the halcyon time. And note that it is only those men who can have intellectual pleasure that are happy in old age; those who have lived for their emotions, are filled with despair, and cry out with the depth of passion of the old Celtic poet,



“O my crutch! Is it not spring when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me! Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes which women loved.”

After all, the man who is contented with age is not happiest when he lives in the present which he calls

good and wise, but in the past, in his youth, with its follies, perhaps.

I grant that age is tranquil and mellow, but in youth one lives to the full each hour of the day, and enjoys the best of life. Who would not rather tread the rosy hills of dawn with Aurora, than lie apart in a chamber with the gleaming door shut, like Tithonus,—“and his voice flows on endlessly”?

THALIA HOWARD SMITH, 1917.

### PROPHECY

When first I knew you, your fine greatness saw,  
It seemed enough to love you, nothing more.

But now to measure up to you; to reach  
The hill-crest's treasure: that seems what you teach.

And later, dear, when love is what you want,  
I'll have but barren intellect to taunt

The sweet, dead days we spent together when  
I dared to be myself—quite happy then.

---

### THE MOON-PATH

There's a path of frozen glory  
Running down the moon to me,  
And 'tis paved with broken wave-tops,  
Glinting chill, there, on the sea.

I remember that old legend;—  
There's a garden sweet with flowers,  
In the silver moonbeams dreaming  
Through serene, unbroken hours.

He who will may reach that garden  
Whose fair beauties never pall,  
If he follow up the moon-path,  
Treading gently lest he fall.

Fall, and break the airy substance,  
Dazzled by the shining goal,  
Sink and drown beneath the silver,  
Where the dim, deep waters roll.

M. W., '18.

## IN THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION

When Miss Carey had first landed in Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, the minister, an austere gentleman in black cloth, had greeted her with the great event. "I am expecting the Bishop of Newfoundland in a month," he had said pompously, "and should like you to prepare the inhabitants of Rocky Harbor for Confirmation." Esther Carey, young and inexperienced, had felt her heart sink. She had come to Newfoundland to teach the rudiments of reading and writing. She had not come to save souls. Besides she was afraid of the Bishop. If the minister was so austere what would the bishop be? Confirmation loomed before, as a most alarming event and of that event she was constantly reminded during her first weeks at Rocky Harbor. The people talked of nothing else. Far from showing any awe or fear regarding it, they looked forward to it as a triumphant occasion second only to a funeral, and Miss Carey despaired of bringing them to a proper frame of mind.

Sometimes it seemed as though she must escape, and find a few moments of rest for her harrassed soul. She needed periods of quiet thought to preserve in herself a modicum of that exaltation she was trying to impart. Thus it was that one afternoon, two days before the confirmation, Miss Carey stole out

of the house, across the beach, and with many furtive glances behind her, clambered up a rocky bluff to a spot where she could view her abode from a safe distance. At the left, on the little patch of land between the sea and a scrubby plateau, she could see the Newfoundland fishing village, a handful of small huts closely huddled together. On their roofs, rows of fish lay drying, and along the straggling path running between the huts, a goat and some chickens wandered aimlessly. At the farther end of the village by the wharf, two fishermen in high boots, were mending a boat and often a great wave would roll up and splash against their legs. The sky was a cloudless, tranquil blue. No sound could be heard except the swish, swish of the sea against the rocks, and Miss Carey was just composing herself for poetry and meditation, when suddenly her heart contracted.

Along the beach bordering the village she saw a line of little dark figures running furiously. There could be no doubt where they were going. Their bodies seemed tense with determination and Miss Carey could feel their eyes fixed on her. Immediately her poetical spirit vanished. She was filled with angry terror. "I must fly," she thought desperately, and rising hastily she began scrambling over the rocks, her

one idea being to get around the point and out of sight of those eyes. She climbed and clambered, jumped and slipped, stubbing her toes and breaking her finger nails in her haste. But fate does not help cowards. Thrusting her foot between two grinning rocks, Miss Carey sat down suddenly. She was caught. Her foot could not be moved and with the stoicism of a school teacher, she awaited her doom.

From this it must not be thought that Miss Carey disliked her pupils. On the contrary she loved them as only a young American girl alone in a Newfoundland fishing village can love children. But whereas there was only one of her to love them, there were twenty-five of them to adore her. They bathed her perpetually in their loving glances, figuratively and literally encircled her with their adoration, clinging to her with the tenacity of affection which knows no change. There were times when all this grew a little irksome—when Miss Carey strongly felt the need of solitude and the poetical. Now as she saw them coming towards her over the rocks, she opened her book and feigned oblivion, while they, as they drew nearer and nearer, slackened their pace and began walking very nonchalantly as if unaware of any particular object. Finally, however, they reached Miss Carey, and, stand-

ing around in a circle, stared at her until she was forced to raise her eyes from her book.

"You children had better run and play," she said disingenuously, "the teacher has to work now." At these words a dozen dirty hands were thrust out and bunches of rather faded fox-gloves were piled up in Miss Carey's lap.

"We got 'em outa Mrs. Goosney's garden," one of the little girls said in a funny high voice. She was short and fair and had on a tight red cloth dress buttoned close up around the neck; on her head was a strange sort of white thing which hung down to her waist and looked much like a lace curtain.

"Oh that's very nice," Miss Carey said, in a strained tone. "That's very lovely of you to bring the teacher the nice flowers." And then as she noticed the head dress she said, "What's that you've got on your head, Rosie?"

"We confirm't her," one of the other little girls piped up, at the same time flinging her arms around Miss Carey's neck. "Ain't she nice, though? We confirm't her down on the beach."

"Oh but that's not nice," Miss Carey protested sternly. "Rosie's going to be really confirmed day after to-morrow and you mustn't make a game of it now. Take the veil off, Rosie."

"But you give it to me," Rosie said, her face beaming.

"Oh, no, I didn't, I'm sure I didn't," Miss Carey said; "and even if I did, I don't want you to use it in this way."

"But mother tol' me to wear it. She says 'Teacher'll like yuh to wear what she give yuh.'"

"Oh well, alright, alright," Miss Carey said hastily, and once more turned to her book. But somehow Tennyson had lost its charm. She could feel the eyes still fixed on her and hear those voices, lowered to whispers so as not to disturb teacher. Then suddenly all the little girls burst into song. "Rosie's goin' t' be confirm't, Rosie's goin' t' be confirm't," they sang monotonously, over and over again, until Miss Carey was forced to thrust her fingers into her ears. "Will they never cease harping on that dreadful subject?" she thought in despair. "Rosie's goin' t' be confirm't, Rosie's goin' t' be confirm't," the song went on, wearisome, inexorable. At last Miss Carey sprang from her seat. She had forgotten her foot, but it came free with a painful wrench that banished all thought of flight. With two children on each arm, two in front of her, and one stepping on her heels in the rear, she made a labrious descent to the beach.

The next morning when Miss Carey rang the school bell she had made up her mind she would not listen to

one word about the confirmation. "It is talking about it that makes them so frivolous," she thought, and decided then that only at the confirmation lesson would she allow the subject to be mentioned. Soon after the bell was rung, the children began sidling into the school, their heads hanging down sheepishly—Frank Goosney, the leader of the class, with twenty-five silver stars in his copybook, Willy Letrillard, Jim Mackaye, bunches of little boys came in and silently slid into their seats where they engaged in husky whisperings. But no girls appeared. "Where are all the girls to-day?" Miss Carey asked cheerfully. Heavy silence. "But some of you must know where the girls are," Miss Carey continued. "Frank, where's your sister to-day?"

"My mother kept her home," he answered, blushing furiously.

"But was there any special reason?" Miss Carey pressed.

"She had to wash her white dress t' be confirm't," Frank answered.

"Oh, yes, of course," Miss Carey said hastily, and began giving out the spelling words.

The morning passed successfully—the absence of the girls seemed to have an admirable effect on the boys. Never had they done their work so well, and Miss Carey was just planning how she could have two separate sessions for the boys and the girls, when a commotion was heard outside,

the school-house door burst open, and Mrs. Anisty appeared upon the threshold. Miss Carey lived in terror of Mrs. Anisty. Next to the confirmation she was the darkest cloud on the horizon. All day long she sat behind her door, the upper part of which was open so that she could poke her head out and converse with people as they passed. She would waylay Miss Carey on her way home from school and talk to her until the poor teacher could find some excuse to tear herself away. Now she stood in the school doorway, powerful, inexorable, her stout figure buttoned tightly into a bright crimson bodice and black alpaca skirt. Her face was flushed and strands of black hair clung to her damp forehead. When she saw Miss Carey she strode up the aisle to the desk, dragging by the hand a tall, awkward, rather sulky child.

"Oh how bad is she, Miss. I ain't never seen anythin' so bad. Nobody knows what with my poor health I has to put up with. It ain't as if she was my own. Here out of the goodness of my heart, I takes 'er in, a poor homeless thing, and this 'is what I gets. Oh how bad, how bad. She's the worry of my life. Here me scarcely" . . .

"But just tell me what's the matter," interrupted Miss Carey.

"Matter! here's the matter. She comes running to school when I tell's

her not to, that's the matter. Here me scarcely able to stand an'——"

"But why did you keep her home?" Miss Carey asked gently. "You know, Mrs. Anisty, Abigal ought to come to school. To-day's the last confirmation class."

"I know, I know, that's just it," Mrs. Anisty burst in wildly. "She ain't goin' to be confirm't. I buys her some nice black boots, out of my own money I buys 'em. Oh how shiny was they an' lovely! An' then she says, 'Mama, I ain't goin' to wear them boots. The other girls has tan boots an' I ain't goin' to be confirm't unless I has tan boots.' Them's her words, Miss. She ain't goin' t' be confirm't unless she has tan boots an' I says that's the same as sayin' she ain't goin' t' be confirm't at all."

"Oh but of course Abigal must be confirmed," Miss Carey said. "We mustn't think of our clothes when we are going to be confirmed. Our souls will be purified whatever clothes we wear."

"Yes that's just what I says, Miss. I says to Abigal, 'If them black boots ain't good enough to be confirm't in, I likes to know what is.' Then she says she ain't goin' to wear them an' here I spends all that money an' it ain't no use b'cause she ain't goin' to be confirm't."

"Oh yes, Abigal's going to be confirmed, aren't you Abigal?" Miss Carey said in her most persuasive tones, and, no answer forthcoming,

she went on, "You'll wear the nice shoes your mother bought you, won't you?" Again no answer. The unfortunate Abigal only hung her head and executed certain geometrical designs with her right foot. Miss Carey felt slow wrath rising within her, but she controlled herself with an effort and speaking quietly but firmly, prevailed upon Mrs. Anisty to leave Abigal at the school. "I shall fix it up alright," she said bravely, although her heart was sinking. So Abigal was installed in the front seat where she sat in stiff and stolid silence, while her spirit, like a black cloud heralding a storm, seemed to hover over the room, filling it with gloom. The small boys began to grow restless. There was a great deal of whispering, giggling, dropping of books, and rustling of papers. Then, suddenly, a loud wailing arose from the back of the room. "He 'it me in the 'ead," a small boy moaned between his sobs, and jumping up quickly he upset the ink-well which formed a melancholy stream of ink on the white shirt of little Job Gilly, whose head scarcely reached the top of the desk. Job then hurled vituperatives at the other small boy who increased his mournful complaint. Miss Carey drew herself up to her full height. "Children," she said, "you are being very wicked, very, very wicked," and then against her will, as if hypnotised by the constant repetition, she said: "Just think,

you are all going to be confirmed to-morrow."

"No I ain't," Willy Letrillard broke in, still wiping the brine from his eyes, "I ain't goin' t' be confirm't an' I don' care if I ain't never be confirm't." Having delivered himself of this opinion, he broke once more into loud wails which ceased only when Miss Carey announced that the afternoon session of school had come to an end.

The question of Abigal had remained unsolved and Miss Carey was profoundly discouraged. Yet, that night, as she lay in her lumpy bed and listened to the lapping of the waves on the beach, she had enough hope left to plan a campaign for the next day. She would go to each home and give the members of each family the spiritual advice needed. Then when the time came each person would quietly get his things and go to confirmation in a beatific state of mind. On this, the great day, there must be no arguments, no scenes, no cross words. She made her mind up to that, and next morning when she knocked on the door of George Goosney's home, she assumed her most pleasant expression. Mrs. Goosney, George's wife, was known all over Bonne Bay for her Methodism and her sharp tongue. When she appeared at the door, her hair was streaming and there was a wild look

in her eyes, but Miss Carey was unabashed.

"Is Mr. Goosney at home?" she asked bravely.

"No, he ain't," was the firm answer.

"Yes I be," came in hoarse tones from the next room, but Mrs. Goosney ignored them.

"No he ain't," she repeated, "he ain't t' home."

"But I heard him speaking, just now," Miss Carey said.

"Well I don't care, he ain't t' home. Besides it ain't no use to talk to him bout bein' confirm't. While I stan's here, a Methodist, please God, he ain't goin' t' be confirm't to the Church of England."

"Yes I be," came the sulky voice from the next room, but Mrs. Goosney went on relentlessly, and Miss Carey was just going to force her way into the house when an event occurred to interrupt her. Down the path in back of her came the sounds of bitter dispute and turning around she saw Mrs. Anisty, defiant in her red bodice, coming towards her with Mrs. Gilly. Mrs. Anisty, in the interests of the Church of England, was consigning Mrs. Gilly to hell-fire; while Mrs. Gilly in the interests of the Methodists was returning the compliment. As soon as they reached the door-steps, Mrs. Goosney also joined in the discussion and the voices grew shriller and shriller until they could be heard all over the vil-

lage. As for Miss Carey, she attempted once or twice to make herself heard above the hub-bub, but in vain. The combined forces of Mrs. Goosney, Mrs. Gilly and Mrs. Anisty were too much for her, and she finally fled, her hands over her ears to shut out the voices of the three violent advocates of religion. Finally arriving at Mrs. Letrillard's door she knocked timidly and Mrs. Letrillard appeared, surrounded by her numerous offspring. She was a thin, languid lady, with an affectionate and rather teary disposition.

"I came to see if you were preparing yourselves for the confirmation," Miss Carey said feebly; she remembered Willy's prognostication of the day before.

Mrs. Letrillard's face assumed a melancholy expression.

"No Miss," she said, a sob in her voice, "we ain't none of us goin' to be confirm't, not none of us."

"But you must," Miss Carey protested. "I have spent all this time preparing you and now you *must* be confirmed. Why, I never thought you would fail me, Mrs. Letrillard, you of all people."

At these words, Mrs. Letrillard broke down completely and mingled her tears with those of her offspring.

"I know, I know," she sobbed. "I was countin' on this, but it ain't no use. We ain't none of us got nothin' to wear. I got all them things from St. John's and they ain't come yet.



I says all along t'would be like this. Comes along a nice party like this and I always misses it. Take Mrs. Boley's funeral; did I go to that? No, I never goes to nothing, not nothing." Here she broke off, her powers of speech dissolved in tears, and Miss Carey's carefully chosen arguments only made her cry harder.

In the meantime, the angry voices outside were growing louder and louder until they swelled to such proportions that Miss Carey was forced to turn her attention from Mrs. Letrillard. On the path before Mrs. Goosney's door stood Mrs. Anisty and Mrs. Gilly, facing each other very much like two cocks preparing for battle, and ranged behind them and around them was what appeared to be the entire village, men, women, and children, the Methodists upholding Mrs. Gilly, the members of the Church of England, Mrs. Anisty. The sounds of altercation seemed to echo to the very heavens; love, hope, and charity were laid aside in the interests of religion. Miss Carey was filled with complete despair. Without a word she left the weeping Mrs. Letrillard and going to her lodging threw herself on the bed, where she indulged in tears hardly less violent than those she had just witnessed.

She was a failure, an utter failure, and it was all due to those horrid, wrangling people outside, those people whom she had come all the way

to Newfoundland to uplift and who, in return, treated her like this. Really it was too much, too much to endure, and once more she burst into angry tears. Then, suddenly, above the confusion of voices in the village, above the roaring of the sea, she heard the familiar chug-chug of a motor boat, and jumping up quickly she ran to the window. Afar off over the sea, outlined against the sky, was a small black boat with a solitary figure in the bow. It was the minister. And at this sight Miss Carey felt the spirit of her fighting ancestors rising within her. She could not allow that dreadful minister to frown down upon her disgrace, and as she listened to the strident voices outside, she knew it was a fight to the death. She would make those people be confirmed whether they liked it or not. With this thought she went out of the room, down the rickety stairs and up the path to the school-house where she rang the bell violently. At first the villagers paid no attention; but as the frenzied tolling continued the knots of wranglers broke up and began to crowd their way toward the school-house, where they found Miss Carey perched upon a chair in the doorway.

"The minister is coming," she said in shrill tones which she scarcely recognized as her own. "Go to your homes, get your wraps, and be at the wharf in ten minutes. Remember,"

she said, at the same time pointing her finger in their scared faces, "ten minutes!" And then, moved by the excitement of the moment to a use of their own religious expression, she cried ominously, "If you are not there you may be eternally damned." She then dismounted from her chair.

The people departed quietly and meekly and when, ten minutes later, the minister drove his boat up to the wharf, he found Miss Carey waiting for him, smiling forcedly, surrounded by her sacrificial flock.

MILDRED FOSTER, 1917.

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## FRESHMAN NOTES

### Geraldine

Dear Mother:

I've been writing so much about what's been happening here, that I've told you very little about the girls. And after all it's the people in it that "make" a college!

At first I thought I was going to like Geraldine the best. I remember that it was her vivacious face and her self-possession that first attracted me when we were waiting to register in Taylor. In all that room-full of Freshmen she alone lacked the unmistakable freshman "look." She saw my admiration, I suppose, because she presently came over and began a friendly conversation. I felt my liking for her grow rapidly. She was so enthusiastic and sympathetic! When I suggested that it would be nice to go to the "ville" after lunch she agreed that it would be "more fun." I wore that little cretonne hat. She thought it "too adorable" and considered me "so clever" to have been able to make it.

On the way, we grew very intimate. We found we wanted the same girls for class officers. The "Little Princess" had always been her favourite book, too. We both thought Amy too "prudish." Isobel, we agreed, would be pretty if only she would wear her clothes better.

She told me besides, very interesting things about myself. Did you ever notice how I droop my eyelids after making one of my "naive remarks?" I am very clever, too, about expressing myself. Geraldine told me I could say what she wanted to say, better than she could. Over our fudge in my room when we got back, she confided to me that I was the friend she had been looking for all her life!

I did not get a chance to talk with her next morning as she was talking very confidentially to a girl that lives over in Denbeigh. I felt that I could not really enjoy her with a third person present.

That afternoon I went over to ask

her to come for a long walk. As I came down the corridor I caught some familiar intonations—"too adorable!" "Really! Oscar Wilde's always been my favourite too!" "My dear!" I paused a minute outside her door, beginning to feel a little jealous. Then I started. "You're the friend"—I turned away.

"You're not the friend I'm looking for" I said to myself.

### Evelina

Dear Mother:

In my last letter I told you about my experience with Geraldine. Evelina was the next girl I found out.

I noticed her the very first evening at supper. We were all talking busily, "getting acquainted"; she alone made no effort to be friendly. She spoke only when directly addressed, and then very briefly. I myself fell silent watching her. She seemed older than the rest of us and in some way mysteriously different. After supper I asked her, with the others, to come down to my room and have some of that cake you sent me. At first she shook her head but after a little persuasion she consented to come down "at nine o'clock when the others have gone."

"I have something I want to tell you, you *alone*" she said pointedly; then added sadly, "The others would not understand."

And as I watched the laughing,

chattering group frankly devoting themselves to the enjoyment of that wonderful cake, I felt she was right. They could not understand such a delicate, mysterious person. I glowed with pride that I had been chosen as confidante.

When a little after nine I heard a low knock, I felt a thrill. Now I was to have a peep into real life. The door opened softly and Evelina walked quietly in. She did not look around hungrily for the cake, but settled herself gracefully in my big arm-chair without a word. A little embarrassed I began to chat away quickly on the usual college subjects. Soon I became aware that I was failing to interest my visitor. I saw in her eyes the same far-away look that I had seen at dinner; the same sad mysterious smile. I did not know what to do, so I kept right on talking. When I finally paused a moment from sheer exhaustion, to my relief she spoke.

"How I envy you," she said in a low rich voice, "You are a normal girl, with a normal family, a normal life. You can take an interest in all such things—while I——But I must not trouble you. You probably couldn't understand." My opportunity was slipping by.

"Try me," I begged eagerly. After a few moments she murmured—"I will try you. Perhaps after all these years, I shall find in you, the one who can understand."

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"You must never tell a soul what I have confided in you," she breathed as she left at twelve o'clock.

"Never!" I promised fervently. I have kept my promise! For all I ever found out about Evelina was that she was "never understood." After a few more evenings like that first I began to suspect that Evelina had been mistaken in me. I also failed to understand her. I had another suspicion too, that there was nothing to understand.

### Me

Dear Mother:

A lecturer told us, the other day, that she and her friends at college used to spend their time discussing theology. I wonder if you and most people think that religion and similar subjects are the topics of *our* spare moments? I myself remember at first a vague feeling of surprise, almost uneasiness (the sensation one has when one feels that events are not taking the normal, expected course) to hear comment on no more abstruse subjects than the "he's," "she's" and "me's" which had been familiar at school and elsewhere. Perhaps it is only in the especial interest that they feel in themselves, that college girls differ from others.

Dorothy came up to see me, last night, just before I went to bed. After a few preliminaries about the next class president and the hockey

practice, we came to the real business of the evening.

"You know," she said, "it's so funny; everybody at home thinks I've changed so much since I came here."

"You have—a lot," I assured her consolingly. Of course she asked how. To tell the truth I hadn't thought much about *her* case; but I did my best and answered vaguely and safely:—

"Oh, I can't exactly explain—you've 'come out' a lot." This was truthful; of course she couldn't have let us know all about herself the first minute she got to college.

While she pondered, I cast around for a remark that would centre "me" in the conversation.

"I've heard," I ventured tentatively, "that people think May and me a funny combination for room-mates. I don't see why."

"You are," Dorothy said, polite, but uninterested.

"But why?" I persisted.

"You're so different."

"Well?" I encouraged eagerly.

"May's so friendly, and you're—well, I don't know. You aren't such a funny pair after all, now that I come to think of it. Tell me, did you think I was shy when you first met me?"

An hour later Dorothy bade me good-night, and said she had enjoyed our nice talk. After another half hour vainly spent in trying to decide

whether I was the type that could learn from the experience of others and from reason, or whether I was the kind that must experience everything at first hand, I went to sleep.

Perhaps it would be better if we talked about religion and suffrage and other universal subjects, but

"me" is much "nearer home." I must confess, though, I should like to get away from myself for a little while.

P. S.—Don't you think my letters show that I'm beginning to develop a broader viewpoint?

M. W., 1917.

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## IMPRESSIONS

### Autumn

We took a long walk the other morning over fields and through a wood. The whole world was colour mad. The sky, a brilliant blue, seemed to challenge the fields and forests to do their best. The fields answered with goldenrod, bluest fringed gentians, and starry asters, fields of yellow corn, and golden pumpkins. But the woods surpassed all, for they were ablaze with colour, tongues of orange and scarlet flame from the maples shot heavenward, the copper beeches glowed like fiery coals. A flock of birds, migrating southward, rose out of the wood, a myriad black flecks against the sky, like ashes from the funeral pyre of summer, blown away by the wind.

M. J. P., 1917.

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### The Scarecrow

It wasn't of course a real scarecrow; just a plank nailed across one

of the high knobbed fence posts with an old blue coat buttoned around it. A grinning face had been painted on the knob of the post, and a broad straw hat set on it at a jaunty angle; but, if you looked closely, you could see that the smile was set and rigid, and the ends of the faded coat sleeves hung pathetically empty. Soon a flock of birds came flying over from the woods. They circled in the air a few moments uttering loud raucous cries, then they settled down—on the scarecrow himself. Familiarly they perched along the lapels of his coat, flapping their wings and shoving each other roughly. They chattered shrilly among themselves under the brim of his ravelled straw hat, and impudently pecked at the buttons on his old coat. And the scarecrow looked down on them with his cross-eyed stare and his frozen smile, and helplessly flapped the ends of his empty sleeves.

S. H., 1917.

### Sleepiness and Sleep

Two things demand undue attention in this my college life: they are sleepiness and sleep. The former I would forever put from me, the latter clasp at will. Sleepiness besieges me in chapel, at lectures, at study, in conversation—wherever I want it least—wherever I would be most alert. It causes me to appear rude when I would be deferential, indifferent when I would be devout. Sleep, on the other hand, is never near when desired. Strive as I will to obtain it, it is ever beyond my grasp. Only when I allow sleepiness to overpower me, then, at last, sleep relents and comes to me. Sleepiness is an exacting mistress, interrupting leisure and employed hours alike: sleep is a fleeting elf, hovering beyond my reach. Sleepiness pursues me, sleep evades me. What shall I do to dispel the one and entice the other? You normal folk who sleep and wake at will, tell me the secret.

A. K. McM., 1917.

### "What's in a Name?"

"They c-called me 'fraid-cat!" I sobbed.

"G'wan, child, dere ain't nothin' in names," comforted old Susie. "Lawsey, don't you know 'Sticks an' stones may break ma' bones, but names dey can not harm me?" Names, huh—what's a name! Look at that gal o' mine yonder, when de dusk closes in some mo' you won't see nothin' but collars an' cuffs an' that little white cap yo' mother makes her wear! That gal's grown up one of de *blackest* niggers, an what did Ah name her when she was bo'n? Lilly May! Names, huh! An' take my chile a'fore that, Ah christened her Serenada an' what good did it do? Ain't never had a fella' look at her—not even that triflin' Thomas Jefferson of Colonel Breckinridge's. Ah never will marry off dat gal. 'Serenada'—huh! Names—no indeedy, honey, jes' you climb up an' let Ole Susie rock you quiet."

The soft darkey voice rose and fell, "Sticks an' stones may break yo' bones

But names dey can not harm you."

M. B. O'S. '17.

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## BOOK REVIEW

### **The End of a Chapter**

BY SHANE LESLIE

George Moore laments the fact that we of the present age read too much and think too little. Mr. Shane Leslie at least may be classed as one of those few, who, following Mr. Moore's doctrine that it is "pleasanter to think about Stevenson than to read him," have acquired the "habit of thinking." In "The End of a Chapter," Mr. Leslie has set down the recollections and reflections of the weeks during which he was invalided in a war hospital. Feeling, as he explains in the preface, that an old era was closed and a new one was beginning, he has endeavored to give a slight sketch of England, her society and institutions, her politicians and men of letters, as he saw them at the end of one of the chapters in her history.

Mr. Leslie does not claim to be a deep thinker nor even a very original one; but he has all the enthusiasm of an impressionable young man intensely alive to everything going on about him, a lively sense of humour, and a knack for turning a clever phrase. He sums up Hugh Benson and Winston Churchill saying: "In each case a father's son made a famous father memorable for his son." And one is continually running across such happily ex-

pressed bits as his apology at the beginning of the book: "People who are old enough to write memoirs have usually lost their memory. Fresh memories have few memoirs."

As is usually the case with memoirs, the most interesting parts in "The End of a Chapter" are those that deal with the people of the age. The chapter on Cambridge contains a host of vividly remembered, sympathetically-drawn figures, from Sir Charles Waldstein, "an Americanised Ruskin" who "used to ask audiences of brute-male Britons how many had ever noticed the colour of their mothers' eyes," down to the enthusiastic exponent of Rooseveltism who "offered two wagers to the effeminate: to row against anybody the seventeen miles to Ely, and then run the full distance back, or to walk a greater number of miles in the day than any one could eat eggs!"

Rupert Brooke, who was his contemporary at Cambridge, Mr. Leslie remembers as "a freshman with long and not unhyacinthine locks," "one of those people who could not help looking picturesque." In speaking of him, Mr. Leslie says: "It will be rather as a dawn star than as a harvest moon that his light will shine. He was cut down on life's threshold like a knight errant beat-

ing on the door that others will open. To King's men his death came with the pathos of the death of a relative or a child. We felt the same sickness at heart on reading Brooke's name on the casualty list that we would feel on seeing a lark shot to earth as it rose in song. We could have spared half our 'distinguished men of letters' for him."

Mr. Leslie's description of the politicians of the war period is excellent: "Since the opening of the century, the Empire had prayed for a great man, and though Lloyd George gave the sound and Grey affected the silence of one—the Empire still prayed. . . . In default of the heaven-sent, Herbert Asquith led. A plain blunt man fit to rule but not particularly inspired to save an Empire—without much enthusiasm or humour to spare. . . . Yet his lack of imagination proved a strength more than a weakness. He was not aghast or appalled at Armageddon occurring during his administration. . . . Common sense and practical wisdom upheld a man to whom the splendour of failure, the idealism of the fanatic, and death for a dream meant little."

Perhaps because of the fact that, as he laughingly complains, in Ireland "it is difficult to be serious without becoming ridiculous," Mr. Leslie is never serious for long. One of the things that he refuses

to take seriously is England's religion. "The average Englishman," he says, "has not been troubled by religion for two hundred years." And he insists that "the Headmaster of Eton has more to do with the soul of England than the Primate of Canterbury."

At times, indeed, Mr. Leslie shows himself master of a "solemn and impressive style," as in his description of the memorial service for Randolph Churchill in Westminster Abbey: "The organ tones seem to touch the statues of the mighty dead to attention, and for a moment the dull glow of tapers casts a flicker upon their viewless eyes—as yet another memory is added to their oblivion"; but for the most part he prefers to write in a lively, informal manner. One has less the impression of reading a series of essays than of holding a conversation with this young Irishman the charm of whose personality has made its way in no small measure into his book. Whether as a tiny boy playing with Oriental dolls brought him by Randolph Churchill, or as a potential politician in Ireland retiring in favour of the republican candidate even though "the halt, the dying and the dead came to the poll"—one man died trying to vote for him and a funeral wreath figured in his election expenses—the all too rare glimpses we get of him are always delightful. He says of Ireland that



there "people are afraid of meeting thing, I fear a meeting with Mr. for fear of becoming friends." If Leslie might have tragic consequences for you or me.

SARAH HINDE, 1917.

---

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November, 1916

# Tipyn o' Bob

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## Contents

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	PAGE
Editorials.....	1
Pallas..... Eleanor Steward Cooper, '19	3
"Pleasures and Palaces"..... M. S. R., '18	4
The Bridge at Dead Man's Canyon..... E. H., '18	9
Impressions .....	14
Verse..... Eva A. W. Bryne	18
Book Review.....	18
Dulci Fistula .....	23

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Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2

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## EDITORIALS

In Taylor Hall, near Dean Schenck's office, a black tin box hangs on the wall. Every week a very nice girl approaches that box with a key. You see, she hopes she will have to open it. Once, as she peered through the slit, a glimmer of white met her eye (just you try peering with more than one eye). With a flourish she unlocked the box and drew forth—a blotter.

The editors have a foolish fondness for TIP. They want it to be good and they want it to be popular. To these ends they would welcome any definite suggestions; but, above all, they would welcome contributions. There can be no one in the college who has not something worth saying, and TIP is open to any form of discourse. We have had, as yet, no need to print the annual plea to the effect that unsigned contributions cannot be used, but let us take this opportunity to assure the shy ones that their name need not appear in the magazine as printed.

Please write. The more you contribute the better you like the magazine.

---

Cutting, a problem which does not exist in preparatory schools, is a peculiarly flourishing one in college, where one would least expect to find it. Of course it is well known that the reasons for going to college are exceedingly various, so that the more orthodox aims have become

somewhat shy of expression. The most unorthodox, however, presuppose a certain interest in lectures, and devotion to athletics or dramatics or teas might well be supported by at least the amount of attention to courses that regular attendance makes necessary. In the beginning, when one is fresh from school, the possibility of cutting is perhaps seized upon the more eagerly, because it is so altogether new calmly to omit classes when one's mood is sluggish, or one's work undone, or when there are other uses for one's time. Once established and become a habit, it is a privilege, a sign of our freedom. But freedom here as elsewhere is but restraint of another sort, being imposed by oneself instead of by external authority, and being for that very reason the more binding. If a student can afford to risk the detriment to her work, she has yet to consider that cutting is, if not technically, yet literally, a matter of self-government by the students. A cut is, in some measure, a failure on the part of the entire college.

---

There is something flippant about the attitude of a class in a lecture room where individual taste in dress has been allowed to run riot. The professor, always a somewhat solemn figure, stands aloof, pouring forth words of wisdom. But can these space the gulf between him and the motley throng where crimson and orange and green stand forth bold and undismayed?

"Miss Smith, what can you tell us of the relation of soul and body?"

Miss Smith does not abandon the careless grace of her lounging position. Aware that rose-color and black are a striking and becoming contrast to her golden hair, she speaks with assurance:

"Why, I think the soul is higher than the body."

Would not Miss Smith have more power of reflective thought if she and the rest of the class were in sober academic dress? This is a grave question. But we honestly believe that there is some inspiration in the traditional atmosphere of learning that clings in the folds of our musty camphor-smelling gowns, as in the English ivy of our grey-walled buildings. Let us give them a trial anyway, and after lectures bedizen the campus—which, praise heaven, makes a fairly neutral background, with as many rainbow colors as we please, not forgetting the opportunity for display afforded by dinner.

There are additional arguments, of course: That President Thomas has asked us many times to wear our gowns; that the classes have often voted to do it; and that they make excellent raincoats.

## PALLAS

We gaze into the darkness luminous  
With dim spent light from lofty stars, and cold  
Against the cheek, as steel might be, of casque  
That tops the hero, while the clam'rous pulse  
Is still'd to measur'd beat and quiet throb.  
It may be that we hear or seem to hear  
A grave and stately song as men might sing  
When their hot hearts are hush'd of noise and fret  
And turn'd to wisdom; as men sang by hills  
In pleasant Attica, and singing saw  
On quiet slopes, the flash of Pallas like  
A falling star that's gone when scarcely seen,  
And straightway worship'd her. For she it is  
Who lifts men's hearts above their fears and hopes  
When they endure to look into her eyes;  
Whose love is set on that which grows apace,  
Both hard and slow from out the maze of life:  
Undaunted will and wisdom for its guide;  
Who bids men live their lives as would a god  
Were his lot like a man's. And we indeed,  
Who have not seen the calm grey eyes that gaze  
Unmoved, know yet the blueness of the sky  
Serene and clear and not unlike her eyes  
In mystery. For us pale stars have burn'd  
Like flashes caught from Aegis, closely veil'd.  
And now in darkness calm and still, yet fill'd  
With thy most dreadful presence, hear us, Pallas.

ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER, 1919.

## "PLEASURES AND PALACES"

"Would you mind stepping out here a moment, Dr. Campbell?" said a nurse's voice, carefully modulated, "here's a naughty boy that won't eat his potato." The doctor glanced at his watch "Five! Could'nt they even eat their suppers without him? He could just have made that match with Mackenzie at the club. Of course, Mack could find plenty of fellows to play with. Well, what did it matter? He stepped through the swinging door onto one of the little porches that always struck him as a miserable apology for real, scientific, Saranac treatment of tuberculosis. There were trees and grass outside the screens, but any fool could see that the place was only a suburb. The nurse closed the swinging of the door and stood at attention beside the bed. The patient, on account of whose stubbornness he had been called, might have been ten years old. You never could tell. They always looked younger with blue eyes and yellow hair like that—and his cheeks were plump. No need to look at the hands to know that they would be skin and bone.

By the bedside the doctor laid aside his professional manner. "Do you know," he said, "that I was playing a match of tennis at the Country Club when they called

for me to say that you wouldn't eat your potato?" The patient gurgled with delight and entered into the game without a flicker of hesitation. "I thought there must be some reason why you forgot to bring me something," he said naively. "The other time you brought me a spider with wiggly legs. He's good enough to play with when you're sick." The doctor examined the insect with attention. So he had seen this case before. Strange, how one forgot.

"Well, this time," he remarked casually, "I've got something even nicer for you! What do you say to—a baked potato?" The patient looked as if he would have nothing to say to a baked potato.

"No, you don't," he said sulkily. "I've had enough of them, believe me! A potato every day is enough to make a fellow croak—and besides, I don't need it. I'm better—I haven't had any fever for a week!" The doctor's manner underwent a subtle change.

"Since when," he inquired, "do the patients take their own temperatures?" He spoke at the nurse and she answered quickly, "They don't, sir, but you can't keep anything from this one—he hears you speak in a whisper at the end of the corridor!"

The doctor nodded and fingered



his watch-chain. He could stay a few minutes, drive home, and have time to dress for dinner. His mother resented clothes which recalled the hospital. She had called his medical career "Gerald's latest" for three years now. He turned his attention to the potato on the heavy hospital plate. "Look here," he said, "if you eat this you'll have just one less to eat before you're well."

"When I get well will I be taken to the country?" Clearly the patient had an eye for the main chance.

"Sure thing"—if he had any influence with the Convalescent Home.

"N' will there be a baseball team, n' can I climb trees?"

"Sure!" The potato was fast disappearing.

"N' will there be a pony?"

"I guess so." This was asking a good bit of the Home, but it might be managed.

"N' ice cream every day for dinner, n' cows to milk, n' a swimming pool with a high dive in it—oh, could there be one of those electric toy boats with a dry-cell under the deck?"

Sure there could. The potato was almost gone. It could be managed, of course, but it didn't sound like the Convalescent Home. He wondered if his mother would put up with the little chap for a

week or two. Oh—dress—dinner—he would have to run! The plate was clean and he stood up to say good-bye with a light heart. His hand was clutched in two hot thin ones. "The pony and the boat and ice cream every day for dinner?"

"Yes, on my honor as a gentleman. After a man says that it's not polite to ask him again, you know."

As he turned out on the long road and let the speedometer glide up past thirty, he reflected that he had made an ass of himself. Well, there was the pool at home, all right, and his sisters had ponies, and, after all, it was an engaging little beggar. His mother would just have to lump it some way or other.

One thing after another happened to prevent, and three weeks passed before the doctor pushed open the swinging door. The patient was dozing and the nurse was reading on so as not to arouse him. "Hurrah," cried Jim as the aeroplane shot upward. "Lend me your automatic! We've got them this time!" No need to ask how the patient did. Strange, how they went down all of a sudden like this! Three weeks ago he had been in a fair way to recover, and now—well, it might be a matter of several weeks. No, hardly that, the heart could never stand it. The patient coughed,

opened blue-veined lids and looked up.

"I wasn't asleep," he said wearily. "Stop, nurse. I know whether Jim's going to shoot the spy. Oh, it's you, doctor! What have you brought me today?" The doctor pulled out a woolly white dog, whose tail and ears, being made of springs, wagged frantically as they emerged from his pocket. "You seemed to like 'em wiggly," he said, eyeing the animal with some disgust.

"You just bet I do. You'd be safe in betting ten to one I do! Thank you, doctor, I'll let him catch the spider some day. Wouldn't that be funny? Not just now, though, I'm so tired! Do you know I'm a whole lot better, doctor? I don't need to eat my potato any more—I don't need to eat anything I don't like; what do you think of that? I'd just as lief eat it, too, but I don't see why I have to have a—a cussed night nurse!"

"Is she cussed?" asked the doctor anxiously. She could be changed. No need to worry him unnecessarily these last few days.

"You just bet! Why, she lifts me around! I—why, I used to be on our baseball team!"

The nurse was standing beside the doctor. "Could you amuse him with that place in the country the way you did before? He does

fret so, and he's talked about it ever since. The patient who had heard a whisper at the end of the corridor did not hear. He was looking out listlessly over the yellow-green tree-tops. "Well, old fellow," said the doctor, "I think you're almost ready to come out to that place we were talking about." The patient showed a gleam of interest. "Tell me more about it," he said. The doctor plunged into description of the country place, which rapidly became palatial.

"Was there a pony?"

"A stable full, piebald and roan and gray. Some of them could do circus tricks, and—yes—there was a broncho that was just great for cow-punching."

"And was there a boat?" Straightway the doctor provided a yacht. He was in a way enjoying himself. He was no longer trampled by hard fact. He had the joys of Paradise to draw on—a safer bank than his mother or the Convalescent Home—and he did not feel that he was asking too much of the Almighty. All the things he had ever had or ever wanted came to his memory like a flock of tame birds. He went on with the electric motor-boat. "It looks exactly like a real one, and when you sail it in the swimming pool, it raises a wave two inches high. That motor certainly can

hum! The batteries are under the deck where you can't see 'em—you have to take 'em out and lick 'em before you sail it to make sure they're still good."

"Let's name it 'The Raven,'" said the patient between coughs. "Is there an electric train?"

"You bet there's an electric train! Would I be asking you to come out there if there wasn't? We keep it in the dining-room because that's the only room big enough. The tracks go round and round the table and some go underneath—that's a tunnel. There are two engines—a hill-climber and one for levels—and a Pullman car and a buffet and a smoker. There's a pretty good signal, too, with red and green lights that go on and off when the train goes by. My, doesn't it make time though! That hill-climber can go round at sixty miles an hour! Sometimes we run it at meals and then the butler stumbles over it. Once he came down kerflop with a whole tray full of baked potatoes."

The patient laughed until he coughed. "How does it run?" he asked.

"Western cell—complete circuit—grounded on the radiator!"

"And will there be lots of little terrier puppies?"

"Yes," the doctor was warming to his work, "we keep them in a basket in a sunny place just out-

side the kitchen door. There are six of them—nice little fellows, all white and fuzzy and wobbly when they walk. Their tails have just been cut." The patient revelled in the gory touch. "Who cut them?"

"The stable-boy," replied the doctor, drawing on boyish memory. "He bites them off. He puts the puppy in his mouth and it comes out all right, one side, and the tail drops out the other. One of the puppies has distemper and we have to give it warm drinks every hour. It's a slick place. You've no lessons to do—only play baseball and go in swimming—you'd be captain of the team and you could do a jack-knife off our spring-board right off. You have a slick little room with a bath-room and shower and a tub that you can swim in—and when you are all ready for bed some one comes and tells you stories until you go to sleep." He waited for comment, wondering what saint would take upon herself that kindly office.

"I wish they did here," murmured the patient. "Are there any guinea-pigs?" There were scores of them, particularly prolific, brown and white and spotted, and ten minutes were profitably spent in arranging improved sanitary pens and in mixing breeds. And was there an air-rifle? There was an arsenal, and the boys shot

cats. This pleased, and the doctor weltered in carnage of rabbits, tigers and grizzly bears which roamed freely about the neighborhood. One intrepid youth kept a grizzly as a pet. The patient looked disappointed, but suggested that he might keep a tiger. As for ice cream after dinner, there was no end to the flavors that the cook could invent. Her masterpiece was a sunburst effect of red, white and blue with a bunch of firecrackers in the middle, which was set off as a sort of grace before eating dinner. And soda and sarsaparilla and pop and root beer—the place fizzed freely with them, and bottles popped from morn till night! But the crowning touch was that each boy had as many “cigs” as he liked after dinner.

The doctor stood up to go. “I’ve told you enough for this time,” he said; “you will simply have to come and see for yourself.”

“Yes, and will I wear a medal like the one on your watch-chain?”

The doctor touched the medal. He had bought it for the benefit of something or other—oh, yes—French children of the war. It might as well fulfil its mission a little further. Smiling, he laid it on the pillow and a hand crept up to clutch it with a gratitude too quick and sudden for thanks. It was a guarantee that the splendid dream would come true.

The next day when the doctor stepped out onto the porch he found the bed empty and the nurse putting together odds and ends—some for the patient’s mother to take home, some to be destroyed. “His heart gave out, just as we hoped it would,” she said. The doctor picked up the gold medal and put it on his watch-chain. “Nicer to leave it, of course, but it might do some day to please some other kid”—and it had been only a pledge, which had served its turn.

M. S. R., '18.

## THE BRIDGE AT DEAD MAN'S CANYON

One evening not long ago a group of elderly gentlemen were sitting over coffee and cigars in the library of a New York club. Conversation turned upon the phenomenon of suggestibility; they were discussing the theory set forth by students of mob psychology that one need only present an idea, casually and without comment, to have it at once accepted and spread.

"Yes," said Godwin, who had introduced the topic, "I saw an interesting example of that on my first trip West years ago. Want to hear a real 'thriller' of a story, as my young nephew would say?"

Then, as they nodded assent and settled comfortably in the big leather armchairs to listen, Godwin went on:

"Well, this is the way it happened. I was young at the time, and very proud to be crossing the Continent alone. People didn't travel as much then as they do now, of course, and railroads were run on a vastly less efficient basis.

"As it was my first experience on a trans-continental train, I naturally took a great interest in all that went on. When I was not looking out the window at the scenery, new and strange to an Easterner, I was eagerly watch-

ing my fellow-passengers. Not that they were in the least an unusual group of people; as a matter of fact, I can recall distinctly only Jepson, the man who caused the trouble. It was the afternoon of the third day when he boarded the train. I had just come in from the back platform, where I had been watching the sunset over the Colorado desert, when the train suddenly stopped at a tiny western town called, I believe, Sedalia. The only passenger to get on was a sprightly little man in a black-and-white-check suit and a hideous necktie, who wore his collar as though he were not used to it, and who tilted his hat on the back of his head. He carried a large red suitcase, and seemed to have all the ear-marks of a traveling-salesman, even to the broad, persuasive grin, essential to success in making people buy what they don't want. This jovial person came beaming up the aisle to the seat next mine and, with a familiar nod to the occupants of the car in general, began to stow away his baggage. Soon his quick glance took in the fact that the woman opposite, who was holding a baby upon her knee, had dropped her handkerchief. He stooped to pick it up and with an elaborate bow placed it upon her lap. 'Warm

day, ain't it?' he remarked, and mopped his face with a large bandanna. The woman, a timid, shy creature, blushed with pleasure at the little attention, and I remember thinking the drummer must have been a rather decent sort of chap to bother. It made it easier to overlook his glaring vulgarity.

"We soon got into conversation, as travelers will, and went in to dinner together. Here I found my new acquaintance a sociable companion, inclined to talk a great deal in a loud, cheerful voice. I noticed, however, that he said nothing about his own affairs, beyond a casual remark that this was a great year for the firm he was representing, and that he expected to make thousands from a new patent egg-beater to be introduced next week in San Francisco.

"That evening we arranged a round of poker in the smoking-car, and Jepson, the drummer, was the life of the party. Assuming his most expansive manner, he passed around a box of evil-smelling cigars, and packages of chewing gum, slapping us all familiarly on the back. I can see him now, sitting there, a black cigar in the corner of his mouth, a large rhinestone sparkling in his necktie and another on his fat right hand. As he dealt the cards he held us all spell-bound with tales of his adventures in various parts of the world.

" 'Ah, yes, I've had experience,' he would say, wagging his head with an important air. 'Many's the winter night I've spent in a side-door Pullman and been glad next morning to join a bunch of hoboos, squattin' by the tracks with somethin' stewin' in a tomato can. Oh, they're a jolly lot, those hoboos, and there ain't nothin' they don't know about railroadin'—where the bridges come, condition o' the roadbed anywhere along the line—all that sort of thing.' I was immensely interested, and asked Jepson how he knew so much about a class of people so remote from his respectable calling; but he suddenly became taciturn and turned me off in some way.

"The next morning my friend the drummer was up before me. When I appeared at the door of the dining car I found him staring solemnly out the window, while his breakfast lay untouched upon the table. The obviously dejected tone of his greeting struck me at once as being in great contrast with his jovial manner the night before.

" 'What's the matter, old chap?' said I, absently taking up a *ménu*. 'Cut yourself shaving, or were there lumps in the porridge?'

"At this he grinned a sickly grin, so different from his usual cheerful smile that I became sympathetic at once, and asked

anxiously if there were anything I could do.

"‘Not a thing,’ he replied, with a doleful shake of the head. ‘I had a terrible dream last night, and I can’t shake it off, that’s all. It’s foolish, I know, to let a thing haunt you like that—and yet I can’t help feeling it was true.’

"Two other men had joined us while he was speaking, and together we easily persuaded him to tell his dream. It had certainly been something of a nightmare, for he had dreamt that our train was going to be wrecked. In his dream, the bridge at Dead Man’s Canyon, further along our route, had broken down. The signals were out of order. Our train, which was, he told us, in the habit of making up time on a long, flat stretch just before reaching the canyon, had come on at a high rate of speed, swept round a curve onto the broken bridge, and plunged into the river far below.

"‘I can see the ghastly sight now,’ he added, shuddering. ‘Our car hanging over the edge of the trestle, the others smashed to driftwood on the rocks. Women and children screaming, men fighting like animals to get free of the wreckage—’

"‘Heavens, man! That’s enough,’ I cried, and wished I had not insisted upon being told. It was evident that the dream had taken

a strong hold upon Jepson. And who could wonder? Although I felt it my duty to scoff and make light of the matter, I secretly did not blame him for being upset. The other men, too, were strongly affected by the tale, and confided it, naturally enough, to our fellow passengers.

"‘All nonsense,’ I thought, and tried to settle down to a magazine; but my mind wandered. Deeply impressed by the haunted look on faces about me, I could no longer resist the idea that we were all being swept on toward a relentless doom. I looked out at the blue sky and bright sunshine and thought how terrible it would be to be pinned under the burning wreckage, with the flames creeping nearer every minute, and no hope of escape.

"By noon every one on board was talking of Jepson’s dream, and many, the women particularly were visibly nervous. They began to recall all sorts of railroad horrors in the past; there was not one who had not lost a friend or relative in this way. I remember hearing the voice of the little lady across the aisle pipe up:

"‘Yes, indeed, my own Cousin Susie was in a wreck on this very road three years ago. It was terrible—and she such a sweet, pretty creature too.’

"Another woman, eager to join

in the discussion, was a thin, angular person who gave the impression of having a very disagreeable disposition. She seemed to worry more about not getting sufficient damages than about losing her life. All became more and more excited. 'The train should be stopped,' the thin lady cried nervously.

"'Yes, yes,' moaned a pale, anxious woman who was trying to soothe a little girl. 'Can't someone make them stop the train?'"

"Just then the conductor appeared at the door of the car. Thinking him the very person to attack on the subject, I jumped from my seat, but fell back again as a man further down the aisle grabbed his coat-tails and shouted:

"'How about stopping this train at Dead Man's, tonight? Bridge broken—signals out of order!'"

"At first the old fellow simply could not grasp the idea. When finally he was made to understand that that gentleman, the one over in the corner with the newspaper, had dreamt the train was to be wrecked at eleven-thirty that night, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to give vent to his anger. Finally he said gruffly that they didn't stop trains on the B. & R. just for dreams, and went on his way, shaking off the imploring hands of the passengers and stopping his ears against

their clamor. I could hardly contain myself by now and called wildly to Jepson, begging him to tackle the old villain himself. He rose and came over to my seat.

"'No use going for that old codger,' he said quietly, but with a worried expression. 'The only thing is to try the engineer. I'll try it myself pretty soon.'"

"The afternoon dragged slowly by. Darkness came and the atmosphere of suspense seemed tightening every moment. Feeling too nervous to eat dinner, I sat staring at the fathomless black outside the window, my thoughts swallowed up in the steady roar and clank of the wheels. I remember wondering vaguely if it would not be a good idea to make a will. Frank should have the Airedale pup; he had always wanted her, and——

"Someone sat down hard beside me. It was Jepson, his gloomy expression vanished, his eyes gleaming.

"'All fixed up,' he said with a great sigh of relief. 'Jones and Peterson have talked to the engineer—paid him a good round sum to do it,' he chuckled, then added quickly: 'Been a terrible strain, hasn't it?'"

"'Let's go in and tell,' I said, getting up calmly. Now that the danger was over, I felt amusingly self-possessed and businesslike.



"The passengers received the great news according to their different dispositions. The thin, acid lady insisted loudly that it was all her doing, while the timid little person across the aisle could only sob into her handkerchief and murmur incoherently. The men, to hide their great relief, began to laugh and joke about their past fears, putting up bets as to the condition of the bridge. After dinner we attempted another poker game, but found it increasingly difficult to keep our minds on the cards.

"'It's eleven twenty-five; only five minutes more,' I cried at last, for the twentieth time pulling out the great gold watch that used to be my grandfather's.

"I thought that Jepson eyed it queerly, then he arose: 'I think I'll leave you, boys—got to be sure my bag's safe under the seat before we climb out.'

"He left the car. A few minutes later there sounded three sharp blows of the whistle. Amid the grinding of the brakes and the shouts of the passengers the train came to a standstill.

"'Come on, lads,' I shouted, making for the door.

"'None o' that now,' growled a raucous voice outside. I felt myself looking down the cold steel barrel of a Winchester six-shooter and fell back, gaping, against the side

of the car as a tall, powerfully built man in a slouch hat strode past me.

"'Hands up, all o' you,' he growled. 'No use makin' a fuss. There's forty just like me outside; you ain't got no more chance against us 'n a celluloid cat chased through hell by an asbestos dog.

"After this speech not a word would he say, but began a silent, thorough search for valuables, the passengers standing as if rooted to the floor, with arms stretched high above their heads.

"Meanwhile I was doing some quick thinking. 'Hoboes—Jepson,' flashed through my mind, and in a minute I saw how we had been duped. To cap the climax, there came Jepson himself, his dapper check suit changed for a pair of sheepskin chaps and a grey shirt, the red suitcase in his hand. Setting it in the aisle, he called out jubilantly:

"'Chuck that stuff in here, Jake,' and then, turning to me: 'Pardon me if I should seem to deprive you of that little clock of yours,' and with his usual elaborate courtesy slipped it from my waistcoat pocket. When the deft, silent work was at last completed, they disappeared through the door, without even so much as a look behind at us all standing with our mouths wide open and our empty pockets hanging out."

E. H., '18.

## IMPRESSIONS

### The Complaint of a Spoiled Child

It is not that I object that my way is thorny. I sympathize with the firm-jawed Puritans who point sternly when I stumble and take the trouble to say, "so much the better." In fact, I am humbly grateful to them. It is the prevailing softness I bewail. I have heard of Reformed Pirates, Reformed Dutchmen and Reformed Baptists. One could more easily be all three of these than a Reformed spoiled child. Indifference is hard to surmount, but indulgence is almost impossible. These two are the Gibraltar rocks of relations with spoiled children. I was born lazy and appealing. It is not my fault. Now, when I enter a room I instinctively take the easiest chair and the lead in conversation. That is your fault. You have always given them to me.

Probably you sew on my buttons, chiding me gently the while for my lack of independence. As you snap off the thread and close your door kindly behind me, a cheerful superiority warms your heart. Your constant assumption that I have no backbone, has almost taken away my ability to rage against you. If I did, indeed, who would be more prompt to point out my ungrateful rudeness than you?

Also I was born, again it is not my fault, of the weak in spirit to whom hurting the feelings of those who have been gentle comes hard. In this quandary, my natural and cultivated petulance is all I have left. With the next person I meet the same situation is repeated. It is not easy for me to know that people smile behind my back. There may be, though it has ever been denied, an essence of the agreeable in the companionship of a spoiled child. There may be, I am subject to correction, a pleasing sensation of being useful, efficient, and protective in waiting on someone who smiles in a helpless way. If this is so, good Samaritan, do not indulge yourself. Find some other daily exercise for your patience and daily medicine for your temper. And when I have something to be done, if I find all doors shut and everybody busy, if no one comes by to laugh and do it for me, I might, oh, miracle, in a clumsy way, do it for myself.

C. G. W., '17.

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### Eternal Youth

Now that I am almost twenty-two, I am beginning to think seriously about old age, and I have determined never to grow

old. When my hair is white I shall wear red velvet, and I shall dance—always. To most young people it may seem ridiculous for their elders to prance around in the latest steps; to me it is lovely, surely a sign of the times that nowadays every one is as old as he feels. I have just read in the newspaper of a bride and groom of sixty and eighty respectively. Their pictures were there, too, both smiling and debonair. To those who view it thus, life is an eternal springtime.

I know a delightful lady of eighty-three, whose youthfulness is the wonder of all her friends; her recipe is quite simple: every morning of her life, on rising, she has jumped over the footboard of her bed, and this has kept her young and supple. I shall begin to follow her example. But now, alas, I remember that I have only a cot and it has no footboard. Still there must be other ways, and I shall find them. M. F. C., '17.

#### Sliding Panels

What was that sharp rapping? Irritably I pushed away my books and listened. "Tap, tap, tap," it came again. Jumping to my feet I flung open the door. Half way down the hall my littlest cousin was stooping to knock the paneling with her plump little hand.

I understood! Tiny rooms hung with cobwebs, through whose vine-covered windows the light filtered softly; a dustiness and mustiness in the air; a name on the pane cut there by a diamond; yellowed letters crackling as one read of wrongs committed centuries ago; lost deeds; great iron-bound chests of hidden treasure. Surely somewhere there was a sliding panel if only one searched carefully enough. And suppose—most terrible yet best of all—suppose there should be a skeleton kneeling as in prayer—there was always the garden and the kittens to run to and be comforted.

Very quietly I closed my door.

H. W., '18.

#### St. Agnes' Fountain

To the person of mental leisure, a field of recreation is open in the elaboration of inadvertent descriptions. One is constantly finding chance words, hastily flung together by the author, which, to the unhurried eye, present full pictures, slowly gathering detail. In the ballad of Good King Wenceslaus, the page says to the good king,

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,

Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,

By St. Agnes' fountain."

The picture hinted at might well

be filled in; the shoulder of the mountain rising so steeply that the snow slides off it; the short brown grass the sheep left, worn away in places, showing, as through a rent in a frayed cloak, the bare and icy rocks. At the base of the mountain, down the long slope of the foothills, stretches the "forest-fence" of pine trees with moist black branches interlaced. In the little space between the hill and the forest is the faggot-gatherer's hut and the fountain. The statue was standing there before the faggot gatherer was thought of—the visible thanks of some pious baron for lands or riches or an escape on the battlefield. From a basin of clear dark water the figure of the saint rises, meek and time-worn. Her gray robe is shining with frost and the water is frozen around the hem. There is no inscription, for even the shepherds could read her story in the little carved lamb in her hand. Nor is there any record of why the fountain was built; that was a matter between the baron and the saint.

M. S. R., '18.

### The Cloister Turtle

Have you ever seen the cloister turtle? He is rather spiritual, I think, and delights in the early morning hours, when the dew is cool on the grass and there are no pink sweaters about the steps.

Then he comes from the eastern side where the deepest shadow is, and slowly takes his steps to the fountain and the early sunlight, trailing his path in the wet behind him. He is usually to be seen when already half way across, in the midst of one of those contemplative pauses which are the better part of valor in turtles, I suppose; and after a while, all by himself, on that vast square of dewy grass, with the huge shadow of the library before him and the great dark cloister arches all around, without emotion he lifts a straddling leg and steps out again on his deliberate way. Of course, there is no reason to believe that he feels any emotion he does not show; and I am sure it is perfectly natural that he should be in the cloisters; still, I have a kind of reverence for that turtle. I should feel it sacrilege to suppose that he lived for long years within those walls just because he knew no way to get out; that his trips across or around the grass in the early morning were the restless wanderings of a spirit seeking liberty; or that ignoble fear of trampling feet kept him retired—or taste for some choice form of bug. The aristocratic lift of his head when he stands still, and his majestic awkwardness in motion, prove him above such littleness of soul. No; it is religion

that keeps him in the cloisters, a hermit from the world of Fords and dust. He is a pagan worshipper. If you should see him by the fountain in the early sun, standing, tiny but rapt, with his red neck straining upwards, you would have no doubts.

S. W. M., '18.

### Detail from a Landscape

Seen from the lighthouse the city looked very still under the pale half moon. In the background, where the sky scrapers stood out in stiff square outline, there was a faint yellow flow, but down by the water the park was quite dark. Occasionally little lights flickered like fire flies among the feathery trees. They, I knew, were motors; but, seemingly on the water itself, were other lights that I had never seen before, little red flames burning at irregular distances apart. I turned the telescope and focussed it on one of them. Gradually the reddish blur condensed itself into definite shapes. A fire was burning in a tin can fastened to a stick which projected over the water. Inside the circle of red light I could see a man sitting cross-legged on the

piles with a fishing pole in his hand. A woman in a dark shawl and two little children sat beside him, the eyes of all three turned towards his pole. I could see their faces distinctly—the man's expressionless, the woman's sullen and tired, the children's solemn and wide-eyed. Behind them I could make out a semicircle of motionless shapes. By their attitude I judged that they too were staring intently at the fishing pole. Suddenly the pole bent, a silver streak flew up out of the water, fluttered a moment above the stones and was covered by a large rough hand. There was a movement among the watchers. A slow smile spread over the woman's face. The children climbed across her knees for a better view. The man had already dropped the fish into a tin bucket and was reaching for the bait. In a moment he had cast his line again. The children clambered back to their places. The woman drew her shawl closer around her. Her smile faded slowly while the eyes of the children widened into their solemn stare. The semicircle of watchers was still. Just as I turned away from the telescope the pole bent once more.

S. H., '17.

## VERSE

This is the altar of the dead,  
Stranger, draw near and bow thy head.  
Pray for the souls to torment sped.

See here the tapers wasting slow,  
Burning for soul's in hell below;  
Pity the damned in their endless woe.

EVA A. W. BRYNE.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

**Good Friday and Other Poems**

by John Masefield

*Good Friday and Other Poems* is work of the kind one expects from Masefield, in its sincerity, lack of ornament, and occasional striking effects. The chief interest falls quite naturally on the *Good Friday*, partly because of its subject and dramatic form, partly because of the strong impression it gives of freshness, of that done which has not been done before. The shorter poems—most of them are sonnets—follow the play, and, in a sense supplement it, adding with their modern note of doubt and questioning, a confession of human ignorance and weakness before the great issues of life. Both are adequate to what is attempted, neither show the least striving for effect. In both are the same simplicity, the same seri-

ousness and courage before circumstances which are often inscrutable, sometimes terrible.

The theme of the shorter poems is for the most part one—the groping and perplexity of the human mind trying to divine its own meaning and destiny—a theme not unusual in modern poetry. It is handled with dignity, with suggestiveness often. The poet's mood rarely becomes mere confusion; it never becomes mere protest. Nearly always, somewhere he finds consolation and assurance of beauty, though both seem to him fleeting and intangible.

The treatment of the Biblical material in *Good Friday* is marked by simplicity—sometimes even by bareness. The description of the crucifixion by the shaken centurion is a tremendous scene, vivid and unadorned. So, too, in a degree

necessarily less, is the dream of Pilate's wife. The Jewish mob, brutal, low-minded, lustful for blood, is made to characterize itself vividly in sentences such as the occasion might well have called forth. The most passionate figure is the blind madman who alone understands and interprets. His lines are tragic often, and entirely unforced; those with which he closes the play and which follow immediately upon the noise and indifference of the crowd returning from Golgotha are quiet and impressive. Nowhere is there overstatement; the impression is rather of restraint, of much barely suggested which might easily have been exaggerated.

Throughout we are spared too great an insistence upon realism, while at the same time we are given a satisfying sense of reality. The tragedy does not pass beyond its limits; it sobers and steadies, but does not repel. We hear, it is true, the voices of the mob saying:

“—when the cross is set  
Jolt it, remember, I will not forget.”

But this is the only touch which sickens. For the rest a wise reticence is maintained. It is served by “unity of place”—the single scene is the pavement out-

side the citadel of Jerusalem, within which Pilate passes judgment—and by the complete absence of hysterical language.

The same restraint which is present in diction and selection of material is characteristic of those men of the play who are not unmoved by the central tragedy. From regretful half-understanding Pilate to the Madman who has it wholly passionately at heart, there is a quiet looking into the face of the painful thing that is done, a sense that after all they are men alive to the tragedy but able to witness it calmly. Procula, it is true, stabs her arm in a frenzied striving for atonement, but later she regains her poise and takes up her part as it must be played. Joseph of Ramah is calm and controlled, entirely master of himself. Whatever befalls the Madman he has still

“—that green blade of wheat  
My own soul's courage.”

That, indeed, is the final impression of the play, the sense of the greatness of human courage in the face of overwhelming disaster.

“Only the unafraid

Before life's roaring street  
Touch Beauty's feet,  
Know Truth, do as God bade,  
Become God's son.”

E. S. C., '19.

### Rupert Brooke's Letters from America

This book is a collection of fifteen letters published by Rupert Brooke, some of them in *Westminster Gazette*, the rest in the *New Statesman*, after his return from a trip through the United States, Canada, and the South Seas.

The preface by Henry James is an appreciation of the young poet and of his place in English letters. Some phrases stand out in James's characterization. Brooke had an "enormous habit of holidays;" he had a "complete curiosity." All his writing has a "distinguished readability." This collection, James says, is disappointing because it gives only a moderate idea of the man. It bears the stamp of being "inevitably juvenile"—many of the pages are filled with merely superficial comments springing from a youthful wonder at what he sees in the United States. But the letters about Canada are an improvement and the appreciation of Samoa reaches special perfection.

One feels, from James's comment, that Rupert Brooke will take his place in literature along with such as Philip Sidney, who are remembered for what they were even more than for what they wrote. The work of the young genius is of the highest quality and is individualized in James's estimate

as essentially modern. But special emphasis is laid on the "pure and undischarged poetry of the man himself." His life had a kind of harmony and artistic completeness that was carried out even in the manner of his death; and in his burial on a little island of Greece. The preface ends rather finely: "The generosity, I may fairly say the joy, of his contribution to the general perfect way makes a monument of his high rest at the heart of all that was once noblest in history."

The letters themselves have pre-eminently the "distinguished readability" with which James characterizes his writing in general. They are especially attractive to an American who has a curiosity for the opinions of others about his country. His observations are often apt, and at times not so superficial as James would lead one to suppose. But what is not readable to a native at least, is that, owing perhaps to the brevity of his stay in the United States, Brooke has picked out a few very striking exceptions and offered them to his readers as typical. The "States" are not nearly so picturesque as he would make them. The "grimy and generous embrace" given him by the express company official is a purely individual outburst of good spirits, perhaps a reaction



to the charm of the poet himself—and not at all a sign of American democracy. The accuracy of his observations appears in bits of realistic description. As he enters the harbor and approaches New York, he has a feeling that the steamer is “a goddess entering fairyland,” but straightway he recognizes the reality of the city. “All kinds of refuse went floating by; bits of wood, straw from barges, bottles, boxes, paper, occasionally a dead cat or dog, hideously bladder-like, its four paws stiff and indignant towards heaven.” A sense of humor is ever predominant and his need to be amused and amusing is abundantly satisfied when he sees the advertising facilities of New York. Even here a whimsicality relieves him from boisterousness. He describes at some length an advertisement for chewing gum—the colossal head of a woman which flashes out in electric light against the darkness, winks three times, and then disappears. “She is immortal,” he says. “Men have worshiped her as Cybele, mother of the Gods, and as Mary. . . . She is older than the sky-scrapers among which she sits; and one, certainly, of her eyelids is a trifle weary.”

Brooke is characteristically English in that he wonders at the achievements of the Americans, but never gets at the heart of the

people themselves. It is not mere superficiality, but rather entire lack of comprehension. One quality however, he forces home upon us—the hopeless crudity of American life. He picks out those things which Americans pride themselves as having equaled England and Europe. And though his tone is kindly, beneath it there is unconscious contempt that cuts. In one instance he is describing a great department store: “Materially it is an immense building, containing all things that an upper middle-class person could conceivably want. Such a store includes even art with the same bland omnipotence.” And again, he passes biting criticism on American scholarships so-called. Harvard moves him to amusement and kindly toleration. His last word on the subject is “The American universities appear still to dream of the things of this world. They keep putting up the most wonderful and expensive buildings. But they do not pay their teachers well.”

His letters on Canada, though James regards them as better work, are on the whole much more unfavorable in their criticisms and observations than are those on the United States. For most of the larger Canadian cities and towns he sees no future except that of a gross material prosperity. Some of them are less crude than the

"States" and often the French element lend an old-world charm—but even this is not redeeming. Only in the West does he see a possible glimmer of hope.

Brooke's final comment on America is just enough from an Englishman's and a poet's point of view: "A goddess place. And the dead do not return. That is why there is nothing working in the heart of the shadows, and no human mystery in the colors, and neither the same joy nor the kind of peace in dawn and sunset that older lands know. It is, indeed, a new world."

His account of Samoa is much more satisfactory. James says that here Brooke "lightly performs the miracle . . . which R. L. Stevenson, which even Pierre Loti . . . had not." He is "arrested by so vivid a picture of the youth of the world at its blandest." He dwells lingeringly on the courtesy, the beauty, the intelligence of the natives and his affection for the island is sincere: "I wish I were

there again. It is a country, and a life, that bind the heart."

It is fitting that the collection should end with a word about the war. The last "letter" is an analysis of a friend's state of mind when he first heard of the war; and from the sympathy of it we may assume that it is indeed Rupert Brooke's own feelings that are set forth. When the first news of the war reached the young man he could scarcely comprehend it. He thought in a rather dazed way of Germany and of pleasant days spent there. He thought of mild old German professors and fun-loving students of his acquaintance — and he tried to imagine everything changed in the quiet streets where they had often walked together. His mind grew hopelessly confused—but gradually, out of his perplexity one thing became clear. For him "The word 'England' seemed to flash like a line of foam," and in thinking of her he felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover.

EVA A. W. BRYNE, '16.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

### THE ANCIENT GRADUATE

(With apologies to Coleridge)

It is an ancient graduate,  
And she stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long stray locks and hornéd specs,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"Old Taylor Hall is open'd wide,  
And I am due therein;  
The prof. is there, the students there,  
May'st hear the scratching pen!"

She holds her with her skinny hand  
"There was a girl," quoth she.  
"Hold off! unhand me, old alum!"  
Eftsoons her hand dropt she.

She holds her with her glittering specs:  
The young freshman stood still,  
And listens with a due respect  
To the alumna's will.

The young freshman sat on a stone.  
She cannot choose but hear;  
And thus advised that old alum,  
Instilling wholesome fear.

"The day was clear, the lecture dull,  
Merrily did we cut;  
We went to eat some cool ice cream,  
On chocolate did we glut.

"The next morning the sun came up,  
On campus green shone bright!  
It tempted us and so we cut  
To feast on our delight.

"Higher and higher every day  
Rose the number of our cuts,  
Until the day of reckoning  
Eftsoon upon us shuts."

"God save thee, ancient graduate!  
From the fiends that plague thee thus!  
Why look'st thou so?" "Through cuts—ah, woe!  
We killed the albatross!"

"Oh! young freshman, this soul hath been  
Perplexed by fearsome rules.  
So awful 'twas that we all thought  
Ourselves back at prep. schools.

"O sweeter than choc'late ice cream,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to a class  
With a goodly company!  
To walk together to a class  
And all together sit,  
While each in her note-book enscribes  
All facts and dates and deep remarks  
That from professor flit!"

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou freshman new:  
She winneth out, without a doubt  
Who maketh her cuts few."

**WANTED—A PARENT!**

Doesn't somebody care for a child,  
Sweet tempered and medium mild,  
    With a sort of a brain  
    (Presumably sane)  
And credentials most carefully filed?

She will take what is best, or what's worst,  
A thief, if he comes along first.  
    Just any old bluff  
    Will do well enough—  
She must talk with Miss Thomas or burst.

She is haunting the office, you see,  
And has gone for a week without tea,  
    But alas, the child daren't,  
    For want of a parent,  
Break in on the powers that be!

J. A. H., '19.



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Contents

	PAGE
The Mass Meeting—November 6th..... P. T., '18	1
Editorials .....	1
Verse..... F. A., '19	3
A Plea..... Mildred Foster, '17	4
Concerning Temper..... C. G. W., '17	5
Elmer's First Case..... V. K., '18	6
Sonnet..... Thalia Smith, '17	14
Impressions .....	15
Book Reviews .....	19
Dulci Fistula .....	24

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**Vol. XIV**

**DECEMBER, 1916**

**No. 3**

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## EDITORIALS

The excitement of the presidential election is over. President Wilson has been re-elected, and the study of Greek art is no longer as maddening as it was at eleven o'clock on November eighth, with the latest election returns 239 to 236.

This year's election succeeded in dispelling thoroughly our noted academic calm. We hissed ourselves breathless, we shouted ourselves hoarse. Further, we showed our interest in ways less conspicuous, but perhaps more intelligent. We repeatedly considered and discussed the merits of Mr. Hughes and President Wilson. Most of us came to some sincere and definite conclusions. But it is equally certain that all such conclusions were absolutely forgotten when the band struck up.

This is only a counterpart of what happens in any political community, among real voters. Four years from now, when some of us surely, possibly many of us, will be able to work and vote in another presidential election, is this the way we are going to do it? To fight our opponent are we merely going to borrow extravagantly from that "copious storehouse of damnations" so constantly in use? To support our candidate are we merely going to shout ourselves hoarse?

There are few among us who would not gladly sell our souls for a bond. But is all this really the way to elect a President?

Recently we have heard many accusations the partial justice of which must be acknowledged. We are told that the college is losing its traditions. To a certain extent this is true. We admit that we have lost the tradition of hard work and honest study; sometimes we seem even to have lost the tradition of wholesome living,—and all without a sign of remonstrance. But there are some things we have not lost, some few rags of glory. When we are requested by the Dean of the college to abolish a tradition against allowing Sophomores to use Senior steps, we rise in unanimous protest. We proclaim loudly that our traditions are being wrested from us, that we won't have it. Surely this is rather a comment on our beloved college spirit—to say nothing of our intelligence.

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It seems that we shall not be forgiven for our “polished periods.” Poor TIP, correctness is its essence, and here is the college demanding that it have a thought or two! We blush, indeed we do, for we have had real thoughts, and if you did not “get” them, it is because our style is poor.

If it were possible to discover who first drew the distinction between style and thought, it is certain that he would be burnt in effigy by every group of editors, the world over, for the baleful influence of his invention on young writers and critics. “Style” is a verbal abstraction; it is purely and simply a way of presenting thought, and can no more exist without thought, than can the hole without the doughnut. Thought, on the other hand, if it remains mere thought, and never becomes art or argument, is not going to prove much of a factor in the world. And how much more effective will be a thought expressed in such a way that no one can understand it, or that no one cares to read it? These are truisms, but the latter is frequently neglected when it comes to application.

We have thoughts and sentiments that we wish to convey as effectively as possible; here, and here only, is the province of style as we see it.

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Election fervor leads us to attempt a defense of that most uninspiring of qualities, moderation. It is perhaps not the doctrine for youth whose chief power lies in its capacity for enthusiasm, generous—and unthinking. It has not borne the smallest part in the lives of the world's great conquerors or reformers; there is in it too great an element of doubt, of the deliberate skepticism of science, which questions in order that it may be

sure. Moderation is the quality rather of the gentleman and the scholar; it is the mark of those who honor truth before achievement, and, as such, we should not venture to bring it forward in an actively progressive community, were it not for a lingering intellectual tradition. There may still be a few who are willing to offer up petty prejudices on the altar of "true learning," to sacrifice showy opinions for the sake of mere accuracy. Of such, we believe that they have escaped the provincialism of intolerance; as they have dared to doubt, they have grown wise in contrasts; and the measure of their wisdom is moderation.

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The editors regret that, by an oversight, the name of Eleanor S. Cooper was omitted from the list of the staff printed in the October and November issues.

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### VERSE

She broke his heart with fickleness, or worse  
And left him to remember and to die,  
But he had caught her beauty in his verse  
As amber sometimes holds a little fly.

Her gauzy beauty lives through centuries;  
"Divine inspiratress of Song" men cry,  
And not one in a hundred-thousand sees  
His verse were amber still—without the fly.

F. A., '19.

## A PLEA

College is almost irresistibly communal. We come here as Freshmen with little quavers of excitement over our coming collegiate independence, then we are drawn down into a perfect maelstrom of opposing ideas from which we emerge strangely changed. Notions of personal freedom have been replaced by those of college communism. We begin to ape our fellow creatures who are, after all, strikingly like ourselves. Silk sweaters seem to be "the thing" and suddenly we find ourselves flirting around the campus in the brightest that Wanamaker can offer. But communism does not stop at externals. Our ideas, too, must be made to harmonize with the common scheme. We go to pink teas and converse about how common short hair is getting to be at college, then, suddenly recalling that we are of the intellectual élite, we rise to the occasion and, in a few witty and debonair remarks, touch lightly upon art or the pessimistic idealism of Schopenhauer. Touch lightly, I say, because communism does not permit of undividualistic and heated discussions at teas. Of course there are some who insist upon discussing seriously but they are simply relegated to the intellectual lower classes. This applies also to our literature. For our communism does

not approve of printing bold or individualistic ideas. It demands, rather, that one should, discuss "nice" things, in cultured terms. Thus, in well topic-sentenced paragraphs, we tell our incoming students that they must comb their hair smoothly and not dress sloppily. We write about the trees and the birds and the flowers, because there is a sickly fear in our hearts of offending communal culture. And all the time, the world of real people is seething around us, ready to be investigated, talked about, written about. The other night I went to hear the milk investigation, at the Chamber of Commerce. One by one the milk dealers were brought up before the commission and cross-examined. One by one they squirmed and lied and evaded, until finally one, whose squirmings only involved him the more, began shouting desperately, "I can't help it. I got to make a living. I can't give up my trade secrets to my competitors. I got to make money. I tell you, I got to make money." Then it came over me that this smoky room and these men at each other's throats were very real— whereas I had begun to think that dressing like a college girl, talking like a college girl, writing like a college girl was the only reality. And all I can



say is, why cannot we sacrifice our communal standards a little, and substitute a little reality for our communal culture? Now or never

is the time for freedom of thought and of expression. Why cannot we break loose now and then from our communism into individualism?

MILDRED FOSTER, 1917.

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### CONCERNING TEMPER

In these days of temperament, we sometimes overlook the existence of plain temper. Far be it from me to define the delicacies of temperament, but at least I am on my own ground when I speak of temper. Temper, in my meaning, has no concern with being good or bad. It is only when it lingers and degenerates into temperament that it has these ponderable qualities. Pure temper is an unreasoning flash within us, over which we are not permitted to debate. We speak of controlling it, but we can never rule its coming, it is as quick, as illuminating, and as swift to die

as the flare of a match. Temper only fires things for one delirious moment. If we must afterward regret that we have seen them distorted, we cannot forget that they were verified. Often, in those moments, temper burns our illusions and clears our prejudices. Always, it rescues us from indecision and is an antidote for monotony. Personally I must confess that I agree with Katisha's

"In spite of all my meekness,  
If I have a little weakness,  
It's a passion for a flight of  
thunderbolts."

C. G. W., '17.

## ELMER'S FIRST CURE

"Be you comin', Uncle?"

Arima Pierce pulled himself together with a jerk and looked down at the speaker. She was a fairly young woman, whose whole appearance,—lustreless blue eyes weak chin, and faded black veil—denoted indefiniteness. She had laid one gloved hand gently on the sleeve of the old man's rusty black coat. He looked first at her, then at the hand, and then brushed her aside, moving as he did so a step or two nearer the newly-filled grave by which they had been standing. She followed and ventured another remark.

"I'm sure it was a beautiful funeral. Aunt Weltha herself couldn't 'a asked a finer."

There was no answer from her companion.

"You certainly was generous, Uncle, 'bout the coffin and flower kerridges, and all."

Still there was no answer.

"But there ain't really anythin' more to do here now. More everyone's left, and you've shook hands with the minister and all. Hadn't you better——"

"Yes, he'd better," said a brisk voice, and a man stepped between them, and took the mourner's arm. He had the air of always having felt himself indispensable in any

emergency, and an authority on most subjects.

"Now, Uncle," he continued, softening his tone a trifle and urging the old man forward. "You'll let Annie drive home with you, won't you? She's pretty near of kin, you know, and you'll need someone around. She has a plan too, and—why what's the matter?"

Arima had stopped and was looking toward the road outside the little church-yard, where a woman was trying to back her horse and buggy away from the white picket fence.

"There's Mary," Arima muttered, "Mary Keiley. Tomorrow's Wednesday. That's the day she used to lend Weltha a hand. I'll speak to her," and he moved off, his tall gaunt figure bent as if weary.

"There, I told you to be quick about getting him away," said Elmer Holden snappishly to his wife. "First thing you know you'll have the whole parish up on Pierce's Hill. The old man's a good deal more attractive now that Weltha's dead, and if you don't look out our plans will be spoiled. Now's our chance, and we've got to make the most of it. You're near enough of kin so's it won't look queer if we offer to help him, and while we're helpin' him we might as well

help ourselves. I've told you to find out as much as you can about his will, though I reckon he's probably never thought of one. It's sort of lucky for us that Seneca is so far away even if there isn't much love lost between him and his father. It's just as well not to have other people interfering. I'm not afraid of that ignorant Irish woman with a family of grown sons, but you might as well find out what he's said to her. Now go along, and collect enough spirit to get him home somehow. I'll be over in the evening with our traps." Then he chuckled. "It's about time we vacated anyhow. Mind you do all I told you, and keep him agreeable somehow," with which remark he turned on his heel and walked away. His wife hesitated a moment, and then started toward the buggy.

Arima had just reached it, and the woman who had succeeded in pointing her horse's nose toward home, was looking around at him out of honest Irish eyes. She was fifty or more, but her hair was still dark, and her cheeks still ruddy. She was stout but seemed active, and her expression was composed and direct.

"Mary Keiley," said the old man, "You know tomorrow's your day. I wish you'd come up as usual."

For a moment she was silent, and

no change of expression crossed her face. Then with that inimitable accent given only to those who have had Irish parents and New England training, she replied,

"Oi' would 'a done it annyway. There's yer niece."

And to express the contempt for the latter which her face did not show, she slapped the reins with unwonted viciousness on the horse's back, and drove off.

Annie Holden looked timidly at her uncle, who was following the departing buggy with his eyes. The determination which the country people always said "hung in Arima's lower jaw," was markedly absent. His fingers fumbled idly with his hat.

"Come," she said coaxingly, "It ain't any use to wait here. It's gettin' on to dinner time. We'd better be startin'. It's all of five miles."

He turned abruptly.

"Ye needn't bother to come," he replied firmly. "I'll get along well enough."

"But Uncle," she exclaimed, genuinely distressed, "You can't leave me here alone. Elmer's gone home across the river."

Arima gave her a disgusted look, saying, "Well, pile in then, though I don't want ye. When's Elmer comin' to collect ye?"

"This evenin'," she said, half truthfully.

By this time they were seated in the buggy, a very trim one drawn by a sleek black mare. Horses had always been Arima's one indulgence. They drove in silence for a while. Then Annie, who was no tactician, ventured the question point blank:

"Would you like to hear Elmer's plan?"

"I've had enough of Elmer and his plans," snapped the old man, "I've lent him enough money for the education of twenty blather-skites of doctors, and 's fur as I kin make out, he's no 'count just the same."

Annie tried to turn the rebuff to her own advantage.

"It's only a practice he needs," she said. "He's as good a doctor as any they've had in these parts. I should think it would make you feel right easy in your mind now that Aunt Weltha's gone, to have someone near you who knew as much about the care of—well of—invalids as he does."

"Invalids," he said sharply. "Who's talkin' about invalids? Weltha never knew a sick day in her life until she died, and I should hope I was strong enough."

"Oh yes, yes," she assented hastily. "I was only thinkin', Weltha bein' dead, an' you alone, an' not quite so young as——"

She stopped. The old man did

not seem to be listening very attentively.

After they had proceeded another mile or so in silence she spoke again.

"Where Cousin Senecy now?"

"West," said Arima briefly, with a black scowl.

"I suppose, him bein' your son, that the farm, and the property, and all, will go to him?" she asked with a trace of anxiety that she tried hard to keep out of her voice.

Arima pulled the horse to a dead stop and turned squarely and savagely around on Annie.

"Look here," he said. "I ain't dead yet, nor anywhere near it. Whoever's been talkin' about my property had better mind his own business. Most likely he'll never be any more intimately acquainted with it than he is now. Gidup!"

In this tense atmosphere they reached Pierce's Hill, the best stocked farm within fifty miles. The red barns gleamed in the midday sun. The yard was a-bustle with farm hands and horses arriving from a morning's haying in the lower meadow. A collie dog sprang up to greet his master, and a hen flopped squawking from under the mare's hoofs.

But to Arima Pierce the scene was indescribably empty. Mechanically he turned his eyes to the vine-covered kitchen porch of the white farmhouse, and then turned

them quickly away. Weltha had used to stand there waiting to greet him on his return from the fields or from town. Annie looked toward the porch too, and to her surprise beheld her husband come smiling out from under the vines. With an alarmed feeling of a commission unfulfilled she whispered quickly,

"What did you say to Mary Kieley, Uncle?"

Between white lips he muttered something about "Wednesday," and almost drove over Elmer who had come out to meet them.

The old man's agitation was plainly apparent, and Elmer Holden was not one to lose an opportunity. He helped Arima down from the buggy, looking at him with a very serious and professional air.

"Uncle," he said, "You look white. It's a hot day. Best look out for fainting at your age. Here, lean on my arm."

The old man made as though he would retort, but the words died on his lips and he trembled violently.

"There," said Elmer, "I was right. You do need constant care. Annie, take the other arm. You must lie down at once. Lucky I brought my bag. You need a stimulant. Don't be frightened, Uncle. It is your heart, I imagine. Quite natural at your age and after a shock. No real danger as long as I am here on the watch."

Between them they brought their dazed relative into his gloomy New England parlor, where they insisted that he lie down on the hair cloth sofa, while Elmer administered the "stimulant." Oddly enough it had the almost immediate effect of making him sleep, soundly but restlessly. As soon as they were assured that he was no longer conscious of his surroundings they carried him to the spare chamber, a cold north room, and laid him on the bed. This accomplished Elmer turned on Annie.

"Did you do all I told you?" he asked.

"Not quite," she admitted, "I didn't reckon you'd be here so soon. Who's goin' after our stuff?"

"Jo White," Elmer said briefly. "I came straight up here. I knew you'd bungle it. Did you tell him the plan?"

"He wouldn't listen," Annie replied complainingly.

"Well," Elmer mused, "I guess it's all right anyway. Our stuff'll be here stowed away before he wakes up, and then we'll set about makin' him think that he can't get along without us. I suppose you couldn't find out anything—about the will, or Seneca, or Mary Keiley," this last rather tartly.

Annie looked at him pleadingly. "I did try Elmer," she asserted, "I think Mary's to come Wednesday."

The husband thought a moment and then turning away went down the hill toward the Keiley's house.

Thus began the new régime at Pierce's Hill. The old man awoke the next morning stiff and numb, with no feeling of rest. He was startled to find himself sleeping in the spare chamber with all his clothes on. He came down to breakfast, a little uncertain on his feet, and to his surprise found his niece and her husband waiting his arrival. They inquired anxiously about his health, and looked very grave when he spoke of his restless night. They explained that after he had fallen asleep in the parlor they had tried to carry him to his own bedroom, but that he had cried out and struggled in his sleep so that they could get him no farther than the spare chamber at the head of the stairs. They said that they had been waiting for him to waken. Arima was astonished at this tale of his actions, but they assured him solemnly that it was quite true, and intimated that it was all pretty bad business. Elmer watched over each mouthful that his uncle ate, recommending this, protesting against that and pressing him to build himself up, until the old man's appetite left him altogether, and he arose with a disgusted air, having hardly touched his breakfast.

"Ain't very hungry, Uncle?" ventured Annie.

"Bad sign," murmured the doctor just loud enough for Arima to hear.

A shadow crossed the old man's face, and settled into a scowl as a new thought came to him.

"Queer," he muttered, "never knew Mary to be so late before."

"Oh Mary," said Elmer briskly. "There really wasn't any need of your asking her, Uncle, Annie will tend to all that, now, you know, so I told Mary not to come."

"Told her not to come," ejaculated Arima, with a little of his former spirit. "Do you and Annie think you're going to live here?"

"Really, Uncle," said Elmer, "You mustn't allow yourself to get excited in that way. Annie and I are only staying because, you seemed—ah—not quite yourself. I thought with my training I might be of some assistance, in case"—

"Well," assented the old man, "I do feel right queer this morning. Sure I don't know what it could be. Can't think why it should come on all of a sudden like this. But I suppose you may as well stay. Guess you're right. I am getting old."

"There, there," said the doctor soothingly, "I knew you'd understand that Annie and I were only doing it for your good. We weren't any too anxious to leave our house across the river, but—Uncle!" with

a look of solicitous alarm as the old man reached for his straw hat, "You aren't thinking of going to the meadow are you?"

"Why not!" queried Arima, genuinely surprised.

"In your present condition? Why it would be suicide. Here, let me take your arm. Quiet is what you need. Better lie down, remember you had no breakfast," and with these soothing comments he led the bewildered old man to the sofa, and insisted on his resting.

Thus, little by little, they showed him that he was unfit for work. They gave him "tonics," and "soothing" drugs, and his sleep, which had always been sound enough, became more and more fitful as they tried to improve it. Sometimes he would have an unusually long sleep, and when this happened he would be uncomfortably conscious of presences in his room, and strange sepulchral voices. The next morning his guests always asked anxiously about his rest, and spoke of it off and on during the day. Sometimes he would wake with a start to find Annie clutching his wrist and saying hurriedly.

"What's the matter, Uncle?" Seeing his bewildered look she would explain. "You screamed in your sleep. I guess it's jist your nerves again. Then Elmer would come in with his soothings and warnings. More tonics and cures were pre-

scribed, his diet was continually changed, and he grew weaker and weaker until his hand shook so that he could scarcely hold a cup of coffee.

One day in the fall he felt a little of his old strength, and, eluding his keepers, walked out to the barn where the men were putting away the bundles of oats. There were a good many strangers among them. Arima turned to one of them and asked for a pitchfork. The man shook his head, as one would refuse a child or an invalid, without explanation. Arima appealed to one of the men he knew.

"Look here, Dave. Am I any different to what I was? You none of you treat me the same. I know I haven't been workin' lately, but now that I've come out, won't you lend me your fork?"

Elmer thought he had done his work well, but Arima had been a respected though a strict master, in the old days. The man hesitated a moment, and then threw counsel to the winds.

"Different," he muttered angrily, "That ye are, and I'd like to know what's made ye so. I never thought to see ye begging for what you want of your own men—Askin' doubtful-like for a pitchfork, and I dursn't give it to ye, as much as I want to."

"What's to prevent," said Arima bewildered.

Dave shrugged his shoulders in the direction of the house, and at that moment Elmer appeared on the porch. The men hastily returned to their tasks, and Arima shambled off, miserably, to be met with protestations, and more soothing counsel.

He was sick at heart. Dave had sown the seed of distrust, and yet he felt himself too weak to cope with the situation. That night he lay awake pondering, but the effort of thinking confused him, so that, try as he would he could see no motive in the Holdens' actions. He felt miserably inadequate, physically and mentally.

As he lay, he heard voices in the room below. Elmer was expounding something to his wife and had incautiously left open the door into the hall. Arima crept out of bed, a grotesque figure in his quaint flapping nightshirt. Silently he stole into the dark hall, and half way down the stairs. Then he stopped. The voices came distinctly through the open door.

"It's about time," Elmer was saying. "I'm satisfied that he hasn't made a will yet. But if he gets much weaker he'll either die on our hands, or else turn ungrateful for all the trouble we've taken in keeping him alive. Besides—I'm about out of opium and its expensive."

"Su — suppose he does die?"

queried Annie tremulously. Much as she was the tool of her husband, his calm way of mentioning death frightened her.

"Fool," he said, "Don't you know he's got a son living, and if he dies without a will the property goes to Seneca, no matter how much they may have quarreled. No, I tell you, now's the time to persuade him that he owe's everything to us, and get him to make a will to that effect. After that — well, we'll see."

"But, how are you going about it?" she asked.

"Don't know," he replied cheerfully, "but I'll think of a way overnight. It's about time to turn in."

The old man crept hastily back into bed, and lay there, trembling with rage and excitement. He heard the Holdens preparing for the night, and then all the house was quiet. His thoughts seemed to go in circles, and he could form no plan of action. At about five o'clock in the morning, however, an inspiration seemed to come to him. He climbed painfully out of bed, and began to dress, trembling and muttering, and getting in his own way at every turn. Then he went cautiously downstairs. Twice he had to clutch a piece of furniture to keep from falling, faint from the strain of action and lack of sleep. Once out of the house, however, he



seemed to gain strength. He was oddly annoyed at the desertedness of the yard, although it favored his own purpose.

"Half past five," he exclaimed, "and the milkin' not begun. Not like the old days, not like the old days." And then, "I must be quick, I must be quick, before they come."

He made his way into the stable, took the black mare out of the stall, and with hands that bungled like a city man's over the straps, he harnessed her into the buggy. Then with the collie, all interest and sympathy, frolicking after him, he drove down the road toward Mary Keiley's house.

It was almost noon when the Holden's, in despair over their search for their uncle, retired to the kitchen for dinner. Suddenly they heard the noise of wheels in the yard outside. There was a murmur of voices and then the door of the kitchen was flung open. In the broad stream of sunlight they beheld, to their amazement, Arima. Standing and chuckling with an air of positive triumph, so strange a figure did he seem that

they could find no words to greet him, but merely stared, as at a totally unexpected metamorphosis.

He advanced a step or two and then addressed them, in a voice which, though it trembled, still proclaimed the conqueror.

"I thought I'd tell ye," he said, "that I thank ye for all the care ye've taken of me since Welthy died. But ye've a home of your own, and its likely I'll be a long time gettin' any better. So to save you any further trouble I've got a nurse who'll take almost as good care of me as you would, I reckon, and ye needn't bother about me a bit longer, ye can go any time it suits ye." He turned to the door. "Ye may as well come in," he said, and thereupon the figure of a woman appeared beside him.

"Mary Keiley!" exclaimed Annie and Elmer, with one voice.

She scrutinized them calmly and coldly for a very appreciable space of time, while the conviction grew within them that somehow they were foiled, and then, shaking her head slowly, she said in the levellest of tones:

"Mis' Pierce, thank ye."

V. K., '18.

## SONNET

A wave moon-shimmered lifts above the sea,  
Aglow with all the wonder of the night,  
Its very depths seem melted into light;  
And calm and radiant as a soul might be  
It moves upon its course serene and free.  
When sudden all its glory leaves my sight,  
High on a reef it spills its burden bright,  
And all the precious gold fades back from me.

So in my heart the eager hopes arise,  
Shining and golden as the moon-crowned wave,  
And even in oblivion they fall,  
Their thousand shimmering beauties shattered all,  
And dim they lie before my saddened eyes.  
Alas! Will there be never one to save?

THALIA SMITH, 1917.

## IMPRESSIONS

### The Books

The little square reading room of the public library looked altogether dreary in the misty fall afternoon. Through closed windows came the muffled roar of traffic in the street below; but in the cramped room, only the turning of pages interrupted the silence. The high, dusty book-shelves and the dusty, shabby readers were parts of a drab mediocrity. Not a gilded volume, no worn glory of morocco binding, no enticing new blue or gray cover relieved the muddy brown monotony of the shelves, where row after row of volumes were squeezed in unending lines. Individuality appeared only when some book showed thinner and taller than its fellows or when a fat tome inflated itself at its neighbor's expense. The readers were dull, lethargic, and frayed at the edges even as the books; an old man, with white hair and stained coat; an old lady with a little black straw bonnet; a shabby young man in the farthest corner by a window unwashed since the last rain. Idly I picked up a thin brown book from the disordered mass on the table beside me, and opened it. *Vivamus,*

*mea Lesbia, et amemus,* spoke the young Catullus to me from the printed page. Someone there had taken him down from the warped shelf; to someone in that room his spirit had called. I looked at my companions; the old man, the little lady, the young man by the window. One after another I picked up the worn volumes; a *Life of Alexander the Great*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Tristram Shandy*, *The Tragedies of Euripides*, *Tess of the D'Nabervilles*, *Robinson Crusoe*. . . . I stopped. The walls of the room were stretching to the kingdoms of Alexander, to a vast sea for the shipwrecked Crusoe. The ranged books glowed with the colors of a pagan court; they grew black with the crimes of men. The lady in the straw bonnet, the shabby young man and the gray-haired old man with the stained coat had all been before me in this empire of the passions; for them the musty room throbbed with the life of the ages. The library reeked of old leather and dust; but he who knew the secret word might "feed on honey dew and drink the milk of Paradise."

G. C., '18.

### At the Symphony

His family were very musical, and very good Bostonians, and so, at ten, he had his seat for the Symphony Rehearsals on Friday afternoons. I think he liked to watch the people come in, and I imagined that his mother always looked a bit flurried, as though he had rushed her away from her luncheon. When I came in he stood up to let me pass, helped me with my coat, and opened my program for me. Usually I had quite a variety of school-books, and, after a while, I learned to hold them in my lap so that he could puzzle out the titles. *The Aeneid* and *Physiology* presented many difficulties and gave him something to do during the first number. After that he inspected the orchestra. It was a great occasion when he could whisper to me, "There's a new man in the second row of the 'cellos." The roll taken, he turned his attention to the versatile man who played the kettle-drums. I found myself watching, too. It was fascinating to see that drummer, now pounding with all his strength, now stroking gently, now clashing the cymbals. But even kettle-drums pall, and at last he began to squirm in his chair and crane his neck to see the queer people in the second balcony. This brought forth a whispered reproof from Mamma. He looked injured and glanced

appealingly at me, but cheered up a bit when I cautiously showed him my watch. When the concert was over he invariably turned to his mother with his little formula, "A good concert, Mamma"—and then, over his shoulder to me, "See you next week."

H. W., '18.

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### Friends Meeting

We go in on tiptoe and sit down softly, I first, then my little sister, and last my aunt. The white walls and green blinds of the old meeting house, and all the rows of quiet people, are restful, after the spring sunshine and other excitements outside. When I have taken off my new hat with the daisies on it, and primly smoothed down my starched white dress, I look to see if old Mr. Anchor is in his place: he is there, in the end seat of the top row of elders on the men's side. He is the oldest man in meeting, and he speaks every Sunday, but last Sunday he stayed away. The top row of elders looked strange without his big red face and white hair: I am glad to see him there again.

My sister nudges me: "The red-faced man is back," she whispers urgently.

"I know it, silly."

We continue our gaze of inspection. The men's side of meeting

is nearly full now, but it has not settled down yet; here and there someone coughs, or a bench creaks. The women's side too is still rustling a little. The Joneses, who sit four rows in front of us, have come in, and the children are taking off their coats. There is Cousin Lily Brown leaning over to whisper to Mrs. Jones. Are all married people fat, I wonder: Mrs. Jones is fat, and so is Cousin Lily's sister who is married, but Cousin Lily is as *thin*! Aunt Brown does not ever seem to see who is coming into meeting as Mrs. Jones does. She sits with her hands folded, looking peaceful, and never moves at all. Even the elders move their heads sometimes. Meeting is perfectly quiet now. I sink into deep thought. My sister keeps turning her gloves inside out and back again,—but she has to, because she is so young.

Suddenly a deep, quavering voice breaks the stillness: Mr. Anchor is speaking, holding the wooden rail with both hands as he stands and looks straight before him over the meeting. I do not hear much that he says: my sister and I are both intent on my new wrist-watch. When he sits down again—"Seventeen and a half minutes," my sister whispers triumphantly; but that is not really very much; last Sunday there was a strange man who talked for fifty-eight minutes! After a

long time, when my thoughts have ceased to wander pleasantly, and are beginning to concentrate on the hardness of the bench and the scratchiness of my collar, there is a stir. Up on the top row, the men elders are quietly shaking hands with each other and putting on their hats. The stir grows; everybody is getting up and beginning to chat. We go over to say "how-do-you-do" to Aunt Brown and Cousin Lily. Aunt Brown asks us to go home in her carriage with her; and Cousin Lily tells us an awfully funny story about baby Janet at the Zoo. I wish everybody said "thee" instead of "you," it sounds so much kinder and pleasanter. Over by the door Miss Elsie and three of her friends are whispering and laughing, and Cousin Lily says they are "guessing engagements." I hope I can have a hat just like Miss Elsie's when I grow up. We are just starting to run out and play with the Jones children, when we see Aunt Brown's Thomas with the carriage pulling up in front of the porch steps; so we have to get in. Meeting is over.

S. W. M., '18.

### The Untimely End of Evie Goody.

It was partly Evie Goody's fault and partly mine. If she hadn't cried so and bothered me when I

was trying to straighten up the library, I should not have been forced to thrust her out of the window, onto the balcony, from which she carelessly fell to the ground below and broke both her shoulders. Sorry as I was for the unfortunate mishap, I realized that it could not be remedied, and that the most humane thing to do was to put Evie Goody out of her pain as soon as possible. She was acting very peculiarly indeed when I called Virginia to look at her, and we decided that she should be chloroformed at once.

The clerk at the drug store was interested in our account, but immovable. They never sold chloroform to children, he said.

We walked sadly out.

"She ought to be shot," I suggested.

"We haven't any gun," Virginia objected.

"Let's ask the policeman over there if he has one he'll lend us?"

The blue-coated dignitary seemed nonplussed at our question.

"What did you say, little girls?" he inquired, bending down from his superior altitude of six foot three.

"Evie Goody has broken her two shoulders," we explained, "and we want a gun to shoot her with. She's our kitty," we added, by way of enlightenment.

He looked relieved but still hesitated.

"Please come with us," Virginia begged. "She's out in our yard and wriggling around and crying something awful!"

Then he followed us. We pointed out Evie Goody and begged him to wait till we got 'way upstairs so that we should not hear the shot. A few moments later, though we were crowded into the deepest recesses of the attic and had our fingers stuffed into our ears, we heard a muffled report.

"Poor Evie!" said Virginia dolefully.

We both began to cry.

L. E., '18.

---

### Ebenezer

Certainly there is something weird about cats, and of all cats poor Ebenezer was the weirdest. He was a born ventriloquist. He could no more help it than he could help killing mice. He acquired this strange power at an early age, and he never got rid of it. I have heard his plaintive meow coming in at the window when he was curled up at my side, or coming clearly from across the street, some dark summer evening, while Ebbie on the veranda passed from chair to chair. If there were a cat vaudeville, he could have made his fortune; as it was, he could only make people uncomfortable, and I think everyone felt secretly relieved when

at length Ebbie passed away. I wonder if he had a hard time calling Charon to ferry him across. Poor cat, he was probably fated to stay

for a long time on the bank, while Cerberus chased his elusive meow on the other side.

M. F. C., '17.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Within the Tides, by Joseph Conrad

"Is there a Conrad cult?" If this question has not risen to trouble the mind of many a devotee, it is surely through a blind complacency of opinion. We read and reread, we analyze, we interpret; we place a standing order with the publisher, and, as each new book comes out, we rejoice that it is as good as the last. But what of the generality of mankind? We are pleased to observe that among our fellows in admiration, are people of whose taste we have the highest opinion; yet, a good half of our acquaintance have scarcely more than heard of Joseph Conrad, and, for the rest, how frequent is the reproach that, after all, he is heavy, long-winded and obscure!

Are we to admit that Conrad writes for the chosen few, and that, be his fame never so persistent, he will not be popular in the sense that Kipling is popular?

I think we do not like to confess that we are giving Conrad the benefit of different standards, and avoid-

ing the issue of the "general appeal," hence this volume should be particularly welcome for the opportunity it gives of judging his talents in writing of a less intricate, and more popular, sort than heretofore, in stories whose main interest centers in the plot. *The Inn of the Two Witches* may fairly be called sensational. We forget the Spanish setting, even the description of the two old crones (" 'affiliated to the Devil' "), long before the horror of what happened in the old Inn bedroom. And yet, the discovery of the unmarked body in the wardrobe, the mysterious stirring of the bed curtains, and the final descent of the heavy baldaquin upon the bed where the hero should have been sleeping—do we regret that it reminds us a little of Conan Doyle? Old friends and lovers of Conrad will turn back to the introduction and linger over the single touch that is pure Conrad—as we have known him: "I have observed that, by an amiable attention of Providence, most people at sixty begin to take a romantic

view of themselves. Their very failures exhale a charm of peculiar potency. And indeed the hopes of the future are a fine company to live with, exquisite forms, fascinating if you like, but—so to speak—naked, stripped for a run. The robes of glamour are luckily the property of the immovable past which, without them, would sit, a shivery sort of thing, under the gathering shadows.”

If we are annoyed—a little comically, it seems to me—at the distinctly popular cast of this story, we may console ourselves that the tale is, avowedly, “a find;” the style, current and descriptive, with frequent sardonic touches, the tone of slight detachment, that places one, as it were, decently outside the events described, and helps in bringing them to an artistic focus, these, at least, are distinctive of Conrad. And, in the last story of the volume, if the death of Laughing Anne recalls unmistakably the murder of Nancy Sykes, the manner of the telling is unmistakably different. Here is a simplicity that is purely human, a feeling that has its natural source in the horrified sympathy of the onlooker. When Davidson “commits her body to the deep,” we too are moved by “the desolation of that life and the atrocious wretchedness of its end,” but not so as to forget Davidson, himself. From the moment when he is first

endeared to us, as he beamingly climbs into his wife’s two-wheeled trap, which “would become very full all at once,” we are consistently aware of his personality, and solicitous for the cause of his “altered” smile. The story centers upon the man, and it is framed and placed by the friendly manner of the recital.

If *Because of the Dollars* goes back to a situation and manner more distinctly referable to Conrad, *The Partner* offers a juxtaposition almost analogous to that of Captain Whalley and Massy in *The End of the Tether*. Here, to a much greater extent than in the stories mentioned above, the author seems to be preoccupied with character. He dwells upon the personalities involved: Captain Harry Dunbar, “a man that could face his Maker any time up there, and here below, too,” as dignified a figure as Captain Whalley himself, though far less pathetic; George, married to an extravagant wife and easily worked upon by the plausible; Cloete—“funny fellow, Cloete;” Stafford, with his “sly, modest air,” as nasty a character as can be found in all Conrad’s writings. Again the story is externally presented, this time in the account of an old London stevedore.

*The Planter of Malata*, while it is a straight-forward narrative with no friendly intervention in the telling, is, in some respects, the



piece most characteristic of the author, as we have known him. The planter is a young man of some importance in the islands,—“our only explorer,” his friend the editor calls him, “Mr. G. Renouard, . . . whose indomitable energy, etc.” The story treats of his sudden and passionate love for a girl whom he sees to be heartless and superficial. She has come out from England to seek her former lover, whom she once wronged and feels it her duty to reinstate. Renouard knows that the lover is dead, but lets her remain in ignorance of the fact, in order to keep her in Malata. Strange paradox! Yet one is made to feel every thought and circumstance that leads to the suppressing of the rival’s death. And in the end, when the girl leaves Malata, indignant at the deception, one sees only the tragedy of Renouard’s life, ruined, and for so poor a thing!

As an analysis of romantic love—the girl’s, unconsciously artificial and assumed, Renouard’s, consuming him, flesh and spirit—the story is interesting, but not quite convincing. The situation is almost too prolonged and forced for the somewhat pallid, conventional characters; and there is a touch of something perilously near absurdity in the suggestion of Renouard’s Titanic ending, when he sets out “calmly to swim beyond the confines of life—

with a steady stroke—his eyes fixed on a star!”

*Within the Tides* proves the author’s mastery of the popular type of short story, but one returns with pleasure to his older analytic and descriptive form. Of this, *The Planter* is a not very promising example: it has not the character interest of *Lord Jim* nor the atmosphere of *Victory*. But its manner and intention are the same, its appeal is intellectual rather than sensational. This is the realm of Conrad’s peculiar greatness. If we cannot suppose that the world will follow him there, yet, it seems assured that, for some ages to come, a fair number of the literarily inclined will read his pages with delight.

J. R. G., '17.

#### Four Plays at the Little Theatre

*A Bear*, by Anton Tchekhov, translated by Roy Temple House, is pure farce, vivid, entertaining, of an admirable swiftness. The young and beautiful widow of a rascally husband has vowed never to lay aside her mourning—it is very becoming—never to leave the four walls of her living room, never to see anyone but her old servant, Louka. But a tall unkempt excited fellow, with an unlimited flow of words, forces his way in, demanding payment for an old debt of her

husband's. The calm superiority with which she refuses infuriates him. He pours forth an unbroken stream of contempt. At last she fires and replies in kind: "You are a bear—a bear!" He challenges her to a duel as he would a man who had insulted him. But her fury has captivated him. When she produces very gingerly, two enormous pistols, he has lost the relish he had felt for lodging "a bullet in her forehead." His torrent of words turns into a head-long wooing. He sweeps her off her feet, both literally and figuratively, and the curtain falls. It is merry stuff. One thinks, when one has recovered one's breath, of their future, and being able to imagine nothing for them but this violent stream of conversation, one is amused afresh. After all, a farce can be a very pleasant thing.

*A Roadhouse in Arden*, by Philip Moeller, is described on the playbill as a "whimsicality for the Shakespearean Tercentenary." It is delightful fantasy. The roadhouse is kept by an elderly Hamlet. His wife, Mistress Cleopatra Hamlet, gesticulates as if she had stepped down directly from the pictured walls of an Egyptian tomb. Master Robin, their son, is a merry rogue in green, now poking fun at his father, now dropping into light poetry. A rainbow bit of a girl dances in. She is running away

from a poet and a philosopher. A heavy knock is heard and she hides. Sir Francis, stiff and irritable, and a nonchalant Master William enter in search of her, but Robin sends them off on a false track. Then he and the girl, left alone, come to know each other. She is Immortality; he is Youth. With a kiss and a burst of poetry they are off to live forever in the heart of Arden. The two men return, baffled. Far away, they hear her laughter and know that they have lost her. But Shakespeare's hand falls upon the wreath she has left. He breaks off a spray for his rival—"Here is a leaf for you, Francis!"—and puts the wreath on his own head,—jauntily aslant over one ear—a delightful angle for a crown of laurel. The dialogue is pleasant and amusing. Some of the humor fall short; much of it is very good. There are many lines from Shakespeare, well adapted to those who speak them. One would imagine that the *Roadhouse* is good reading—better than most modern plays. Master Robin is especially satisfactory—but whether because of his lines or his acting, or his impish face, half boy, half Puck, is difficult to say.

Altogether different from these is Maeterlinck's *Interior*, translated by Edward Goodman. The theme and the expression are very simple.

An old man and a stranger, and, later, two girls, stand looking through a large window into a room where a family sit quietly in the lamplight. They bring news of a great sorrow which has befallen the family. As they watch with the insight their terrible knowledge gives, and talk softly to each other of what has happened, and of their pity for those who sit there peacefully, not knowing what has overtaken them, their task comes to seem almost impossible. The movements of the people within—they must be noiseless, for the child is asleep, so that their few gestures are of a dream-like slowness—the quiet talk of the little group without and their culminating emotion, the bare simple outline of the story, make the play swell to almost limitless proportions, and speak of the universal mystery and tragedy of the simplest human existence. At last the old man goes in alone; one sees that he is saying what must be said; the family start up and stumble out into the moonlight. Outside the window only the stranger is left, stretching his hands out towards the deserted room: "And the child has not yet wakened."

The last play of the group returns to the spirit of the first.

*Pierre Patelin* is a French farce of the fifteenth century, translated and adapted by Maurice Relonde. Both situation and dialogue are broadly humorous—the play is not only farce but medieval farce. Its scenes follow each other swiftly in a setting of brilliant coloring. A clever old lawyer, Pierre Patelin, swindles his neighbor, a draper, out of some excellent cloth by persuading the poor fellow that he is mad and has dreamed the purchase. Immediately afterwards, the draper hales a shepherd to court on the charge of having killed his sheep. But the shepherd, according to the instructions of his lawyer, Patelin, has but one answer to all questions—"ba-a." The draper, catching sight of his neighbor, whom he had thought dead, and realizing the trick that had been played upon him, is distracted between his two wrongs—"He stole my sheep; he killed my cloth." But the judge will not tolerate two cases at once, let alone two madmen. The court is adjourned. But the swindler is swindled in his turn. The shepherd has learned his lesson too well. To Patelin's demands for his fee he has nothing to say but "ba-a." So the curtain falls for the last time.

E. S. C., '19.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

ICCI, BEATIS.....

Horace Carm. I, 29.

Why, Iccius, I think you're mad.  
Indeed I really do.  
That slaying Medes and Persian kings  
Should have a charm for *you*  
Is more than I can quite believe,  
Nor can I bear to think  
That for Arabian treasure you'd  
Desert your pen and ink.

And now you'll come back, I suppose,  
With a most lordly air,  
And have a few kings' sons around  
To stand behind your chair,  
And hand you wine: and, when it's hot,  
To fan you lest you smother,  
Barbarian slaves whose husbands you  
Have killed some time or other.

Now that you, Iccius, who I thought  
Could not be such a fool,  
Have gone to war and left your books  
And your Socratic school,  
I almost think the skies may fall  
Or rivers run uphill,  
That rocks may fly or trees may walk,  
Or anything you will.

L. F. H., '18.

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Lectures.

What man do you connect with each of the following and distinguish between: Ida, Idéa, Idea, Ideal, Idyl, Idol and Idle? (15).

Who was the forty-first of the ninety lyric poets and how do you distinguish him from the seventh? (15).

Give the moral, ethical and psychological reasons leading to conceit in religious verse. Illustrate. (20).

Reading:

Give a résumé of *King Lear* before the first tucket. (10).

Who suggested making a cullis, and what did he suggest making it of? (10).

Who sang a swan song and what did she sing? (10).

Who was the only gentleman in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*? Choose between Spigot, Roger Brickbat and Jack Shine, and give reasons for your choice. (10).

In what plays does the oyster play a part and what part does he play in each play? (10).

---

THE EDITOR'S PRAYER

If only I could

Make up a language

Where there would be words enough to correspond to people's funny

Funny thoughts!

This isn't what they meant,

That isn't what they meant,

*Their's* isn't what anybody could have meant,

In English.

Heaven help me to find out what they meant and tell them,—

And endow them with meekness and an understanding heart.



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# Tipyn o' Bob

## Contents

	PAGE
Editorials .....	1
With Deference to the "Very Real" and the "Milk Commission" .....	5
Dead Leaves.....S. W. M., '18	5
Two Fables.....L. F. H., '18	6
"Witte," Died September Twenty-Seventh J. R. G., '17	7
Femina Varia.....Sarah Wistar Morton, '18	8
Memory.....J. R. G., '17	15
The Death of the Duchess.....Thalia H. Smith, '17	16
Dreams.....Jeannette Ridlon, '18	17
Impressions .....	18
Book Reviews.....	23
Dulci Fistula .....	24

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**Vol. XIV**

**JANUARY, 1917**

**No. 4**

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## EDITORIALS

Perhaps the most reviled of all student institutions to-day—even more than the Religious Meetings Committee—is the Students' Association for Self Government. It matters not at all that we are it, so to speak; the association is largely composed of "bold recreants" with a scanty sprinkling of "moral prigs" and spies,—or so one would judge from the habitual attitude of many of the students. It is often true of associations of any size that almost the only entirely loyal members are the officers; from whatever rank of descent they may be drawn, a few days spent in struggling with the business of an apathetic community, convinces them that their cause is righteous. The officers of Self Government are in effect, sacrifices, devoted to that "spirit," which, in its present interpretation, has come to be marked by a conscience of unseemly prominence and a too retiring intelligence.

One is moved to wonder whether the officers are themselves responsible for a state of affairs so fertile in rebellion. Times have changed, and the student body is perhaps not so high-minded and serious as formerly; but has it really given occasion for measures as insulting to reason and decency as some recent decisions? It is possible that, in these decisions, the acts of the administration, though unwise, represent an attempt to meet instruc-

tions received from some higher authority. But, in the case of a self-governing body, there is no higher authority than the public exigency, and the intrusion of *any* external opinion is in the highest degree demoralizing. It is a far meaner thing, this shadow of independence, this semblance of democracy, than would be outright subjugation. If, on the other hand, the administration is acting on its own initiative, if it has come to this, that our own representatives, unprompted and uninfluenced, can solemnly legislate to the effect that club receptions after public lectures may be attended by the professors of only one department (the one, that is, with which the club is conventionally identified) and that, without special permission, a professor may under no circumstances call on a student, even if he happens to be her very near relative,—then our republic has come at once to the end of its common sense and of its legitimate existence; we had best confess our incapacity and turn to some benevolent power for help and guidance.

We are not unaware of the rule which these decisions are intended to uphold. We realize that the task of the executive officers of Self Government is difficult and delicate, requiring the soundest judgment and the finest tact. But, if, in view of all this, we feel bound by the moral obligation to support our elected representatives both really and apparently, to whatever length of extravagance their literal zeal may point, let us not extend adherence to self-deception, and continue to speak complacently of a government in which the faculty has no hand. Whether we are very foolish or very slavish, there is no ground for pride. As to our “independence,” it will lose nothing by a frankness essential to our integrity. Government is either *self* or *imposed*; either is respectable if it makes no pretence of being the other.

---

There are friendships and friendships, and the most charming of College friendships are those which spring up mushroom-like, last a week, and, for no particular reason, disappear. They are elusive, transitory, fleeting. Who disbelieves them need only watch the shifting supper-parties at Mrs. Miller's. Where is the couple that came last spring for tea on Friday afternoons? On those days no one else dreamed of taking the rustic table on the edge of the garden. They came to watch the sunset, and lingered into the warm spring dusk, meditatively consuming toast and jam. And the parties that came before History of Art quizzes, to discuss

the eternal verities, growing heated over the nature of the sublime, and exclaiming at intervals, "Angels, archangels, principalities, powers, virtues, dominions, thrones!" The party of six that sat in profound peace, and had soup and roast-beef and mushrooms and salad and ice-cream? Where the two Freshmen, who studiously crammed Cicero and scrambled eggs? They all come still, but they have shifted to other menus, other friends. This evening I sat behind a girl with whom I once took supper and planned a picnic to Valley Forge. When we meet now, we still talk vaguely of the picnic, but we know it will never take place.

The saving grace of these friendships is that we do not regret them when they are past. They were pleasant while they lasted. They leave memories of flowers sent for an Oral, of a cramming-party, of an evening at the tea-house. They seem so easy to renew. We are like leaves in a cup of tea—first settled in the bottom, then whirling round and round, to settle differently. "But more than wisdom—we cherish friendship," rings the class song. This is one of the generalities that glitter and are not gold. More precise was the Dulci that said sagely and candidly,

"I hope that I shall know you—

Not too much.

I hope that you will like me—

Not too well."

---

People who try to persuade us to adopt their favourite activities often assume that not to comply is to fail, in some degree, of being completely "human." It is an attitude we resent when it is thrust upon us, but which, in pleading for our own enthusiasms, we sometimes find ourselves thrusting upon others. Even when we refrain from expressing it, we are at heart convinced that those who do not share our views are missing the best of life. But the problem of being completely human is large and perplexing. Shall one divide oneself up into numerous activities and adding one's parts consider oneself a whole? Or shall one give oneself with all the energy and concentration available to a single pursuit which calls for an approximately complete self? Whatever the decision one is certain to find oneself short of the universal, not "human," but of a special variety of humanity. And it may be a disconcerting discovery, as though a saint were suddenly confronted with the obligation of being at the same time a pirate.

The one deep-rooted conviction of all those who have taken the General Philosophy course, of all those who are taking the General Philosophy course, and of all those who consider themselves as candidates for the General Philosophy course, is that the world about us is a world of sense. External objects—we include here the “plain man,” and so perforce the plain woman—are sensory, sensitive, sensuous, or sensible, as the case may be. Applying this to the world of college we come at once to the question:—“What has become of the Undergraduate’s senses?”

These we take to be five. Upon examination we find in the first place that our sense of duty differs materially from what we should logically expect. For instance, we appear to be much more constrained by conscience to go to class meetings than to classes. We find that our sense of proportion is so altered that we avow ourselves ready and willing to kill the Warden upon the omission of a Hall Tea. As for our sense of humour, it appears to be entirely lacking in many cases, or changed into a perverted appreciation of the faculty in others. The fourth sense is usually designated as common, but we find it almost as rare as the academic atmosphere, in matters like choosing an appropriate night for a fire drill. The fifth and last is visionary, and we venture it merely as a suggestion—our sense of the fitness of clothes.

If then, these five, by reason of four years residence in college, deteriorate beyond recognition, or even disappear entirely, why, in the world of sense, does the undergraduate exist at all?

---

ERRATA, in the number for December: p. 1. *bond* for *band*; p. 5, *delerious* for *delicious*, *verified* for *vivified*; p. 6, *More* for *Most*; p. 8, *Where* for *Where’s*; p. 12, *its* for *it’s*; p. 15, *D’Nabervilles* for *D’Urber-villes*; p. 16, *Aenead* for *Aeneid*; p. 22, *humor fall short* for *humor may fall short*; p. 25, *Jack Shine* for *Jack Slime*.

## WITH DEFERENCE TO THE "VERY REAL" AND THE "MILK COMMISSION"

We wish humbly to extend a welcome to those of the intellectual upper classes, who, setting aside their prejudices against the communism of our college-life, have been kind enough to enter our society and explain to us a few simple truths about individualism and the milk commission. Their presence among us is a delight—and a diversion. For the practise of independent and individualistic thought and action, even if not a very original one, is to a certain extent refreshing. It is interesting to see these members of our community enduring difficulties of all sorts in order to avoid the great annoyance of agreeing with those of lower intellectual standing. It almost borders on the amusing to see them plodding through the snow on the road in order not to walk with the *hoi polloi* upon the regular paths.

We hope this attempt at appreciation, slight as it is, will be taken in good part. Realizing that we were unable to rise from our communal degradation to an intelligent participation in the activity of our new friends, we have dared only to offer this poor tribute, and to recall the verse:—

"Oh don't the days seem lank and long,  
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,  
And isn't your life extremely flat,  
With nothing whatever to grumble at!"

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## DEAD LEAVES

I tore a sheaf of old leaves from my calendar to-day; there had not been a moment in which to do so before. Time, with a cynical lift of his brows, had long ago thrown the busy days they represented into his great waste-basket.

S. W. M., '18.

## TWO FABLES

### The King's Daughter

There was once a king's daughter as beautiful as the dawning day. Like all the other king's daughters and king's sons about her, she lived quite alone in a large castle. But her castle was not like the others. It had about it a high glass wall through which the King's Daughter could see out quite clearly, while those who looked in through the glass saw only dim, distorted shapes. The King's Daughter could never understand this wall. Try as she might to be philosophical and make the best of things as they were, she could not keep her thoughts from questioning: "Why should there be a wall? What have I done that I can never get out to those other king's daughters and king's sons; and that they can never get in?" Then she would go to the wall, and lean against it sadly, looking out; and, owing to the enchantment, she appeared to the people outside as ugly as the spotted toad, so that they turned away in disgust and were glad that she could not come forth to them.

Now it befell that there was one king's son not like the others. It seemed to him that the person behind the wall was as beautiful as the dawning day. The more he looked, the more sure he became;

and the more sure he became, the more he longed to know certainly, and to set her free. At last he went to the wall and cried—and he was the first person who had ever spoken to the King's Daughter: "Ah, King's Daughter, is there nothing I can do to help you?" The heart of the King's Daughter throbbed and leaped within her, but her voice said quite calmly: "I have never tried to break it down. I will now." With that, she beat upon the wall and it fell into a million fragments. "What have I done?" cried the King's Daughter aghast. "Oh, King's Son, where are you?" But he did not answer, for he had been killed by the falling of the wall.

### The Herd-Boy

There was once a herd-boy who lived in a valley surrounded by high mountains. He was a very poor boy, and eked out his slender income by selling mountain flowers to whoever would buy. Now it chanced one day, as he was going home from his work, that he saw, up on the mountain side, a patch of white which looked like a clump of flowers. It had been a bad season for these flowers, and so the herd-boy decided that he could not waste the opportunity. Evening was coming on and he was tired from his work,

but he started resolutely toward the white patch. Now as he climbed up toward it in the slowly fading light, the white patch seemed to him quite unlike all the others that he had seen; he began to doubt.

"Perhaps it is not flowers after all," he thought, "and I am just wasting my time." And he started toward home. Then he stopped.

"No, I had better go on," he said. "It may be that it is something valuable some one has lost here on the hillside, and I can get a handsome reward for it. It may be that the heavy rains yesterday have washed bare a streak of quartz. These mountains are said to be rich

in gold. Indeed, it looks quite like that. I am sure it is a streak of quartz. My fortune is made."

So he ran on, more and more sure that he was right, more and more eager to reach the place, more and more enchanted by the wonderful visions he called up of what he would do and be, now that he was a rich man and no longer a herdboy. Then all at once, he broke his way through some bushes, and came upon the white patch; and it was mountain flowers, more beautiful and fragrant and abundant than any he had ever seen before. But he kicked them to pieces with his foot, and turned angrily toward home.

L. F. H., '18.

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### "WITTE," DIED SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Where cold channels fill with the tide, slow rising,  
Where gnarled cedars offer a meagre shadow,  
Spreading wind-warped boughs, and the sere brown marsh-grass  
Shivers and rustles,

Bending ever, lying in far-swept wind lines;  
Does he yearn for intimate hearth-side voices—  
He whose whole life sprang to the touch of friendship—  
Is he not lonely?

J. R. G., '17.

## FEMINA VARIA

I have always been blamed for too much imagination, but when I first saw my friend George's Larry I swear I thought of nothing but the ogres in dear old grandma's fairy tales. George was bringing me up from the station by the back way through the garden, and as it was in a rose bed that I saw Larry, and as he was in woollen shirt sleeves and carried a rake, common sense told me he was the gardener. But what an ogre he would have made! my regretful soul cried out within me. [It was not for nothing, I suppose, that they gave me the name of "Ole Soul" at college.] Larry was leaning over picking little stones from the rose bed and negligently throwing them across the hedge into the neighbor's grounds, when George accosted him and I got my shock. Larry straightened his length suddenly and I very nearly gave a squeak and took to my heels; for I have never before or since seen such an appalling countenance. It consisted, at the first glance, of an immense bush of black beard,—really a terrifying beard, with a pipe bowl issuing from the midst and a straw hat tilted above it. As though the beard alone were not enough to paralyze one, there appeared also an eagle nose and eye, and eyebrows that beetled as I had never known they *could* do in real life. Considering

everything, it is a wonder that I stood my ground while George talked and he answered, in deep and ogreish monosyllables.

"Ho," said my friend George, when I confided my tremours to him; "Soul keeps on at you as bad as ever, hey? Well, it's wrong as usual. He's a 'God feerin'' mon—no romance about him. Comes from Glasgow; goes to church twice ilka Sawbath. Oh, upright an righteous as they make 'em.—Splendid workman, too, and self-respecting and all that. You can't seem to get fond of him, though. Seems to have no human weaknesses. Yes, he has, too—just one!" George chuckled as at the beginning of a humorous tale; but his children and dogs attacking us at the moment, I heard no more of Larry's weakness for the time being.

Next morning I was poetically and early awakened by the birds, and shaved and dressed in lightsome mood, admiring the sunlit water in my tub, and the green outdoors reflected in my mirror from the open window where the breeze was bulging the white curtains. I sighed with expansive content as I filled a luxurious before-breakfast pipe and lounged at the window. The family would not be down to breakfast for half an hour yet, though I heard faint and intermittent infant voices



from the wing where the nursery was. Should I go out, and get my feet wet, and be called down for "Soul," or should I stay within and pretend to have slept till the last minute, and please George? Please George, by all means, said my comfortable arm chair. After all, it was a splendid big window, with a fine view of lawn stretching back to a glimpse of brilliant garden over a hedge. The dew was heavy on the grass; birds were singing, of course; there were bees humming somewhere near at hand, too, and I could smell the honeysuckle they were at though I could not see it. The family's white cat, Thomas, reclined where the sun had already dried the dew on the railing of the arbor over the pump, and was licking his shoulder with graceful sweeps of his head and tongue.—A most beautiful and peaceful scene altogether, to one who had been slaving in the city only the day before. If something of human interest would but come upon the scene there would be nothing left to wish for. Immediately, as if attendant on my wish, came the sound of a door opening, and a female voice uplifted in song. Thomas and I pricked up our ears; it was an Irish song and an Irish voice, and the vision that emerged from the back door with a duster in its hand, was an Irish vision such as you dream of but never see. "A chambermaid, probably, since she didn't

wait at table last night," said Common Sense; "Hebe!" shrieked my Soul. Thomas dropped from the railing to rub against her apron hem, saying, plainly though mutely, "Well, it was a charming morning even before this,—but now!" My own feelings, exactly, thought I, and very neatly expressed, too. I could have written a poem about her on the spot, but those simple words of the cat seemed to sum up the situation quite satisfactorily for me, as for him. I really should have envied Thomas except for seeing her shoes, which were probably dreadful. From where I sat she seemed the most delightfully fitting creature for a Spring morning;—with the sun on her really—yes, *really* Titian hair [unspoiled even by the serried ranks of side-combs in it] and her freckled pink cheek [I could see but one, with the corresponding ear] and her pink gingham dress to match, partially covered with the most entrancing crisp white apron I have ever seen on housemaid yet. She really was a remarkable housemaid; I had never before heard one of them sing without wishing myself, for the time being, deaf; and her I could have listened to forever. She stopped, however, to pick up Thomas, who had put a claw into the duster she had brought out to shake. All her motions had a free Irish swing to them. When she picked up Thomas she did so with a swoop—

an impulsive swoop, with a grace of its own, but full of life and muscle nevertheless. Thomas with half-closed eyes, looked the picture of enjoyment as she smacked his nose and insulted him and his race. His whiteness went beautifully with her red hair. I found myself smiling foolishly at the pretty picture they made. Just then she put him down and returned to the business of the moment. Larry was coming along the path from the barn weighted with the morning milk pails. His expression of stern self-righteousness annoyed me. It did not harmonize with the milk pails. But I was filled with actual consternation by the look of proprietorship that came to his face when he caught sight of the vision shaking her duster with "brave vibration each way free." I could fairly feel the "God-fearing" atmosphere closing round her, and see the prayer book appear in her meekly black-gloved hand. My soul revolted at the thought—this creature that had so entrapped my fancy, this nymph that shook a duster so divinely, this pink gingham phantom of delight with the fresh white apron and the flaming locks, immured in a stuffy atmosphere of best parlor and wash tubs and cabbage and righteousness, by that smug-souled ogre, Larry! I yearned to lean out of the window and passionately warn her of her danger. But common sense ap-

prised me in time of the absurdity of this idea; and after all the fair creature seemed in small need of warning.

"Well, will ye look at Larry at last," she cried in tones of mockery. "Sure we'd given up expectin' ye till evening. I tho't the cow looked thankful when ye let her out the gate."

Larry though stung, seemed non-plussed. He said something to the effect that the gate into the pasture was invisible from the house.

"Deed, an' I didn't have to see her to know how she felt after a half an hour's conversation with ye, Larry, me dear. I've experienced the same meself enough to sympathize with the poor dumb creature."

Larry frowned so heavily that I really admired the spirit of a girl who could stand up to him like that. I should have quailed, myself.

"Ellen," he said in stern tones [so her name was Ellen! I might have known it would be something ravishing]. "Have ye conseedered, or have ye not, what I said to ye yesterday? I'm waiting for your answer, as ye know."

So he had proposed the best parlor and wash tubs already!—Alas, misguided man! As well try to catch a bird of the air by looking sternly on it. But why, I wonder, had she not then and there sent him about his business? for I knew her

well enough, even on this short acquaintance, to be sure of what her answer would *not* be. I knew, too, that she was laughing at him, as well as I knew that he did not know it. The poor devil had no sense of humour; and she, any one could tell at first sight, was made up of it. Really, Providence was doing well by me: I had expected nothing more humanly interesting out here than George's young terrors, and lo! under my bedroom window, a tragedy in the making! She kept him in suspense for fun; oh infamy! and yet for the life of me I couldn't feel sorry for Larry. My sympathies were all with the blithe villainess of the piece.

"Have I 'conseeded' it," she was saying; "Oh aye, I have that. Also what ye said day before yesterday, and day before that, and the week past,—full half an hour did I con-seeder; all the while I was doing the gentleman's room that come yesterday—"

So she "did" my room, did she? I turned my eyes upon it. What an untidy brute I was any way!—Boots in the middle of the floor—ties all over the bureau—clothes brush under a chair—well, I should certainly fix the place up before going down to breakfast.

Meanwhile what was she saying, and I still the theme? Ah well, I let myself feel flattered till I remembered that she was doing it only

to tantalize poor Larry and to avoid giving him his answer. She had great success. When she began to make uncomplimentary remarks about his beard, which you could tell was a treasured one merely by looking at it, Larry precipitately came to the end of his endurance, and strode past her into the kitchen, with anger in every line of his Herculean back. I thought I heard his teeth grit, and I judged that the beard was one of her stock subjects for mirth. Ellen, left alone, broke into a song about a sailor lad, and executed the ghost of a jig step.

When Larry reappeared, said she, in accents deferential and demure as they had formerly been gay and mocking, "I was waitin' to ask would ye drive us to mass in the morning? or would ye be wanting to go at that time yerself?" Her unfortunate victim was again non-plussed, for he had presumably regained his feeling of prestige in converse with the cook, and had arranged his bearing to crush the gay tormentor.

"I wull tell John," he said stiffly, "to be around for ye āt"—"Oh, is it John!" she cried in the depths of despondency. "I'm that afraid of driving with John—he never seems to onderstand the horses the way you do, Larry. I dare say I can walk to mass, after all. 'Tis only a matter of two or three miles." This speech, in a tone of pathetic but

cheerful humility, could have but one effect on Larry, as she knew very well. With so little trouble that I was ashamed of my kind, she had him where she wanted him—pleased with himself, and her, and the idea of driving to mass. He was so pleased with her that she found it hard to get rid of him, but he finally took leave of her in patronizing fashion and walked off toward the stable, with triumph in his eye, if any thing in regard to that feature could be judged from the aspect of his head and shoulders. I heard laughter in the kitchen as I took my head in to go to breakfast. Alas, poor Larry!

Moralizing on the vanity of human wishes, I descended, and finding George on the porch playing with his dog, I mentioned the episode under the window. George was highly amused: "He's been going on like that for weeks now," he told me; "and the killing part of it is he thinks all that sass of hers is nothing but coyness—so Bessy gets from downstairs—that she doesn't want to accept him too soon, likes to keep him dangling a while, and so on. He hasn't an idea she won't take him finally." Thinking of the vision in gingham, I murmured "Poor man." "Huh? Poor girl, I should say," remarked George, evidently having in mind the ogre in woolen shirt-sleeves. "He's a good deal prouder than a lord, and not half so

polite. I'd hate to have the refusing of him myself."

Well, she refused him the next morning. George's airedale Peter, and I were awakened by the carriage driving up to the back door, and as soon as the wheels stopped crunching I heard her voice: "No!—No!—no! I tell ye. Larry, I will *not* marry ye." Apparently he had grown urgent on the way from mass. From her tone I gathered that the situation—and Larry—were out of her control, and that she was frightened. Larry was probably very terrifying when angry. But he was worse than angry now—he was possessive. I could tell by the tone of his voice, as he declared he had been waiting long enough on her whims, now, and wanted her to name the day.

"And me not engaged to ye yet, even! and not ever going to be, either, if I know anything about it!" cried Ellen, with an attempt at her usual spirit that was not so successful as it might have been. Peter, at the window, looked down with concentrated interest, giving a plaintive sniff now and then that indicated his desire to be with her. She was getting out of the carriage now, for I heard her say "Go away; I don't want ye to help me. Why don't ye go *away*?" Her voice had risen, with a frightened ring in it, and Peter jumped barking from the chair to hurry to the door and there

scratch furiously, with imperative glances at me the while. It was quite impossible to hear what was going on outside. I rose and opened the door. As he shot through I closed it again gently, and at that moment Ellen's voice, in tones that indicated the finding of a way out of her difficulties, cried "I will never marry ye till ye cut off that beard! I will never so much as *think* of it till ye come to me with a clean shaved face to ask me—*now!*" and the kitchen door slammed triumphantly.

An hour later, Ellen waited at breakfast, charmingly demure in pink gingham and a little fluffy apron; so demure, in fact, that I could hardly believe that it had really been her voice outside, that morning; till I saw her glance wander out the window from where she stood behind Bessy's chair, and following it, discovered Larry, extremely morose, raking the drive. A slight twitch of her shoulders and nose then proved that even a waitress on duty may have her thoughts. George was most offensive after breakfast, refusing to believe that what he chose to call my obvious absorption was due merely to general interest in the vicissitudes of human affairs and a sense for the picturesque. I really blushed for George.

A fortnight after, when I came out for a week end, George greeted me

with the news that he had told Bessy not to bother to have my room got ready, as he knew it was no use expecting me to stay. Pressed for an explanation, he told me with a great show of humour that Ellen had departed. I insisted on the story. It was simple enough. Larry had been mortally offended by Ellen's flippancy in regard to his beard and himself. He had not spoken to her for a week, and had gone about his work like a thundercloud, growing more and more monosyllabic as the days went by. As for Ellen, she enjoyed the joke immensely—for a week. Then her unwonted peace began to pall: there is no excitement in even an ogre, who is deaf, dumb, and blind. So she devised new tortures.

"And *reely*, ma'am," the cook confided to Bessy,—"How he put up with it I do not see, she was that tantalizin'—makin' her remarks to me that was intended for him to hear, and actin' as meek as a lamb one minute, and mockin' at him the next—and she as pretty as one o' them grocer's calendars all the while."

It was on a Saturday that the thunderbolt descended. Larry had had a day off, and came into the kitchen in the evening in his Sunday clothes. The unthinkable had happened; the beard—the treasured beard—was gone! Who shall say what agonies of mind, what tramp-

ling of pride, preceded this remarkable result? The hope, at least, that led him to it was plain upon his face as he stood, tall and a little sheepish, in the doorway, and looked to Ellen for approval.

"Ma'am," said the cook impressively, "I couldn't a been more startled if I'd seen me mother's ghost. But Ellen! Well, ma'am: if that girl didn't give a scream at first sight and flee away out o' the kitchen like she had seven devils at her back, I'm no true woman!"

Following her upstairs, the cook had found her pulling her trunk into the middle of the floor. No remonstrances could keep her from beginning to pack then and there: she vowed she was going next morning. She was scared to death by this sudden appearance of Larry without his beard, she said; if she didn't go now she would never get away from him—she'd never thought he would ever cut it off anyway—she must get away before he could speak to her, and so on.

The cook succumbed finally and was sworn to secrecy. Returning to the discomfited Larry in the kitchen, she sent him away to return on the morrow. But by that time the bird had flown.

She departed in a closed cab for the early train, after explaining to Bessy that she was going straight to Ireland and never coming back; the cook did the rest of the explaining.

"But if you were to ask me, ma'am," she said at the end, "it wouldn't be just the mere fright at Larry that'd take a girl with the spirit o' that one away back to the old country. Nary a dime!"

Beyond a mysterious injunction to mark her words, however, the cook vouchsafed no more. Nor would she inform Larry of Ellen's departure: "I'd be scairt to," she said simply. George had to do it finally. "And it wasn't a job you'd jump at, either," said he. "I never was exactly famed for tact. Finally I just went out where he was digging and pretended I wanted him to get some seeds or something and let it drop as casually as possible—that Ellen was gone for good to Ireland." Beyond driving his spade very deep and throwing the earth into the freshly raked path, instead of on the grass where it should have gone, Larry gave no sign. After a pause of a moment or two he said with coldly polite interest: "She has, sir? Indeed!" "But he's not been the same man since," concluded George. "There he is now; you can judge for yourself." Indeed he was not the same man. The loss of his beard and of Ellen had taken it out of him tremendously. He looked years older, and thinner somehow, and not so tall. As for his expression! "Heavens, George." I exclaimed, "He was bad enough before. In his present state I don't

see how you can bear to have him in the landscape."

George laughed comfortably. "Oh, well!" he said, "He's fine for scar-ing off the birds." Thinking of the

gay carolling that would sound no more beneath my window, I was moved to reflect sentimentally that my friend George's words were truer even than he thought.

SARAH WISTAR MORTON, '18.

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## MEMORY

Singing far off, like a faint frosty breath—a carol that brings the scent of firs and an echo of bells, the gleam of starlight on snow, the sound of steps, and voices breaking with the new glad wonder that shocks the heart at Christmas.

Sands and the sea; a softly clouded sky; a tuft of beach-grass rasping in the shore breeze; far out, a wraith-like sail that slips across the blue and vanishes.

J. R. G., '17.

## THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS

*(The cold dark bed chamber of a mediaeval castle, hung with old dim draperies. At one side, on a high bed, lies the Duchess, an old woman. She is very sick, and her hands look almost transparent as they lie on the cover. Her Jester, who is probably older than he looks, stands in motley costume, gazing out of the window at the opposite side of the room.)*

DUCHESS—It's growing very dark and cold—why is it all so quiet? Are my servants here?

JESTER—Madame, they fled the castle a few hours since,—such a flurry and panic I never have seen,—and all because they had the fear of the fever. I am the fool, and I stayed, God save us all! (*Crosses himself.*)

DUCHESS (*contemptuously*)—Ah the mean-spirited cowards! To fly like a lot of silly seagulls before the phantom terror of death! He is far nearer me than them, and yet I give him a fearless greeting.

JESTER (*nodding to himself and shaking his bells*)—And yet Signor Death is an ugly fellow, I think, for those who meet him face to face lose all the good red blood from their veins, and the joy of breathing in the sunshine. There was Caspar, the old court's fool, whom they found in a ditch a year ago to-day, his suit all muddled, his brave bouquet be-draggled, and his fine singing mouth

curled back agape in the sun. That was not a pretty sight.

DUCHESS—It is far different with a Duchess. A jester is born but to sing and laugh; and then die whimpering, like a jaded dog. But the death of a Duchess is a proud conflict met unflinchingly. Enough! I am tired. Come nearer and tell me a story. (*The Jester runs for his lute, then sits on a low stool beside the bed, and plucks chords on his lute as he talks.*)

JESTER—Once there dwelt in a garden a fair maid whom all the birds loved. Eagerly they would fly to her, nestling in her bosom, and fluttering about her bright head with its fresh ringlets. And the maid had two lovers, a beautiful youth, and a powerful lord. The birds in her bosom cried, "Take your true love who is young like yourself, ere yet the petals of the roses fall, and a cold wind comes sighing in the garden." But the bird who sat on her shoulder whispered,—

DUCHESS (*half angrily*)—Nay, cease! This is an idle tale—I do not want to hear of love. Spring and its butterflies are too far away to touch my heart, for that is old now. But tell me another kind of tale, for I cannot bear the silence of this room.

JESTER (*again taking up his lute*)—Once in a far country lived a woman to whom love was forbidden



and a thing untalked of. And this woman had all gifts, but she could not laugh; and when she heard the young girls laughing in the meadows she longed to do this too. So she went to a sorcerer and begged of him the secret of laughter. And he answered her, "It is not found in the rippling brooks or the singing branches; but you must pluck out your heart from your breast, and trample on it until it is quite dead, and then at last you can laugh."

DUCHESS (*angrily*)—Why will you poison these last few hours I have to live with such hideous maunderings! Ah, you are indeed a fool who babbles meaningless words. Go to your corner, for I can endure the beating silence better than your

stories. (*Her voice breaks querulously. The Jester stands at the foot of her bed murmuring prayers. Suddenly a paroxysm seems to seize her, she gasps, and her hands fly to her throat.*)

Stop, stop! don't let them dim the candles, I want the light! Oh it's so bitter cold, and I'm afraid of the great wind in the room. Quick, take my hand, don't let me go into the dark alone! (*The Jester runs forward.*)

JESTER—So you *were* afraid, poor Duchess, after all, and death was ugly to you as to wicked Caspar in the ditch.

Well, if we ever meet in our Fools' Paradise, we shall know each other—by the jingling of our bells!

THALIA HOWARD SMITH, '17.

## DREAMS

Voices in answer to weary ones crying,  
 Old dreams for new!  
 Old for new!  
 Give them an old that is new undying,  
 Gleaming, lusterful, blue.  
 Giving they ask not return for their offer.  
 Dreams here a dreamer of dreams that are!  
 Tender the fingers he dips in his coffer,  
 Lifting the true dream,  
 Old and new!

JEANNETTE RIDLON, '18.

## IMPRESSIONS

### Confession

It has never been brought home to me so forcibly before the last few weeks, what people of tradition and custom we are, how indissolubly shackled to the past, how inevitably linked to our ancestors who read poetry, or rode in chivalrous tourneys, or even those who swung in trees by their tails. All of which is merely another way of stating that I have discovered that I am distinctly Mid-Victorian—I had always liked to consider myself “advanced,” and advocated emphatically the higher education, feminism, communistic upbringing of children, the economic independence of women, and all the other really modern doctrines. But alas, on being confronted with the actualities of the case, all my proud theories have crumbled to dust. I don’t want to be the equal of men, I want to be their superior, as we women once were. I want to be looked up to and adored by some one who will call me “little woman,” and will want to keep me far from the world and its hardships, in a rose-garden with sweet alyssum borders and hollyhocks in a row behind the sundial. I should like to live in a great rambling sunny house, and be down stairs in time every morning to pour out the coffee for my husband before

he went to business; it wouldn’t matter whether I ever had a thought or not, because my hair would always be in curl; I should be able to cook charming things such as caramel custards and drop-cakes with orange icing, and the only worry I should ever have would be whether my husband would like best my cerise or my lavender silk. And then I want to have twelve children, all plump and jolly, who will gather round the fire every evening and clamor for their father to tell them stories, while I sit and embroider. And when they all grow up into fair women and stalwart men they will cherish the picture of their sainted mother, with her sweet smile so beautifully framed by her silver hair. I don’t want to work out in the world among a lot of people who are disagreeable to me; I don’t want to see nothing but people who are caustic because it’s old-fashioned to be gentle. I want to be loved; and it would be so nice to have amiable people to live with, even if they were stupid. I know this is heresy, and my only hope is that Mid-Victorianism will in time become advanced, so that to be old-fashioned will, in reality, be the “ne plus ultra” of the modern.

T. H. S., '17.

### The Weeping Willow

I am sorry for the weeping willow. It is sad to see the favoured of etching and marble and pleasing verse, left to oblivion and lingering regrets. True, there are gardens where the willow still rules undisputed. There are straight cut streams where it can trail its fingers just above set little falls of the unstained smoothness of polished silver. But this is only a reminiscence of Victorian splendour. The lawns are empty of the people the willow loves. There should be decorous parties playing at graces; parties of maidens in flowered muslins, pantalets and black mitts, and youths in plum colored jackets and stiff neck frills, who, when they tired of the flying hoops and ribbons, would rest in sentimental attitudes on the settles under the willow. Times have sadly changed. The willow looks in amazement and distress at the gyrations of the tennis player and the purposeful stride of the golfer. These people are heedless of its offerings. There are no more palpitating trysts held under its branches that so modestly screen the moon. Lovers have migrated to the circle of motor lights that marks the country club terrace, and the willow is left alone to the dark, where it murmurs to the unsympathetic stiff little stream of the last damsel it sheltered, whose hair was satin smooth and whose "cameo brooch

was as big as a muffin." "Alas" we can hear the willow lisp as we approach, "She was a beautiful girl, and I, I was carven on her tombstone."

C. G. W., '17.

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### The Limousine in Literature

We all remember the old-time elopements of—figuratively speaking—our forefathers; the blushing, trembling heroine, with a bird-cage in one hand and her mother's daguerreotype in the other, the gallant hero with a brace of pistols somewhere about his person; the fleet black courser with a pillion behind the saddle, his hoofs striking fire from the cobble-stones, to bear them fleetly away. It is useless to relate the stern chase and the tragic end of the fleet black courser—the fatal stumble, the long last quivering breath. Now we may say, the last black courser has stumbled and died. We may let him go unregretted, for his place has been nobly filled. Quietly, with the Dim-o-Lite over the lamps, and the muffled pulsing of twelve cylinders, the limousine has swept up to take the black courser's place in literature. Just as long ago, only the hero knew the thrilling word to whisper into the courser's ear, so now the hero takes the wheel, for he alone understands the magnetic shift. The heroine, with sable coat flung over

her décolleté evening dress, steps in. The hero opens the throttle to make the thirty-five mile change to fourth, and the limousine glides out into the night. The air within it is heavy with perfume, for the hero has ordered the silver vases filled with the heroine's favorite flower. The tires are guaranteed for thirty-five hundred miles; mountain passes or forest trails are alike the happy hunting grounds of the limousine; pursuit is vain. For a time the blissful pair let the starlight filter through the plate glass and the cylinders beat time to words of love. Then reason asserts itself; the pressing of a button floods the car with light; the heroine settles herself among the tapestry cushions, pulls out a package of cigarettes and buries herself in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

### Panels

It was bad enough to read Clive Bell and learn against the Stomach of one's sense that beauty is a sensation in the eye of the beholder. It is worse to find the doctrine proved in my own experience. It is nothing less than humiliating to find myself deriving all the aesthetic sensations from a wooden door-panel. The panel is in the bottom of my door, and I gaze upon it, rapt, as I write. If really mine, and not the property of the College, I should in-

sure it for a considerable sum, and send it, boxed, to the Metropolitan Museum. I should append a letter, stating my gift to be a Chinese painting on brown silk—the faint sheen of the high-lights, the delicate nuances of shadow and shade, could hardly be achieved except on silk. It is a simple scene, a graceful curve of sandy beach with the sea receding in long quiet ripples—hard to believe that it is all in the grain of the wood. The ultra-simplification, the fastidious omission of all but the essential lines, and the air of pensive beauty that hangs over the picture, mark it as the work of an artist thoroughly conscious of his art. I should class it as early Ming, when artists were beginning to sound the note of sentimental sadness but had not yet forgotten the austere and lofty landscapes of their forefathers. Far out on the last bit of sand, hardly more than an eddy among the ripples, stands a white heron, with leg tucked under his wing. The sharp crisp handling of his straggly tail-feathers delights me. They are a sign of the 'Tang renaissance that came in with Kano Tanyu. Perhaps they were touched in on my panel by the master's own brush. The hypothesis seems extravagant, but why not cling to what remains to us of that golden age? Why remember that the 'Tang heron is only a dent, where someone kicked the door?

**"A Lie Which is in Part a Truth,  
Is a Harder Matter to Fight."**

He was a Chinese Sage, in flowing yellow robes that curled about his feet, and he stood on the top of my desk. He was always reading a brown book with twisted characters, because, by wisdom man shall reach Nirvana; but with all his diligence, he never turned a page. I scorn to think that this was because the book was a bit of painted porcelain; rather, his searching spirit found so much to master on that page. He was indeed of those that stand upon Nirvana's threshold. Beside him sat two white china rabbits, first attracted to him, doubtless, because he stood so very still. They were not intellectual enough to reach Nirvana by themselves, but they rather hoped to squeeze in with the sage when the time came. It never came. The sage was knocked with a broom handle and the book was shattered in his hands. "Alas," he cried terribly, "dreadful are the gods! Now I am assured that I should have found Nirvana upon the turn of the page!" So saying, he plunged forward and committed hara-kiri in the inkwell. Perhaps the ink was to him Lethe and all the rivers of healing and he thus entered Nirvana. Certain it is that for want of courage to follow him the white rabbits never did. They wiped the tears from their mild pink eyes and sniffed regretfully in

thinking of what they had lost. Perhaps they were not as far from it as they thought. A rabbit is only a number of lettuce leaves walking about in animal form; and a lettuce, of all created things, is nearest to Nirvana.

M. S. R., '18.

**In Appreciation**

"I hate to admit it in October," I said to myself, biting off a fresh portion of my sadly chewed pen, "but I have come to a full stop in this business of writing daily themes. There is absolutely nothing to write about and I defy anyone to suggest anything!"

"Oh ho!" came a low, tinkling laugh from the top of my desk, where I keep my choicest treasures. I looked up, startled. My little Chinese sage of yellow porcelain was wagging his head from side to side. "Oh! ho! you *are* an unob-servant young lady," he said chuckling. "Only fancy, when here I sit in front of you, a *perfect* subject for a theme. You couldn't find anything that would take better! If you'd look for a week, I'll wager you would not come across a more exquisite bit of fairy tragedy."

"What do you mean?" I inquired eagerly.

"You remember you knocked me over the other day?—very careless of you to be sure, but I forgive you,"

continued the little sage, smiling down on me, "In doing so, you broke my right hand which held the book I have been studying all these years. Now let us weave a fairy romance from this excellent material. Almond-eyed, mysterious, Chinese sage loses hand and book—he pines away all through the lonely hours. China rabbit *one*, with pink ears and black paws, his great friend, powerless to comfort him. China rabbit *two*, all white with pink eyes, in desperation throws himself into ink-bottle. Sage moves too near edge of desk. In fit of melancholy commits suicide by throwing himself on the floor, where he is swept up next morning by Lizzie. Very romantic, imaginative, just the thing to take the English department by storm! Executed with a firm but light touch—and I warrant you the tale will be a veritable little gem!"

"Except for one small detail," I interrupted, "You forget that I am *not* M. S. R."

And then we both wept impotently.

L. E., '18.

### Methods in Madness

There are three ways of doing themes: first, the ideal way, when you hasten from divine inspiration to your theme block; second, the execrable way, when, starting with determination but without ideas, you gnaw both subject and treatment, so to speak, from the end of your pen—a method apt to produce treatises upon the vanity of human wishes; and third, the comfortable or week-end way, where, for once having plenty of time, you sit at ease and darn stockings, while your mind wanders pleasantly over all fields of subjects, possible or impossible. Of the first way I cannot speak, knowing nothing about it; of the second, I had rather not, knowing too much; but the third is delightful: the morning flies; you are not lonely; by the judicious mixture of two labours you have made a pastime; and you accomplish two tasks in the time of one.—Or at least, if not two, there are always the stockings to show for your busy morning.

S. W. M., '18.

## BOOK REVIEW

### David Blaize, by E. F. Benson

Perhaps ascribable to the respect held by Americans for all things English is the interest always aroused among us by stories of English public schools. The very words, "fag," "wicket," "bowling," "cribbing," "Head," have a fascination too seldom afforded. E. F. Benson's *David Blaize* has already been put by delighted readers beside *Tom Brown at Rugby* and *Stalky & Co.* It repays reading again. One likes to go back to private school, where study hour was held in the Natural History room, and the inquiring David sat calculating how many teeth a mammoth had and how many buns it could take at a mouthful, and, on that basis, what its pocket money ought to be; the dreadful Sunday afternoon when the Head held the Bible lesson, prolonging it through lesson hour, through study hour, through tea, and when, "if Ferrers Major had committed parricide under circumstance of unique horror, he could not have been held up to blacker obloquy than was volleyed on him for his remarks about Thessalonica"; a cricket match where the redoubtable David "took eight wickets for thirty and dropped the pottiest catch ever seen," and where his father sat on the sidelines, dis-

coursing affably of the classics, and of Chapel, "the central happiness of school life"; to the public school, where he met that prince of good fellows, Maddox, Trinity scholar and "the finest bat in the Eleven," who proves himself gracious as well as perfect, and,—for which we love him—once at fault. Maddox's versatile imagination gives us the gruesome story of the murder, where the gaping throat was pinned up with safety pins, but nevertheless "leaked." By way of a friendly construing of Oedipus Coloneus, he gives us a delightful and boyish appreciation of the spirit of the Greeks. The friendship between the two, never becomes sentimental. On the night when Maddox sits beside David's bed, David asks, "It is a great bore?" and is answered with cheerful conviction, "A frightful bore."

It seems to me that the book fills a place in our affections that is taken neither by *Stalky* nor by *Tom Brown*. At present *Tom Brown* is undergoing a decrease in popularity. It is hopelessly mid-Victorian—in our generation it had better be mediaeval—and though we have endured the pious Frank for half a century, he has at last begun to pall. Moreover, *David Blaize* has the human element, which, except in *The*

*Flag of His Country* is lacking in *Stalky*. The boys in *Stalky and Co.* are less human than demoniac. They take a revenge that is swift, all-embracing, fatally suited to the offense, and attended with uncanny success. They are seldom moved by the milder emotions that we find in ourselves and in *David Blaize*. "David ceased to sit in the seat of the scornful. Whatever Bags had done (and he really had done a good deal) he had blurted out that 'he liked him so awfully.' What Bags had said in all sincerity took rank over anything Bags might have done. And with that he wiped the whole affair clean off his mind and held

out a rather grubby hand. 'I bet we get on rippingly after this,' he said hopefully."

It is true that Benson's book has not the enduring literary value of Kipling's. We never feel the fierce, kindling, mirth that stirred us on the joyous night when "Rabbit's Eggs" rocked "King." The character drawing is sometimes unsubstantial; we cannot believe in Maddox quite as much as we admire him. It may be that *Stalky* will be a classic when *David Blaize*, like *Tom Brown* to-day, is read only by the faithful few. But *David Blaize* is too essentially human ever to fail entirely of its appeal.

M. S. R., '18.

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## DULCI FISTULA

### LINES ON THE POSEUR-ARTIST

*With apologies to Pope*

When first the Gods' creative work began,  
 They fashioned to their mind's delight, a man.  
 And then, with what remaining scraps they had,  
 They made a Dummy, fair and bravely clad,  
 The Poseur-Artist, born to play the ape,  
 And make the Gods laugh at the world agape.  
 For lo, he struts and preens his feathers fine,  
 And lap-dogs tremble at his frown divine.  
 His clothes and manner all proclaim him straight,  
 His temperamental tie, his languid gait;



That careless streak of blue above his eye  
Announces him Apollo's votary;  
For to the God he's offered gifts immense,  
Twelve tubes of paint, and all his commonsense.  
With bated breath the Belles attend him best,  
As Oracle on "values" and the rest,  
The "middle distance" gains a livelier charm,  
And brown seems rosy 'neath his praises warm.  
The creed of self is his philosophy;  
He loves his Ego best, and then his tea;  
And when the admiring friend has tribute paid,  
Dips into ethics, and the marmalade.  
His words, "We artists," smoothe the way to fame,  
Long hair and sketching-box win him a name!

T. H. S., '17.

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### THE VISIT

A short time ago I went to call on a gentleman. I approached the interview with a feeling of dread, for I felt that it was going to be very unpleasant. So many things that he had told me to do, I had neglected.

I entered his house and took off my hat and coat in his ante room. Then, opening the door, I walked into the room beyond, where he waited for me.

"Good morning," he said as I entered, "It's been a long time since I've seen you here."

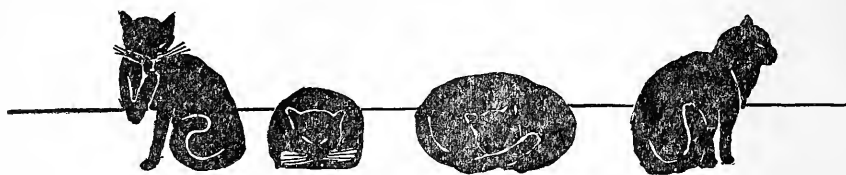
It had indeed been a long time. In my heart, I wished that it had been longer. However I said nothing. Then

"Sit down," he said, and led me to a big chair near the window.

I sat down, but he remained standing beside me. After a short time—all too short for me—he bent down, took my face between his hands, and looked at me. He looked long and earnestly, seeking all those things that I wished to hide from him, at last he turned away with a sigh and busied himself at a small table near by. Lower and lower sank my courage and dread arose in my heart. When he turned back there was a set, determined look on his face. He came close to my chair again and looked down on me as I leaned back. Terror nearly overpowered me. Finally

"Open!" he said, and inserted a dentist's drill in my mouth.

L. W., '20.



### THE FOUR CATS

Four very refined cats sat on the porch in the sun.

"I wouldn't be rich for anything in the world," said one, stroking her delicate long whiskers.

"Nor I either," said the second, "Money's so vulgar."

"And so bad for the mind," said the third.

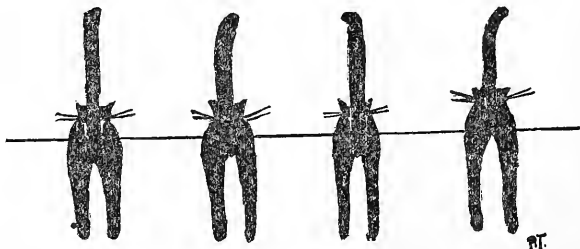
"Absolutely incompatible with culture," said the fourth.

Just then a passer-by dropping a fine purse in the street, the cats pounced on it and tore it open.—It was empty. "How very fortunate," said the four cats, walking off with their tails in the air.

### MORAL—

Just try to think your lot's the best  
Imagination does the rest.

M. F., '17.



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February, 1917

# Tipyn o' Bob

## Contents

	PAGE
Editorials .....	1
Verse.....Sarah Hinde, '17	5
France, September, 1914.....M. E. O., '20	6
Père Martin's Bookstall.....Mary Swift Rupert, '18	7
Reminiscence.....E. S. C., '19	10
New Year's Eve .....	12
Impressions .....	12
Book Review .....	17
Dulci Fistula .....	20



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**Vol. XIV**

**FEBRUARY, 1917**

**No. 5**

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## EDITORIALS

On the evening of January seventeenth, the Students' Association for Self-Government came to its final decision in the matter of Resolution XI. By a vote of one hundred and forty to one hundred and six the Association accepted the motion proposed by the Executive Board, "that students shall have no social engagements with the faculty or staff except as determined by a liberal interpretation of the Executive Board subject to the approval of the Association sitting as a legislative body." The exact form of the "liberal interpretation" had not then been decided, but the Board indicated that the rule would not be held to apply to the women and married men of the faculty, nor to engagements such as calling and dining in the halls of residence, club teas and receptions after open lectures, nor to academic appointments "even when they may look social."

In accepting this motion after consideration of the matter in two meetings, the student body has put itself on record as desiring some stated restriction of the social relationship between students and professors, and has hereby strengthened another circumstance in the barrier that divides two groups of people who have come together with the purpose presumably of helping each other toward a common end. The proposed interpretation, while it would provide against repetition of the particular rulings which

have been criticised this year, for the rest, leaves the situation much as it has been always, tacitly, if not verbally, since the granting of the charter. It is not five years since professors dined and called in the halls without the slightest comment from authorities, and it is possible to remember a time when "unmarried men" was the acknowledged application of the rule. As to the astonishing concession about academic appointments, it has certainly not been generally understood that Self-Government had any control over them.

We are then, after all the agitation, exactly where we were, unless it be counted an advance that we need not expect a repetition of such rulings as have led, this year, to the reconsideration of the scope of Resolution XI. We have kept on the books a rule that has, to say the least, a very silly look, and have somewhat further accentuated the feeling that causes a student who meets a professor at tea to waver between remaining to giggle, and running away.

The question arises, what are we afraid of? Should we, in case the rule were abolished, anticipate any real inconvenience in the matter of skating or walking; do we really feel that someone else's social gifts would be likely to shadow our chances of obtaining merits? Hardly, but do we fear that a sanction would be given for unbecoming behaviour? Perhaps this is our real apprehension. Yet the very fact that we are a small college in a conservative neighborhood should have preventive force. Public opinion and gossip run strong; who dares to challenge the one will seldom care to incur the other. And are we to make the admission that we cannot meet our teachers on the impersonal footing of common intellectual interests?

Two years ago, in the question of the cut rule, ideals ran away with us. For a mere matter of "atmosphere" and "attitude" we braved the opinions of the old and wise, and the examples of many other colleges. To-day, if we could have had in each other the faith that each one of us reposes in herself, if we could have believed that all of us have reached very much the same stage of civilization, we might have dared to try the effect of normal and dignified freedom in another direction.

We lacked the courage; but there still remains the matter of the interpretation. To many of us the only argument for such a rule has been that it served to indicate what we considered might injure the college with the public. On the campus, there is as little opportunity for nonsense as in a city backyard overlooked by the houses of a block; but there is a legitimate objection to theatres, country clubs and country walks. This might be met,

and our local freedom spared, by making, in addition to the Board's modification relating to "women and married men," some such interpretation as the following—"that students shall have no social engagements with the faculty or staff, off campus, except at the homes of the students' friends."

Whatever measures are passed, one thing we may confidently expect: after the thorough demonstration of our attitude that has taken place in the last month, we shall have the heartiest co-operation of the faculty in avoiding any possible occasion for comment.

---

If we may bring an autumn matter before a Mid-Year public, the recent criticism of the talking on Lantern Night seems to deserve attention. Among those who object to it is President Thomas. The matter is important, inasmuch as Lantern Night is one of the successes of undergraduate life. Whatever we may botch and bungle, whatever grand projects we may pass at one meeting and, at the next, hopelessly rescind—Lantern Night and the abolishment of the Cut Rule remain. These at least we have achieved.

This being the case, it is a pity that our enjoyment of Lantern Night is not without alloy. The dark Cloister—the breathless hush broken by the deep, swinging music of *Pallas*—the black forms floating almost noiselessly across the square—the wide semi-circle of glimmering lights—these it is pleasant to remember. But what of the conversation that marks the giving of the Lanterns? This conversation exists of course for sentimental reasons. The Sophomore wishes the Freshman all possible and impossible success. The Freshman ardently thanks the Sophomore. They chat lightly for a moment, perhaps on the number of sweaters each is wearing. Like most sentimental customs, this is open to common-sense criticism. The confused buzz of conversation gives a jar to ears keyed to the pitch of *Pallas*. Moreover, the voices belong to those who have not completed the required course in Elocution—as a rule, obviously not. The audience might shut their eyes and believe themselves waiting for refreshments at an afternoon tea. Why not omit the conversation and let the Lantern be given without comment? Or why, if those insist who cherish the sacred relations between Lantern girls, why not mark the gift by a fervent—and silent—kiss? The matter is one for the Undergraduate Association to decide. Could not some meeting of the Association be profitably devoted to discussing it?

A generous impulse to render praise where praise is due, leads us to speak out in favor of a recent action of two associations, the Self-Government and the Athletic. As actions speak louder than words, we have decided to put action into words, by giving a brief and appreciative résumé of the action of the two boards as regards skating. When the thermometer dropped to zero and we heard that the New Athletic Field upon which we had hopefully expended our pennies, would not afford us skating for another year, we were downcast. But we knew not what prompt and executive forces were at work in our behalf. First, Self-Government comes to the fore, and, freely trusting our discretion with regard to the Haverford students, gives us permission to skate on the Haverford pond. Then the Athletic Association, with true efficiency, has the dike mended, the field flooded, and gives us, after all, skating on the campus. Shortly after, skating suffers a lapse. Though regretting this, we ascribe it unhesitatingly to the presence of snow—an evil which is, we fully realize, outside the jurisdiction of either Association.

---

Our proctoring system indicates that we are capable of steady and fluent conversation. But when the necessity arises of really saying something, or rather of saying something real, we are not always so prolific. Witness the anguish of all but a chosen few over the required English composition. In the incessant babble which dings our ears and in which most of us have our vociferous share, it is unfortunate if there is no idea brought forward which would be worthy the effort of pen and ink.

Surely we state our views. There are no phrases which we catch oftener in the drift of talk than "My dear, what *do* you think?" and "I think so too." But do we really think or are these nothing more than phrases? We state our opinions loudly, but they are not always really ours. There are catch opinions as well as catch phrases, and too many of us are possessed of little else. The test, of course, is whether we are willing and able to defend our ideas. If we have made them ours by a process of logical reasoning, then we can uphold them. If they are based on a friend's chance word, or a passing emotion, we have no right to them. Sometimes it is laziness, sometimes weakness of analysis, but more often it is a puny fear of ridicule, which prevents our making up our minds. Suppose the worst should befall, and we should be convicted of a poor judgment, and perhaps laughed at. We should not be much the worse for the indignity. It is



often better to have a false opinion than none. It is something actual, something which we can measure against the standard of other people's ideas, something which we can hold up for our own analysis, until we finally finally come to the truth of the matter. To have no opinion on a subject means, in many cases, that we have not considered the subject. This means then, that though we spend four years disciplining our minds, we make no effort to use the tools thus sharpened for any constructive purpose.

---

### VERSE

The knights rode out with flags unfurled,  
While the Queen in her chamber wept.  
Their torches light lit all the world—  
But the Prince in his cradle slept.

The watch fires flared all through the night,  
And the great armies met at dawn.  
A thousand men fell in that fight,—  
But the Prince to the hunt had gone.

The knights are gone from off the walls,  
The guards from the watch tow'rs fled,  
A conqueror treads the palace halls—  
But the Prince in his grave lies dead.

SARAH HINDE, '17.

## FRANCE, SEPTEMBER, 1914

In September of 1914 I was among the Americans who were crowding the trains for Paris. All through the night, after the train left Lyons, the only ones in our compartment who slept well were a deaf and dumb woman, whom no noises disturbed, and my brother who slept on the only place where one could lie out straight, the floor. I was constantly awakened, either by my uncomfortable position, or by the peculiar actions of the train, which was always running off on sidings and stopping to let the hospital trains pass.

Those hospital trains were terrible things to see; streaks of brilliant light in the darkness, if I was sleepy. But if I was awake, that was not all. Then there were glimpses of doctors working earnestly, of nurses in white, moving swiftly, and rows and rows of wounded men. Anybody would have been glad to wait on the siding a week, were it necessary, to let those trains pass.

In Paris, my mother left me to care for my small brother while she went to all kinds of offices and bureaux, both French and English, in search of permission to spend the

night in Paris, permission to leave Paris, permission to leave France, permission to enter England, for each of which she waited in line for hours.

The first night I sat at my window watching the huge searchlights sweep over the sky in all directions, while the city below, the streets and the buildings, remained in darkness. I did not sleep. I knew that the next morning we should have to get up early, stand in a pushing, crowding line for hours, and that we might not be able to get on a train. And through all my thoughts, came the low rumble of cannonading. I watched the searchlights, and the little groups of people so excited, and yet, outwardly, so strangely calm, watched the men marching silent to the stations, and the men coming back, as silent, stretched out in ambulances and cabs.

Suddenly there was a terrible commotion in the street. A man—drunk or insane—cried out in the most horrible voice I shall ever hear. We heard the sound of people rushing, and of a violent struggle, and above all that insane cry “Au drapeau, au drapeau!”

M. E. O., '20.

## PÈRE MARTIN'S BOOKSTALL

I write with the good hope that some of my readers may be familiar with the bookstall; that they may have stood there beside me, holding on their hats against the driving wind; and for them I hope that this story may fall cheaply into their hands from the Sixpenny Shelf.

For Père Martin's is the bookshop par excellence for those whose desire outruns their purses. What treasures does he not lay forth there in the tray and on the Sixpenny Shelf! Once I found all the Noctes bound by Root, but that does not really belong to this story! "Sixpenny" is an innocent anglicism which means little, as Père Martin prices the books there to suit his fancy. There is a low shelf against a wall, and below it a long tray, both crammed with books in various stages of dilapidation. Their state becomes daily more pitiable, for the winds come in under the ragged awning and turn their pages, and street urchins leave thumb marks down the margins. Père Martin never has the heart to drive the boys away. He stands in a little sentry-box that keeps the wind off him, and chats or reads or chaffers. He is not exactly the genius loci, only the steward of these things, and none of us are above trying to get by him on a price. By the time one has come to take one's pleasure at Père Martin's book-

stall, one has left many fine points of honor along the way. The gentlemen who stand beside me day after day at hours when the employed are elsewhere, in coats of which the shiny seams mark the cut of eminent tailors, balancing first on one foot and then on the other as the frost of the pavement creeps through their boots, lifting their heads with dreamy appreciation when a warm, fragrant whiff of coffee from the lunchstall floats by in the freezing wind—these, I fancy, find the same pleasure that I do, in the tray and the Sixpenny Shelf. To some they bring memories of the athletic field that preceded the Stadium; to some, the Rotunda, the white walls, and sunburst windows of Union; to some, elms and the Old Brick Row. To all they bring back a time when the world held pleasures outside the covers of a book. Père Martin's is the refuge and consolation of those whose attainments would lead them to Sessler's or the New Bookshop.

But I find after all that I shall need to tell of the day when I found my Root. It was on the Sixpenny Shelf—six large tomes done up in tissue-paper against wind and rain. I asked Père Martin who was the new-comer that had crowded Ruskin off the shelf. "Une longue ouvrage, assez amusant, que j'ai acheté pour un rien d'une vieille dame de ma

connaissance." He was fond of telling about his bargains, was Père Martin, even if he rarely knew how much they were worth. I was undoing the tissue paper. One does not leave things unexplored on the Shelf. It was a splendid Root, done in brown morocco with the characteristic mottled foreleaf looking like the back of a trout. Whoever had owned it had the good taste not to have his monogram stamped on the back and not to use a book-plate. It was not his Noctes; it was the author's and Root's, and for a little while it might be mine. Père Martin had evidently no idea of its value. For the trumpety sacrifice of my watch I might take it home. But my watch was but newly redeemed and I took a school-boy pleasure in wearing it. Just to dally with anticipation I hesitated. The old man next to me had marked, with impatient interest, my exclamation and my gusto in turning the leaves. "Well, sir, what is it?" he snapped. I explained and we became friendly. It takes but a trifle to strike a friendship between men who stand side by side at Père Martin's. I knew him as an habitué of longer standing than myself. He was a little dark man, seventy or thereabouts, and wore a brown suit with a frock coat and spats. As a rule he looked even less prosperous than most of us and seldom wore a watch. "You weren't looking for this?" I said at length.

"No, but tell me, have you ever seen a shabby book bound in brown, with a dragon worked on the cover in gold thread?" I pressed him for details. Was it a story of adventure?

"Yes and no. A tale, or rather a book of tales, all about the same ship and the same ship's company and the same beautiful lady. By Gad, sir, I believe I could write down some of them even now! I've no idea who wrote them or who printed them. I rather expect to run across them in a shabby brown cover with a dragon worked on the cover in gold thread. I don't know whether I read them as a child or whether I glanced through them at school years ago, or whether"—his voice dropped—"I thought of them myself! I know this; whoever thought of those tales was a genius. They have a flavor in them, sir, like Burgundy! They are like wine in the blood. The lady—I can see her as if she were real—had long, delicate eyebrows and almond-shaped eyes. Her eyes didn't shine or glow—they glittered like emeralds, and the men were afraid of her. She used to sit in the bow with her long black hair falling about her like shadows at noonday, and twist and turn her long white hands. When she did that the wind blew, but it never dared raise a strand of her hair.

"I remember one night, the lady watching in the ship with her eyes:

like green fire, while the men rolled heavy casks down a steep cliff. It was all by yellow moonlight, and the light gleamed on the men's rings and earrings and on the ribs of the casks. The lady was in the deep shadow of her hair—all except her eyes! And I don't know whether I made it up or not! By Gad, sir, if I imagined these tales—if I imagined the quality of them, the flavor that runs through them, I am among the immortals!

"I should be almost sorry to find them," he went on with the shadow of a smile, "you see the idea of having imagined them grows upon me—but I should be very glad to read them."

The whole thing struck me as extravagant—beyond one's usual beat. I wished him luck as good as mine and went off with the Root tucked under my arm.

It might have been several months afterward that the old gentleman failed to appear before the stall. I rather missed his frock coat and his spats and his brisk "morning," and asked Père Martin about him. Père Martin leaned out of the sentry-box with a tale in the twinkle of his eye.

"Vous voulez savoir quelqu' chose de drole? I haf' foun' the ol' gentleman's book! Nevaire would I haf' believ' that it was in the lan' of the leeing. I thought he imagine it all, but no! Such a poor ol' book, Monsieur; pas comme le Root. Je n'avais guère le coeur pour le lui faire payer!

Le pauv' vieux bonhomme! How he cough since several days!"

It was true, he had coughed for several days—had coughed all winter more or less—and I hope the tale about the sailors and the alluring lady was keeping him company. The fragrance of which he had spoken seemed to linger in my memory. He had said that there was a poignancy about them, a flavor that one did not forget.

Not the next day nor the next nor any other did the old gentleman come back. Père Martin and I were used to having the older customers go away and never return. We hoped he had had a doctor and someone he loved to close his eyes, and we were glad he had found his book.

A few months later the book was brought back and sold by a servant girl, and I bought it. I felt an eagerness to read the tales. The cover was a disappointment. He had said shabby, but I had expected a royal shabbiness, a gorgeous dragon, whereas I saw that it had been a cheap book even when it was new. I read the tales that night under a leaking gas-jet.

They were dull, unprofitable, wooden, the piece-work of some poor mark grinding out his thousand words a day. The ship's company were coarse. The lovely lady was a mere name—I think the misguided author called her Geraldine, and the little touch about her eyes was no-

where mentioned. So all the strangeness, the raciness, the bouquet as of old wine, that I had perceived even in the fragments, were the old gentlemen's own! I wondered if he had

been fooled by the rude source of his stories or if he had seen how far it fell short. I am afraid he was disappointed.

MARY SWIFT RUPERT, '18.

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## REMINISCENCE

She was a very small child, and the memory of the old farm house that remained with her afterwards, was a series of very vivid pictures and still more vivid emotions. It was a memory as of a place filled with nameless terrors. Yet she did not know, and could not have understood had she known, the shadow that hung over it—the fact that of a large and merry family that had once filled it, there was left only the old mother, her son, a man so shy and silent that he grudged even monosyllables, and a daughter grown half melancholy through long years of loneliness.

The first impression that was to last was of the journey to the farm—a long ride through the night in a crowded trolley car. She was sleepy; the lights glared; there were boys who laughed and talked noisily. At intervals, doubtless as the conductor rang up fares, there was a sharp clang, at which she shrank back and had to be comforted. A bird flew into the car, beat against the lights and escaped. Then she and those with her were alone in the black

night in the unaccustomed silence of the country. They had to go cautiously—it seemed to her they crept inch by inch,—because of some danger of falling into unseen ditches; and there was a narrow plank which she crossed blindly clinging to a strong hand—her father's.

That night or another she was lying close by a window, pleasantly drowsing through the conversation about her. Suddenly she was wide awake and staring into the night. At the same instant the sky was split with great jagged lightning. She shut her eyes trembling, and there came a crash as if at the very door, at which the others, too, started up. Afterwards she heard them say that one of the great trees that closed in thickly about the old house had been struck.

Pleasant days followed, of which the scantiest memories were to remain. There was a motherly hen that cuddled down in her lap; there were horses, a combative pig with a red tattered ear; there were apples—you pulled them yourself from the lowest branches and might have as

many as you liked—there was a cock that crowed under her window in the mornings. But one thing disturbed and perplexed, the silent son had disappeared, and the fragmentary talk, not meant for her ears, that she heard at times, seemed to concern him. Little by little she pieced together its meaning: he had been thrown from his horse and hurt.

One evening she had come up the hill from the wonderful little silver stream, and going around behind the pleasant stone house in the grove of great trees, she stood looking at the field of corn shocks curving down to the horizon, golden under a sun-set sky. She watched it with the trembling, passionate, dreamy love of the city child for the country, and turned to go back around the other side of the house. Then—she caught her breath—this was not the right house! But there could be no mistake, it was the only one in miles. Yet surely it was not the right one—it was another—the side of another set in this. There was a window, and through it she saw unknown people sitting and talking as if at home—not her family, not the owners, not visitors. She stood numbed with terror. Perhaps the strangeness of coming in the evening light upon a part of the

house that she had never seen before—an addition, very different from the rest—had startled her imagination and made the faces within seem unfamiliar. At the time it was a quite inexplicable experience, having no connection with anything she had seen or felt, and the impression that it made upon her was not to fade.

One picture in her memory of the place always seems the last, as it was the climax, yet it seems to have preceded the son's accident: a large low-ceilinged room, one of whose doors opened into the summer night, and the other into a room from which came a yellow light; it fell dimly on the grown-folk, sitting with their chairs drawn close to the wall, talking rarely. There was an air of suspense, of waiting for someone and of anxiety at his lateness—was it on account of the absent son? A formless fear grew in the child's heart. Her tall father, as if to relieve the strain he guessed in her, took her hands and marched her up and down, singing and jesting, and making her an elaborate bow each time they turned. Then—a slight thing, but it brought a fullness to her throat both then and afterwards, when she remembered—far away, faint yet clear, the sound of a galloping horse.

E. S. C., '19.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

The sail curves milky white beneath the stars  
That swerve and dip; the straining runners hum;  
Behind, a snowy chaff lifts off the track  
And whistles down the wind like frozen spray.

The night is pale with lingering memories  
And still foreboding; on the carven shore  
The tall moon streams, and lights between the reeds  
The polished dancing places of the fays.

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## IMPRESSIONS

### Mud Lane

"How could you ever begin?" Elizabeth Bennett asked Mr. Darcy, when she wanted him to explain why he fell in love with her. "I can comprehend your going on charmingly when you had once made a beginning, but what could set you off in the first place?" Many of us feel exactly that way toward the things we like; what could have set us off in the first place? But when I looked at the miry track called Mud Lane, I loved it instantly. No avenue of trees, no clumps of flowers caught my fancy. I was enthralled by a sense of perfect fitness.

It was such a relief not to find that the road had been called "Lover's Lane" or "Smith's Pike," that I felt an odd kindliness toward the enormous ruts and the brown puddles that lay between them. When

I started to walk along the shiny ridges, I had all the sensations of Milton's Fiend:

"Not sea, not good dry land.  
Nigh foundered, on he fares."

One rubber was sucked off my foot while I tried to rescue its mate which had become imbedded in the ooze. The dirtier and the wetter I grew, the more Mud Lane rose in my estimation. Its behavior was perfectly in keeping with its promises. If a sign board, saying "To Arden" or "Sherwood half a mile," had pointed down it, I should have been justly furious; but I only felt that in the case in question destiny had been fulfilled.

If there were nothing in a name, I never should have cared for my muddy road. Who knows whether Christian might not have been al-



most resigned to the Slough of Despond, if like us, he had been properly prepared at the outset?

DORIS E. PITKIN.

### An Incident

On a cold, dark afternoon in November, as I was breasting the wet wind that swept Fifth Avenue, I watched the progress of two, who, for a matter of twenty blocks walked just ahead of me. They were girls, slender things of seventeen or thereabout, smartly furred and booted. Through the crowd of rainy-day shoppers, they walked arm-in-arm, one umbrella serving for both. Never once did their conversation flag, though it seemed a disjointed thing, punctuated by shrill, sweet, ejaculations of "oh my dear!" "how awful!" "oh look!"

Suddenly a famous actress passed. Obeying the strict commands of good breeding, so self-consciously and literally followed by the well-trained young woman, the two girls kept their eyes carefully ahead, but their excited words swept back to me, "My dear, that was Jane Cowl!"

The actress held their attention for a block, then came a diversion. I knew that the two girls had seen something momentous, for with astonishing suddenness, their talk ceased, their step shortened, their backs stiffened, and the umbrella which had tossed irresponsibly above

their heads, righted itself and took on an iron rigidity. Correct, severe, tanned, marching in careful time among the hurrying crowd, came two young men. They passed, raising awkward hats.

At once, conversation was resumed. Here was a subject of a thousand possibilities. Some blocks further on, the girls darted to the inside of the walk, and slipped, laughing, into a bright doorway. The umbrella closed, the door opened and swung to behind them. I looked at the name on the windows. It was Huyler's. M. G. H., '20.

### "Incunabula"

There are many words in the syllabus of which I know little, but there is one of which I know nothing.

*Incunabula*. I look at it. The word seems familiar.

I softly murmur it to myself. It sounds familiar.

What great unknown hidden by dark impenetrable walls might it not discover?

Perhaps it has something to do with the vast expanses beyond the farthest stars.

Perhaps the south sea islanders, diving for pearls, see it in the ocean depths.

I open the dictionary to find:

*Incunabula*, n. pl. Early stages of a thing; (w. sing.-um) books

printed early, esp. before 1500. [L.-swaddling clothes, f. cumae cradle.]

MARGARET LITTELL, '20.

### How to Study Psychology from Nine to Ten

Begin to think about it 9.15. Search for "Psych" book in hall library. Not finding it, boldly walk off with next-hall copy; bear it back to room. Open it. Put it down while you hunt for pencil to take notes. Discover half-eaten apple instead. Eat half-eaten apple. Pick up fountain-pen instead of pencil. Fountain-pen empty. Take fountain-pen and ink to tea-pantry to fill. Upset ink-bottle. Enter neighbor's room and steal ink. Return to "Psych." Through open door, greet friend in hall; put down "Psych" book, turn on thermostat. Open window, turn off thermostat. Discover latest number of *Vogue* on roommate's desk. Read *Vogue* for five blissful minutes. Then fall upon "Psych" and devour three lines. Repeat same lines with rapt attention. Repeat same in dreamy incomprehension. . . . Doze. . . . Doze. . . . Wake with a start and rush to ten o'clock lecture.

L. E., '18.

### The College Catalogue

While I was beginning to get acquainted with the Bryn Mawr Cal-

endar, so long ago that preparatory school studies were yet matters of the future, I used to read it with the same pleasure that I might have found in a Latin incantation. It has since lost much of its impressiveness, but it still demands more than its share of time and attention. It haunts the summer, when at intervals I plan long and intricate schedules. During the college months I am often attacked by sudden doubts of something that last July I decided to take in the second semester of my senior year, and all possible courses are reviewed at length. This is especially likely to happen when the needs of present courses are particularly urgent. Once opened, the catalogue is difficult to close. Its literary charm grows more indisputable each time I read in it. Descriptions of courses that one has already taken have a peculiar attraction. There is a distinct human interest about "in this course students translate . . . difficult English prose into German," after one has learned by experience how involved and untranslatable Ruskin and Scott can be at their worst. "Special attention is paid to the cure of nasality and other vicious habits of speaking" is vitalized by the tone and manner that one involuntarily associates with it. The courses I should like to take and cannot have a special charm. The courses I am happy to have escaped have a charm

of a different sort. Of these mathematics, both graduate and undergraduate is my chief delight. This alone, with the possible exception of the "List of Dissertations," still impresses me as it did when the catalogue was an unmapped wilderness. "Academic Appointments" and "Students" are snares for the unwary. I nearly always find myself at the A or Z of one of them and read it backwards or forwards about half way before I realize what I am doing. The spell is generally broken at last by the "Schedule of Collegiate Examinations" whose personal application made by means of underlining has a sobering effect and recalls me to the courses that be.

E. S. C., '19.

### Themes and Pot-Boilers

I sat in my room at midnight under the impression that I was chewing the end of my pen. In reality the end had disappeared some time since, and I was beginning upon the middle. I had spent the evening calculating the number of themes in which I was behind. There was dead silence throughout the hall except for the sonorous breathing of those in whom tranquil minds had induced slumber. My mood was comparable to that of Poe when he saw the raven. The blackness of the night outside seemed an effort on the part of sympathetic

nature to mirror my gloom. Swiftly and methodically I dipped my pen in the mouldy inkwell, wrote a number of themes covering the amount of my indebtedness and looked them over to see that the spelling was correct and the shoulds and woulds impeccable. I reflected with pride that they were as good themes as could be written without an idea. Two Biblical quotations took turns in haunting me. One concerned the easy going man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, the other, the perplexed Israelites, set to make bricks without straw. Esau, I reflected, was an early convert to the doctrine of peace at any price. While endorsing my themes I pondered on the brickwork of the Israelites. Surely a house built without the essential straw, would, by any modern board of administration, be condemned. And what of a theme without the essential of themes? I reflected that it was better to incur a technical failure, perhaps due to temperamental reasons, than an actual failure for intellectual ones. Sighing, I tossed the themes in the waste-basket, and resumed my attitude of "watchful waiting."

M. S. R., '18.

### Of Purely Academic Interest

The sudden ringing of the alarm breaks in upon a weary discussion—"The inner circle of Provinces, the

inner circle,—of what? Stop, you cannot see the book; this is only another dream." Now, however, it is really five o'clock. Four hours still before the examination. In shutting the windows you notice a cluster of strange big stars blazing low, near the horizon. The darkness is sharp and dark; it seems almost to qualify the electric light, when you have grown used to the sudden brightness.

Pages; a pencil that keeps sliding out and getting in the way. How yellow everything is. . . . Were you asleep? Come, think of the last half hour! Perhaps it would be better to dress now; it might prove stimulating; and it has to be done.

The windows rattle icily; outside, a faint blue daylight glimmers.

J. R. G., '17.

### Time Values

In our arrogant modern way we frequently assert that our grandmothers had more time than we, and that our time is more valuable than theirs. What we could truthfully say is that we have an exactly equal amount of time, and that we do not treat it with the same respect. Our grandmothers valued their time enough to weigh its quantity and their capacity. Thereupon they made what they could make best in the time they had. What they made, let it be said, was carefully wrought, useful, and lasting.

To-day, we are too occupied planning how much we can put into our time, to question the quality of what we make or get out of it. We attempt dozens of things and do none of them. At the end of a day we can point to no definite accomplishment. Probably we are too weary even to remember what we have been about. We like to say we have been busy. The truth is, we have been over active.

My grandmother's diploma was a square of embroidery. She chose the subject herself, and designed and executed it painstakingly during three years. Every detail of an elaborate pattern is perfectly etched in colored silks. It remains as evidence of something she could do, a measure of her originality and skill.

I go to a college where it is incumbent to get through a great deal in four years. I do not say learn, for to learn implies to know. I get through so much that I do not stop to make anything out of any one subject. As soon as I become interested and run over the time allotted to it, I am obliged to give my attentions to other subjects in which I am so weak, at best, that to neglect is not to maim, but to annihilate. However happy this event might seem, it is not encouraged. At the end of those years, I will not attempt to itemize my mental contents. I must have assimilated

something, though just what, in the present chaos, I cannot say.

But compare the concrete results to my grandmother's embroidery: reports covering twenty pages that were written in five hours; themes that may contain a rudimentary

idea; essays, the writing on the last pages of which is illegible through haste. Altogether, I have spent more time on them than ever my grandmother did on her sampler. I have not the face to say I set the higher value on my time.

C. G. W., '17.

## BOOK REVIEW

### Poems by Alan Seeger

With the publication of the slim black volume entitled "Poems by Alan Seeger," we come to know another soldier poet of the Great War. Alan Seeger was among the Americans who enlisted under the French colors at the outbreak of the war. He saw two years of active service as a soldier in the Foreign Legion, and fell during the great offensive in July, when he was only twenty-eight years old. The note of loyalty and love for France ringing through his war poems recalls Rupert Brooke's sonnets to England. Indeed these two poets who found death at the same age, fighting for the same cause, are somewhat alike in character. They both have the same youthfulness of spirit, the same delight in the beauty of the world, the same high chivalry and patriotism in the face of death. But Mr. Seeger is never the cynic. He is always restless, adventurous; he made

it his aim "to follow loveliness," and in his pursuit of the beautiful, in his desire to taste of the best that life could offer, he plunged with headlong enthusiasm into the adventures and experiences of life; and strangely enough, he was rarely disillusioned. He sees little of the sordidness of the world. For him it is "dressed in hues of high romance" and life is "one trembling opportunity for joy."

His "Juvenilia," written during the two years he spent in Paris, after his graduation from Harvard and before the war, are all in praise of love and beauty. They reflect a gay, carefree enjoyment of life:

"Over the azure expanses, on the  
off-shore breezes borne,  
I have sailed as a butterfly sails,  
nor recked where the impulse led,  
Sufficed with the sunshine and freedom,  
the warmth and the summer morn,

The infinite glory surrounding,  
the infinite blue ahead."

If these earlier poems do not sound great moral depths, and fail perhaps of the highest inspiration, they are full of youthful vitality and enthusiasm. But there is in them also, coming sometimes almost with the strength of a premonition, the sense that all this happiness is fleeting. Mr. Seeger has the wistful regret of the troubadours for the shortness of life.

"Sweet opportunity for happiness. So brief, so passing beautiful," he sighs in "The Deserted Garden," one of his longer imaginative poems; and the same note of regret for "life's passionate brevity" is struck in "Do you remember once" in "Lyonness," and in some of the sonnets.

With the declaration of war in 1914, Mr. Seeger volunteered, partly because he thought war was the supreme experience of life, partly because he was intensely loyal to France. From now on his poems have a graver, more exalted tone. His "Last Poems," written while he was actually taking part in the war are certainly his best. There is in them no trace of shallowness or forced sentiment. They are the simple, sincere utterance of what is in the hearts of the men—the patriotism which the dreary months of trench warfare do not dull, the con-

solation of the soldier in the thought that he is keeping his trust,—

"In the chill trenches, harried,  
shelled, entombed,

Winter came down on us but no  
man swerved,"

and the ringing pride,—

"There, where firm links in the un-  
yielding chain,

Where fell the long planned blow  
and fell in vain—

Hearts worthy of the honor and the  
trial,

We helped to hold the lines along  
the Aisne!"

Mr. Seeger's point of view is that of the soldier rather than that of the philosopher. There are among his poems none in denunciation of war. He accepts it as natural and necessary and his view of it is entirely fatalistic, as in "The Harts":

"Putting our faith in being strong—  
Above the level of good and bad;  
For us, we battled and burned and  
killed

Because evolving nature willed," . . .

Mr. Seeger for the most part sees only the best that is in war. He sees it as one of the sublime experiences in life—"that grand occasion to excel. That chance to live the life most free from stain" he calls it in the "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France."

In these later poems, Mr. Seeger's

great theme is death. Living as he did in constant contact with death, the thought of it obsessed, but did not terrify him. What he desires above all is "that rare privilege of dying well." Of him too it might be said that "he told with all the simple force of genius the sorrow of youth about to die and the sure triumphant consolations of a sincere and valiant spirit." Mr. Seeger does not shrink from death or bewail his fate. When he expresses regret for life, the pathos of it is all the more poignant because it is unconscious, as in the lines:—

"I have a rendezvous with death  
At some disputed barricade  
When Spring comes back with  
rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death.  
When Spring brings back blue days  
and fair."

We find in "Liebes Tod" the same courage and resignation:—

"I sometimes think that where the  
hilltops rear  
Their white entrenchments back  
of tangled wire  
Behind the mist Death only can  
make clear,  
There, like Brunhilde ringed with  
flaming fire,

Lies what shall ease my heart's im-  
mense desire:

There, where beyond the horror  
and the pain

Only the brave shall pass, only  
the strong attain."

On July 4, 1916, the Legion attacked the little village of Belloy-en-Santerre, and in this attack Mr. Seeger met his death. When one hears how he fell in the first rush, how although mortally wounded he cheered his comrades on, and how, when they left him behind, they heard him singing a marching song in English, one is irresistibly reminded of the lines he wrote in anticipation of the last assault in which he would take part:—

"Reckless of pain and peril we shall  
go  
Heads high and hearts aflame and  
bayonets bare  
And we shall brave eternity as  
though  
Eyes looked on us in which we  
would seem fair,  
One waited in whose presence we  
would wear,  
Even as a lover who would be well  
seen,  
Our manhood faultless and our  
honor clean."

SARAH HINDE, '17.

## ***DULCI FISTULA***

### **ON A WOMAN WHO DIED OF A CREDIT**

(After Pope's Epitaph, "On Mrs. Corbet")

Here lies a Woman, dull without pretence,  
Blest with slight Reason, though with worthy Sense.  
No Marks had she o'er grade of Passed desired,  
No Merits sought although she oft aspired;  
Credits and Such were on her course unknown,  
Convinced that these would not be thought her own.  
So unassuming, so composed a mind,  
So weak, so soft, so stupid and so blind,—  
A Man of Humour with a Credit tried,  
The Man sustained it but the Woman died.

M. I. H., '17.

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### **A LOST HAPPY HUNTING GROUND**

(An Inquisitive Doggerel)

There're some who want to find the way  
Where birds and flowers talk,  
They want to hear what orchids say,  
And what the peacocks squawk.

While others wish to roam in books  
To isles that treasures yield.  
They want to know how Cranford looks  
And talk to Copperfield.

Still others long the paths to trace  
Where riches freely grow,  
But I'd like best to find the place  
Where all good pencils go.



I'd like to meet my friends again,  
All stubby, scarred and old,  
'Tis not their fault they worked in vain,  
They did what they were told.

I'd like to see those bright young things  
A week ago I bought,  
They stayed two days and then took wings  
I'd tell them what I thought.

Some wrote, who are among the blessed,  
My narrative and such,  
I do not grudge their quiet rest,  
They laboured for too much.

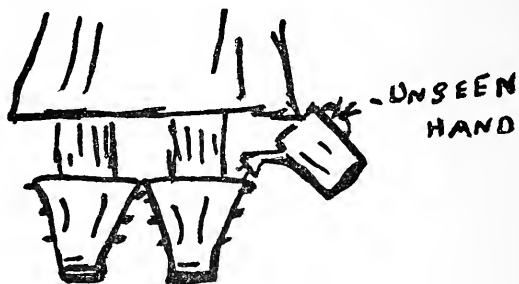
But I would wreck their peaceful dreams  
Who left me on the eve  
Of quizzes, or in midst of themes  
Abruptly took French leave.

Whoever has the world well scanned  
O' do you chance to know,  
Where is that most elusive land  
Where all good pencils go?

C. G. W., '17.

---

A strange custom—that of jerking the head and stretching the mouth at sight of an acquaintance! But after all, what customs are not strange? And should we practise them the less for their irrationality? God bless us all!—with such a theory we should soon find it only rational to die.



## LIBRARY THOUGHTS

The brave goloshes go [—*From the Russian.*]

Parading up and down

All neat and close below

But flaring at the crown;

The brave goloshes go—;

What rivulets of snow

(If I could make it so

With just a frown)

Would course those ankles bare [—*To the Japanese.*]

That clashing cymbals wear,

And find a beautiful cosy lair

A beautiful cosy lair,

Beneath the shrinking foot—

Between it and the boot—;

(Yes, I had rather do this than shoot,

I'd rather do this than shoot.)



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March, 1917

# Tipyn o' Bob

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## Contents

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	PAGE
Editorials .....	1
Song of the Greek Captives.....	4
Billy Sunday ..... A. C. H., '20	5
Half Tones.....Constance Wilcox, '17	6
The Descending Mantle....Monica Barry O'Shea, '17	8
A Deviation.....M. S. R., '18	11
Impressions .....	13
Book Reviews.....	16
Dulci Fistula .....	18

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**Vol. XIV**

**MARCH, 1917**

**No. 6**

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## EDITORIALS

The subject of college instead of class dramatics is not a new one. As a topic of conversation it waxes and wanes with the seasons, and usually reaches its height in the second semester when three out of the four classes, and the Glee Club, are fighting to the death for possession of the gymnasium.

That the present system is not entirely satisfactory is evident. The class plays are undertaken in almost the same do or die spirit as the class athletics. "Of course all the actors in our class who haven't left college, have lost their merits, but still, we must make our play the best this year." This is the cherished and mistaken ideal of those unfortunately responsible. "I know you don't want to act," says the manager, "but please try out for the cook. We have no one for the part." And more than once she sighs as she thinks of the wonderful possibilities for cooks in all the other classes. In fact, stage managers and the miserable members of play committees are always sighing. At the plays of other classes they may be singled out from any audience by their settled melancholy as the performance grows more and more enjoyable. How can they be happy, poor things, when they reflect that their's is the task of astounding the world with something even better?

Now this is ridiculous. It may be possible to start with an army of

mediocre swimmers and by consistent training and practise whip them into such shape as a water polo team that, inspired by the shouts of their supporters, they plunge to victory. But it is as impossible to make a cook out of one who has never projected herself beyond the narrow confines of the consistently serious and lady-like student, as is the traditional manufacture of the silk purse. No amount of class spirit on the part of those responsible can make such a performance anything but respectable and uninteresting.

But there is a solution. Let us have a college dramatic association with the burden of work divided between a sufficient number of officers. Let such an organization give perhaps two plays a year, unhampered in the choice of the play or of the cast by any crying lack of material. We feel that these productions might easily be better than anything a single class might give, and yet save individual strain, to say nothing of class dues. Scenery, lighting, costumes, expenses—everything could be managed more efficiently. The whole standard would be raised. In fact, the only justification for the present system seems to be the promotion of class spirit, which is of doubtful value in this connection, and might better be reserved for match games.

It remains for us to choose. Shall we watch with indulgent patience while the cook gingerly pokes a trained but still dignified elbow at the iceman, and says in pure tones with calm enunciation: "Arraw be awf wid yeez." Or shall we sit spellbound before the spirited performance of an "all-star cast."

---

A celebrated visitor at an English public school composed a line famous in General English, mentioning "Young barbarians all at play." Had he come to Bryn Mawr and to a hall-dinner, he might have changed it to, "young barbarians all at food." The term may seem brutal, but there is something primitive in the seriousness with which we take our food.

There is nothing blasé or world-weary about the academic appetite. It is of a keen—even a comprehensive nature. It welcomes with the same eagerness paté de foie gras sandwiches at Hall Tea, and cake and ants and condensed milk at bedtime. We all know the breathless excitement of "making breakfast"; the stroll to the village in the morning, with the inevitable Mocha cake and ice-cream; the well-meaning, maligned, baked-potato at lunch; the joy of Hall Tea, or English Club tea, or French, or

German Club tea, or merely social tea in the afternoon. Even Mid-Years served only to whet the collegiate palate. Two glasses of milk at eleven and two again at nine makes four glasses of milk—*i. e.*, one quart milk per student, with crackers to correspond.

It is all very well to eat for the frank purpose of enjoyment. But why attempt to cast over our indulgence the veil of romance. The undergraduate idea of romance seems to be—to go and eat in a romantic place. Let those who write pensive themes about the bird-cages at Mrs. Miller's—about the church-tower through the windows of the Blue-Bird at Wayne—let these aesthetes be frank with themselves. The charm was not in bird-cages and church-towers and blue-birds; it was in chicken patties and waffles and ice-cream. But though the current may be directed it cannot be stemmed. On to the banquet! Let us eat, drink, and be merry! Eventually we shall all die—let us hope, not of indigestion!

---

A wiser and simpler age than ours framed those golden rules to the effect that the pot must never call the kettle black, and that people who live in glass houses must never throw stones. In our more complex modern civilization these rules have been abolished. The dwellers in glass houses become expert at stone throwing, knowing that to terrorize their neighbors is the surest way of keeping their own homes intact. The pot fills the pages of Town Topics with witty and ingenious ways of calling the kettle black. We are astonished to find these practices within our own substantial ivied walls. But is not the recent censure upon the Freshman Class as “fresh” rather of the pot and kettle variety? There was once a story about some toothbrushes—even Sophomores were Freshman once—at last year's Freshman Banquet—.

After all, the kettles are not of a very Stygian blackness. It is among the forgivable sins even to sing—

“'17 scrubbed the tub,  
'20 scrubbed it better.”

If a serious fault has arisen through these rather aimless offenses due to an innocent if perverted sense of humour, it lies with those who criticize. If we were not perpetually expecting the Freshmen to be “fresh,” if we were

not full of righteous poses to adopt the moment someone has been "fresh," if we were not always on the watch for an insult to our somewhat newly acquired dignity, it would be better for our peace of mind.

---

### SONG OF THE GREEK CAPTIVES

The winds that wave in Arcady,  
Go by the homes we see in dreams—  
The low-eaved house upon the hill,  
The olive groves, with grey leaves murmuring still,  
The deep and quiet streams.

The captives' broken bread is ours,  
Since that sharp fight and stricken field;  
The pleasure of a tyrant king,  
The discus games, the struggle in the ring,  
The sword and net and shield.

And Grecian maidens—ah, how fair—  
Shall break vain troths they pledged us there.



## BILLY SUNDAY

The man who attracts and holds twenty thousand people twice a day has an unusual appeal. In Billy Sunday's personality, in his voice, and in his Christianity, lies the power to satisfy the religious passion possessed by all of us in varying degrees; and about the immense wooden tabernacle, with its garish light, smell of sawdust and sea of faces, lies an insidious fascination for the most unemotional heart. To Billy Sunday throng the multitude to lap up for their desiccated souls the thrill of his religion.

Billy Sunday himself is charming. His figure, worn to skin and bone by the strain of his daily exertion, is appealingly boyish. The grace which made him a record-breaking ball player, enables him to hop up and down on the pulpit, or to pound on the platform with his fist, with so little effort that these seem natural gestures. His face is the face that a crowd cannot but follow, absolutely plain, but lighted with his purpose. The corners of his blue eyes are stamped with the wrinkles of humor. He is clean shaven, and his wide mouth shuts tightly. He is one of the most naturally lovable men I have ever seen.

Billy Sunday's voice, or lack of voice, adds immensely to his power as an evangelist. Each word that he utters is rasped out apparently with

the greatest physical strain, yet, aided by a large sounding board over his head, each word in his torrent of words, for he speaks very quickly, is distinct for those on the furthestmost benches. That each word physically costs him dearly is not to be doubted, and his hearers are subconsciously moved by a voice calling so desperately at such evident cost. The effect of his personal sacrifice is heightened by his nervousness. Apparently taut every second of the time, he is never quiet. His audience in sympathy sits tensely forward and listens with riveted attention. One cannot doubt his sincerity. He himself cries, "If I did not believe in a hell would I be cutting my life short by twenty years trying to save you from it?"

Billy Sunday's religion is of the most concrete and tangible kind. We have a God, a heaven, and a hell. On this earth we are not to lie, gamble, dance, drink, nor swear. We are to be industrious, honest, and successful. We must "brighten the corner where we are." There is no vague abstract thinking here. Most assuredly there is nothing new. White-faced women and red-faced men listen to these hackneyed thoughts enlivened by Billy Sunday's marvelous vocabulary, and are struck with the truth of his message. Then they rise and "hit the trail."

The mob, as a whole, leaves with its religious passion roused and satisfied. It is luxuriously contrite, and to-

morrow it will start out of the mire on its sure way to heaven.

A. C. H., '20.

---

## HALF TONES

### A Hotel Impression

My footsteps echoed hollowly on the flagging of the long entrance corridor. I seemed to disturb a silence of years. As I passed I looked fearfully into the reading room that opened out from the hall, but I had not alarmed the occupants. Two elderly gentlemen sat far aloof in leather chairs, indulging respectively in cigars and newspapers. Still more aloof was the drooping guardian of the magazine stall in one corner. The reflection of all three in the mirror that ran the length of the room gave the appearance of six solitaires lost in an immensity filled with bare tables and leather chairs. As I successfully tip-toed by, I caught the delicate chime of the clock on the mantel. It had the melancholy ring of one who continually and futilely calls attention to unwelcome facts.

In the high square of the office, a heavy staircase led upwards with firm wide tread and oppressive balustrade, promising not unworthy

regions above, but it completely suppressed a row of bell-boys beneath its overhang. As I approached, the clerk ceased his discreet sorting of letters to lean on the marble desk and listen to my name and desires, with the inscrutable and baffling air of one who always has been, and always will be, of exactly the same inviolable attention and correctness. Under his calm gestures I was engulfed in the dusky red of the waiting rooms. Lit only by low desk candles, they seemed to be dull crimson, floor, ceiling, walls and plump deep furniture, fading into grey shadows in the high gilt-edged mirrors. There was a prior occupant, an unapproachable old lady. She sat bolt upright with her hands crossed in her lap as if she had waited centuries and held the room by sovereign right. I withdrew to the half shelter of the window, and looked up through the high lines of drapery and prickly lace to the severe cathedral that reached up further

than I could see. I turned to see the deferential shadow of the clerk hovering in the doorway. As I left a bell chimed measuredly from the far spires, and the old lady nodded, counting the strokes.

---

### Rain on the Cathedral

The city houses block off the storm from the streets, and stop the down-pour suddenly with their flat roofs, but the Cathedral, rising even from their midst, shows from what heights the rain comes. As its flowered pinnacles reach higher and higher up through the greyness it seems to become more a petrified part of the mist. The rain swoops down from the dizzy spires, eddies into every cranny of the endlessly repeated trefoils, pours quicksilver over the buttresses, and makes a thousand little flowered grotoes spring out, their carven filigrees beaded with silver. The saints, in their appointed niches, seem to consent to the rain, as if they had predicted it in ages past. They have an uplifted look, and smile benignly, while the wind beats over their pointed shelters, and the water drips from their lifted forefingers.

Who is to know what the gargoyles do high up above? I am convinced that when the mists first come, and

the heights are seen only dimly, they seize the moment for which they have crouched so long, and crack their heels for glee as they leap across the pinnacles and run up and down the spires. Whenever I see a gargoyle through a lift in the rain, I know by its backward leer, and shrewd clutch at the cornice, that it has just leapt, and waits only for me to look away and the mist to catch it up, to be off again. But those grinning faces half seen, cannot mar the feeling of serenity and shelter that the Cathedral gives in the rain. The hardness of clear frost work and arch is lost in the mists, and the great mass looms with a gentler beauty, a softening of line, and a deepening of protecting shadows. The pedestrians, far down on the low approach of steps, cross with glistening umbrellas bent, and slip into the darkness of the Cathedral doors for rest from the mud and ugliness of the streets. The Cathedral waits serenely in the dripping greyness. As the afternoon lengthens, blurred lines of colored fire glow between the rows of saints, and a dull movement comes from the church. I can imagine the saints bowing their heads and telling their beads to the drip of the rain.

CONSTANCE WILCOX, '17.

## THE DESCENDING MANTLE

Letitia Hibbet looked up from her sewing and across at the kitchen clock. It was half-past five. She straightened her shoulders with a little sigh.

"Noah'll be in at six. I'd best stir up a custard for supper—and just when this sleeve is 'most in." She held up a blouse of green challis for her sister's inspection.

"It certainly is pretty, Letty." The younger woman fingered the material.

"I shouldn't a' got it—Noah said not. But Mis' Vance made it a bargain, an' green's my color." Letitia halted on a note of defiance.

As she set about the custard, Martha Sylvester removed the figured cloth that covered the table between meals and laid the white cloth for supper. She was a smaller woman than her sister, and her figure still retained youthful curves. As she crossed the kitchen to the china cupboard she stopped to lift the widths of green challis admiringly. It would be nice, she thought to have a dress no one had ever worn. Her clothes were always made-overs. Already she visualized the changes she would some day make in this. She had been the youngest of three daughters, and when Caro had married and come to live at Drummhagen, there had been Letty to get the new things. Then just before

their mother's death, Caro had died of pneumonia and Noah Hibbet had come back and asked Letitia to marry him. He was even better off than when he had married Caro, and people said that Letitia Sylvester had done well for herself. But Martha wondered how Letty *could*, living with all Caro's things. She didn't like to think about it. Then their mother had died and, there being nowhere else to go, she had come to Drummhagen. That was nine years ago.

The short winter twilight closed in quickly as the women worked, and the shining pans and rows of china were gleaming in the light of the center lamp when Noah Hibbet came in. He was a big, white-haired man, much respected in Drummhagen; he was prosperous.

After supper Martha cleared the things away, replaced the lamp in the center of the table, and then drew up her brother-in-law's chair. There were no thanks as he sat down. Sometimes Martha had wondered what he would do if she did not move up his chair. But she had never tried to discover. The same anger flared at an infringement of his habits of comfort as at an infringement of his habits of economy.

As his wife took her place at the far side of the table the man looked up.

"Sewing?" he remarked. "Your sister Caro was great for sewing." Letitia's smile came with the readiness of habit. This was the invariable prelude to the quiet evenings. Martha bent her head over her own work. After nine years she still winced at the constant references to his first wife—"your sister." Each one brought back that revulsion she had known when, on the evening of her arrival, Noah Hibbet had remarked: "Its natural to see you sewing—your sister Caro used to, and Letty does—you Sylvester girls are all alike." Letty's expression had not changed; Martha had cast a quick glance at her.

The realization that Letty also was insensible to the delicacy of the double affiliation had oppressed Martha during the monotonous weeks until she felt she must escape from Drummhagen. It was then that the folly of leaving a good home to fly in the face of Providence had become apparent. Moreover Letty's husband had been good enough to give her a home. She could hardly expect him to furnish her also the means wherewith to leave it. Martha had remained, wincing, in Drummhagen. She winced now.

Noah Hibbet leaned across the table.

"What's that you're sewing on, Letty?" A note in his voice made the women start.

"Its some green challis, Noah—it

was a bargain." His wife's voice was thin.

"New green challis?"

She nodded.

"Didn't I say——"

Martha Sylvester shut the door quietly behind her. It made things worse to have people about when he got angry. Noah Hibbet was popularly spoken of as a close man and hard, but how close and how hard was realized only by the two women he had married and their sister.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doctor said it was heart failure. Martha had wept a little, not so much for Letitia as for herself. She was quite alone now. But there was little time for thinking of herself. There were details to be settled, and the baking and preparing for the Hibbet relatives who came to Letitia's funeral. There were quite a few—every one was so sorry for poor Noah, a widower again. No one seemed concerned about Martha, though Letitia had been her own sister. She was too busy to notice, but tears came into her eyes when, on the way home from the cemetery, Noah's old aunt Sophronisba laid a hand on her arm and said, not unkindly, "Come dearie—you'll be the next." Martha expected she would; the Sylvesters usually died young.

Letitia Hibbet died late in August, and as soon as the last relatives had left Martha turned perforce to the preserving. The neighbors had a

start on her as it was. Through the winter the house ran just as before. She mended her brother-in-law's clothes and cooked his meals, and for the rest kept out of his way. There was no one else to do for him, and had there been she had nowhere to go. It was a monotonous life, but she was used to it; she had been just sixteen when she came to Drummhagen.

With spring the garden became her great pleasure. Never, she thought, had it looked so well as this second summer with the hollyhocks straight and bright against the newly white-washed fence, and the blues of the larkspur and ragged sailors massed against the scarlet poppies the postmaster's wife had got from India. Martha liked the postmaster's wife; she gardened, too, and Martha overlooked her sentiment. Martha laid down her trowel as she saw her coming along the street. She must ask her about the japonicas. "Well I declare," exclaimed her neighbor, as she leaned over the gate, "I declare, Mattie Sylvester, if those day-lilies of your's aren't in bloom! They're lovely—the way one blossoms out one day and dies, and another just like it takes its place next day."

"To think that they should bloom after all these years. Letitia and I set them out five years ago." Martha looked wistfully at them. "They should have bloomed for her."

"Don't tempt Providence, Mattie,

it's an omen," the postmaster's wife inclined her head emphatically, "As plain as the nose on your face." Martha's eyebrows drew together inquiringly. "It's been long enough—a twelvemonth. Noah and you needn't wait any longer and I for one am glad."

It had been taken for granted in the village! And they thought she had been waiting until a decent period had elapsed. Maybe they went so far as to say she had been waiting for Noah not months, but *years!*

It was over her half-packed trunk she first considered her destination. To whom was she going? . . . There was no one. A boarding-house? . . . She had no money. The futility of it swept over her. Later, she went down and got the supper.

One evening, nearly a month later, Noah Hibbet said quietly: "Mattie, looks to me like you were tired." He ignored her denial. "Most like a change will pick you up. I hadn't thought to speak till after harvesting, but I can manage a little trip to Centerville next week." He paused. There was an air of expectancy about him. Martha's eyes were closed. She framed her face in her cold hands. Noah Hibbet looked at her.

"Thursday's best." His was the tone of an accustomed authority.

MONICA BARRY O'SHEA, '17.

---

A DEVIATION**Beginnings**

There are Chinese poems, in which the verse stops and the sense goes on. A mere hint given of a parting, a dream, a breath of perfume across a crowded room, a flurry of plum blossoms down the wind, and we are left to follow the path for ourselves. We may go a long, or only a little way; we shall always find it flowerstrewn. Again, in the backgrounds of Italian pictures, between the haloes of placid saints, are twisting roads, that wind up past wayside shrines and battlemented castles, dropping at last over the edge of the highest hill. These also, the mind delights to follow, over the hill, down into the next valley, and beyond. I wonder if some day a book will be written that will be all beginnings—a book which, instead of leading us along the difficult path of the story, shall set our feet gently upon the way and leave us free to wander as we choose. There will be closed doors, curtains hung before portraits, sliding panels, which are never touched. The door of the Kalender will be there, but although the key is in the lock, the door will not be opened. There will be misty afternoons with cold winds, when tall Spanish galleons will sail forth to the world's end. We shall not know who commands them nor where they are bound, but we shall see the

golden gleam of their scroll work through the mist. On the highways, peddlars and pilgrims shall pass us, and kings' couriers, riding posthaste. The couriers will not stop; we shall not know on whose service they are pressing; but we shall hear the hoofs, the creaking of saddles and jingle of spurs, and catch a glimpse of the scarlet linings of their flying cloaks.

---

**The Lucky Coin**

It would be interesting to make a census of the heroes of romance whose lives were preserved by lucky coins. At the last moment, when all else fails, the lucky coin takes the center of the stage and saves the day. On the night coach, when the highwayman forces the horses backward, and the trembling travelers hold up their hands, the dauntless hero stands with his arms folded, and receives the bullet full on the lucky coin. In retired fields at early morning, when the handkerchief has fluttered and fallen and the two pistols make but a single report, the hero fires in the air, and the villain's ball, after passing through a tear-stained letter, a daguerreotype, a knot of crimson ribbon, and a lock of hair, flattens itself harmlessly against the lucky coin. The coin is almost alone in knowing how to bide its time. One feels that it might very well

avert the duel, but, secure in its knack of being in the right place at the right moment, it averts the ball.

The destiny of the lucky coin is generally a happy one. In bitter-sweet tales, where humour and pathos are neatly mixed, it is hung on the hero's watch-chain; but in real stories it is made into a wedding-ring. It is a pocket *deus ex machina*; a whole calendar of saints, in tabloid form. Truly it is a prosaic and improvident age which urges that the silver dollar shall be no more. In affairs of life and death, what could be more futile than a hundred dollar bill?

---

### Endings

If I were writing a book, I should leave out the end. It is almost always the least good part of the story. Some stories end badly; those, I would rather not have read. Few end really well. In the most hopeful endings someone has almost always died, or been murdered, or is wounded in a duel, or finishes in a convent, or an insane asylum, or a life of mad dissipation, or creeps

away to die of a broken heart. Even those books where the Indian uncle, dying at an opportune moment, leaves enough money to pay off the debts heaped up by the story, seem a little hard on the uncle. He dies unwept and his funeral meats reappear with indecent haste at the wedding breakfast. As a rule, the only people that the happy ending looks out for are the hero and heroine. We leave them standing, entwined, on the threshold of a golden vista of happiness—but do we feel an easy heart? They have undergone so many hardships; are not the springs of joy quenched? Fate has dealt hardly with them; may she not again play them false? At all events, for the reader, the parting is hard. We are loth to leave those with whom we have suffered so much. To my mind, the happiest ending is the tragic, where all the characters are killed. For the villains, this is unfortunate; but the good people go to heaven, and the pious reader can dream of a future reunion with them and see a ray of hope.

M. S. R., '18.



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## IMPRESSIONS

### New Year's Eve

She sat in her bedroom dealing out cards on the narrow table: the ten of clubs, the nine of diamonds; ah, there a king,—it could go down in the vacant space; the three of spades and the five of spades, and an ace of hearts to be laid on the table. The clock tickled, one, two,—one, two,—one, two, with now a jerk for a minute up. Occasionally some coals fell down in the little stove. She had come to the end of the pack, and began over again: a red queen, an ace of clubs and a jack. She watched the cards attentively; an eight on a nine, and a nine on a ten; and the clock still ticked on, one, two,—one, two. At length, slowly and solemnly, it struck the hour, twelve dry strokes. She pushed aside her pack and rose to look out of the window for a moment. Another evening spent; a year gone, and a year to come.

M. F. C., '17.

---

### Confidences

I should love her yet had it not been for her sense of humor. She was a charming person, clever and likeable, who contrived to make German verbs almost as interesting as she did hockey, and her grave impersonal brow and deep eyes seemed to invite confidences. One instinc-

tively told her things. That is why we discussed with her all the realities which loom so large at fourteen, (and seem to shrink in size as the focus becomes clearer). They must have been amusing, those great ideas which she commented on so sensibly, and by the well remembered curl of her pretty lip, I know now that she must have told them well. Doubtless, Faculty sitting room needed enlivening, but we couldn't forgive her.

Some people oughtn't to be trusted with a sense of humor.

---

### The Morning Service

Although it was the Sunday before Christmas the church was hardly half filled. Snow banked the windows, deadening the luridity of their colored glass. Under the largest sat the Senior Deacon, in the pew that had been his for thirty-five years. He was proud of this fact as he was of the carpet which had been his gift and of the serious young minister whom he had selected. The young man's sermons were pleasingly short; the same could not be said of his prayers in which he seemed to be pleading the personal cause of the universe. While he prayed for those who "suffer in alien lands," the Senior Deacon slept, and, feeling that his devotions had been pecul-

iarly acceptable, woke to rise first for the hymn.

Over the half lenses of his eye glasses he studied the congregation, noting with gratification the absence of his contemporaries. Only old Mrs. Swallow, muffled in sealskin, kept her place, looking steadily at the flowers in the pulpit vase, which she had selected "in memory of my dear Sister, Ophelia Johnson."

The choir was nearly full, for the young people liked the rough weather. It had whipped some color into the cheeks of the youngest Corey, who leaned slightly forward in the front row, her full lips and burning eyes lending a sort of passionate importance to the threadbare mourning. She was handsome. The Coreys always had been a well favored family.

"I am come that ye might have life"—the young minister's deep voice caused a sudden rustling stir all over the church. The Corey girl bit her red lips and twisted the fingers of her shabby gloves. But the Senior Deacon did not notice it. He had settled comfortably in his place, his eyes fixed on the snowy cloth which it would be his duty to lift from the communion table.

Mrs. Swallow made a sort of cushion of her sealskin cape, and put it at her back. The choir ceased to whisper. A sort of contented apathy settled upon the congregation.

### Morning in the Train

In the cold morning light the faces of the travelers are gray and tired. The man opposite has fallen asleep with his mouth open and his paper still held up before him. It rustles with every jolt of the slowly moving train, and his coat on the hook above him swings backward and forward monotonously, swishing against the wall. The other passengers, hunched up in the uncomfortable Pullman chairs, are making calculations on the backs of envelopes or staring passively out of the window. There is no comfort outside. The river runs black and sluggish beside the track, and across it, half hidden in their own heavy smoke, factories loom, huge, dirty and bare, their windows stained with smoke and their walls caked with soot. Then, as the train goes on a little, the sun appears from behind the buildings, a pale disk that grows brighter and brighter until its white glare is unbearable. It turns the black clouds of smoke to billows of silver. It sends flashes of white lightning running along the telegraph wires. The factory windows sparkle like diamonds through a silver mist, and the shining white surface of the river is reflected in the train window.—The man opposite awakes, blinks, and pulls down the shade.

### Snow

It has been snowing since early morning, but you would scarcely know it in the muddy little court. The snowflakes, outlined darkly against the only bit of sky left visible by the tall buildings, look like ashes or half-burned scraps of paper blown from one of the factory chimneys. As they fall lower they show white for a moment against the buildings, then settle softly on the pavement. For a moment the bunch of tiny white stars sparkles against its dark background, then suddenly it disappears, leaving only a little more mud on the rough brick pavement.

S. F. H., '17.

### "Golden Windows"

A straggling line of houses rims the shaggy, dust-colored marshes. Dingy and uneven the houses are, with grim, uncompromising fronts, and never so much as a flutter of white curtain at the windows. For just one instant, however, the setting sun catches the panes with its last radiance and turns them to sudden gold. I wish that I could be sure that the transforming rays fell as kindly on the dreary existences behind those expressionless walls.

S. C. J., '17.

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### THE SOUL OF A LADY

The soul of a lady at tea is a submarine lurking in the fair green waters of polite conversation. Suddenly, through the oily depths it shoots the torpedo of an honest thought. A faint line of disdainful spray blotted out in the swell—its vanishing scream lost in the clatter of wavelets, and it is gone—again complacent hulks roll on.

E. H., '18.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Vachel Lindsay

Amid the endless wilderness of *vers libre*, Vachel Lindsay comes as a distinct relief. We are used to hearing the semi-famous authoress read for genteel private audiences. In a light and delicate voice she trips out bad prose about the little butterfly darting over the lawn, or in would-be rumbling and terrible tones, she thunders as to the mighty worker of the soil. We murmur that this is very poetic, and retire—if conscientious, to study Robert Frost, and if unconscientious, to enjoy ourselves among the jingles of Mother Goose. But surely we are entitled to be unconscientious for a while.—And besides, we have already stood enough. We have been fascinated by the novelty of Walt Whitman, interested and sometimes charmed by the sincerity of Robert Frost, and thoroughly depressed by Mr. Master's character drawing. But when *vers libre* becomes so constantly abused as at present, when we meet with endless quantities of hopeless inanity, from the books of highly respectable authors, to the columns of the Coning Tower, it is time to rebel. We turn to Vachel Lindsay, at first guiltily, but finally with an inspiring sense of really reading

something, or rather, let us say, hearing something. *The Congo* is pure song, if not suggestive of the opera; it has all the swing of a dance—even if only of a modern one. But song and rhythm there are; the most inexperienced cannot miss them. And when we have got over our shamefacedness at being caught away from the ultra modern *vers libre*, perhaps we may admit that there is an idea there as well. More than . . . but this is heresy.

---

### Lyrics from the Chinese

Traditionally, book reviews should be about books found in the New Book Room. The usual process is to wander around, hopelessly reading titles that one has seen at least three times a week for the past three years. One often discovers new volumes, interesting looking,—but how frequently they prove to be Russian, or otherwise depressing! A sort of critical paper is finally written, but the soul is left unsatisfied.

There is one volume which we have long looked for—Edith Waddell's *Lyrics from the Chinese*. The poems are so beautiful, that to discuss them seems almost sacrilege; but not to have them in the library seems almost worse.

### The Listeners, by Walter de la Mare

It is not often that one reads an entire volume of poems with lively enjoyment. The book too often seems a mere collection of efforts, an unprofitable diversion, after the title poem, and modern poets are so insistently original that one needs to read them with a glossary. But *The Listeners* is neither Chinese, Icelandic nor luridly New England. The title poem, the longest in the collection, covers just two pages, and is placed near the end of the book; there is no "war supplement."

If these seem negative virtues, one must remember that in this day it is something to have achieved, in literature, without the aid of strange devices. Like other of the modern poets, Mr. de la Mare shows a tendency toward realism, and succeeds notably in "Old Susan." Elsewhere he is romantic and symbolic, as in "The Keys of Morning," "The Witch," "The Dark Chateau." Nevertheless, the individuality of his verse lies in its complete naturalness. Not that it is ever prosy or conversational, like much of Mr. Frost's; and, though the metre is casual, it is never definitely es-

chewed. But the verses do not read like essays in poetry so much as like direct transcriptions of fancies and impressions, made charming by the light intimacy that momentarily promises new glimpses of a whimsical and delightful personality.

One cannot quote. The charm is so much a matter of atmosphere and so little a matter of phrase, the pieces are so unified in their brevity, that a line or two apart, seems merely flat. A stanza from "Silence" may give some hint of the quality I mean, a personal quality which is not poetry or even the promise of it, which I can designate by no more inspiring term than "niceness," but which appears as a sort of exquisite delicacy, a peculiar sensitiveness and beauty of feeling:—

"When all at peace two friends at  
ease alone  
Talk out their hearts,—yet still,  
Between the grace-notes of  
The voice of love  
From each to each  
Trembles a rarer speech,  
And with its presence every pause  
doth fill."

J. R. G., '17.

## *DULCI FISTULA*

### PHYSICALLY SPEAKING

Though he who made the telegraph  
Deserves but little glory,  
These phases of telephony  
Is quite another story.

For very other purposes  
Purely you have a lion—  
A natom will not do this thing,  
You have to have a nion.

Now be that as it may, this work  
Is most extraordin-erry,  
The vield of flew is unexplored,  
But it's a very, very—

Which way d'you think a current would  
Be tendencing to flow?  
Well—in most many instances  
It runs from high to low.

L. F. H., '18,  
M. S. G., '17.

## A CLIPPED THEME

(After Rea Irvin and some others)

## EVERY MORNING

The cold morning.  
The expectant few.  
The hostility of the atmosphere.  
The yesterday's paper.  
The month old circular.  
The remark about the weather.  
The remark about the quiz.  
The fingering of the note book.  
The new arrivals.  
The wait.  
The entrance of the post man.  
The locking of the bag.  
The depression.  
The attempt at rifling the bag.  
The hand stuck in the top.  
The remark about the mail mistress.  
The wait.  
The deliberate arrival of the mail mistress.  
Her stop for conversation.  
The lack of the key.  
The runners.  
The final discovery.  
The opening of the bag.  
The eagerness.  
The pushing.  
The slow reading out.  
The girl with two letters.  
The suspense.  
The sinking feeling.  
The gloom.

C. G. W., '17.

## MUSINGS OF A YOUTHFUL CYNIC

"What is so rare as a day in June?" A nickel when you want to telephone.

Have you ever mistaken a three-leaf clover for a four-leaf? How about college friends?

There is but one thing worse than the college egg—the person who talks about it.

There are three classes of college girls: those who say "*how wonderful*," those who say "*how wonderful*," and those who, praise be! say something new.

L. E., '18.



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**April, 1917**

# Tipyn o' Bob

## Contents

	PAGE
Editorials .....	1
The Hypocrite.....E. S. C., '19	4
Behind the Wall .....Constance Wilcox, '17	5
Glimpse from a Train Window .....S. W. M., '18	7
On Japanese Teacups—A Story .....Mary Surft Rupert, '18	8
Night .....	E. S. C., '19 10
Efficiency.....E. E. M., '19	12
Impressions .....	14
Book Review .....	19
Dulci Fistula .....	23

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Vol. XIV

APRIL, 1917

No. 7

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## EDITORIALS

As we go to press, there is a rumour about that the Senior Orals have been abolished. If this is true, it is more promising for the future standard of the college than any academic decision since the removal of the cut rule. In written tests, the chances for "luck" are so far reduced that the student who has passed a written translation may absolutely be certified. On the other hand, there will be no room for the sort of unlucky fluke that has sometimes carried over a Post Major student to the second oral.

A Senior year with not even two weeks given up to tutors and nervous exhaustion, a quiet period of fruition in which one may fairly realize something of the scholar's heritage; it is a vision worth seeing. And we shall not regret that the Bryn Mawr degree of the future will have less resemblance to a Carnegie Hero Medal.

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Of our many College activities, not the least is that—not listed in the Catalogue—of waiting for the mail. It is a harmless amusement. It does not give us a cold, as does water-polo. It does not prevent us from "leaving our College course behind us in its entirety," as do the Preparedness classes.

And to none of these do we devote ourselves with the fervour with which we wait for the mail.

We charge up from breakfast, to see if the mail has been round. The attractions of the last gingerette at lunch pale before the hope of finding a letter under our door. We hurry back even from Edward's or Glocker's, panting with the thought that a special delivery or a telegram might have arrived. Indeed, any long absence from our rooms—such as an hour during a class—seems inadvisable when we consider that the possible letter might be there a few minutes before us. I am unable to discover whether we think someone may steal in and make off with it, or whether we merely fear that it may waste its sweetness on the desert air. Our feelings toward the mail-mistress—the visible agent of Providence—vary from the warmest affection to sororicidal mania. When she gives us a letter we are as abjectly and personally grateful as if she had written it herself; when she passes us by, we suspect her of secretly abstracting our letters and intending—ghoul-like—to read them in the silent watches of the night.

An outsider, remarking our feverish anxiety, would conclude that all our relations were afflicted with some dangerous disease, and that we were awaiting the latest news from the bedsides. One who has long watched the drama from behind the scenes can affirm that in waiting for the mail we wait for news of life—a refreshing breath from the world that has cruelly marooned us here. We wait, as Robinson Crusoe must have watched for a sail—as Noah waited for the return of the dove.

Since this pursuit is so deeply rooted in College life, ought we not to regularize it? It might be the fifth Major Sport, and as the reward of proficiency, instead of a yellow tie, we might proudly wear a postage-stamp.

---

Sometimes a guest to whom we are showing the college points to the library and says innocently: "Oh the library—that is where you go to read." As a rule we raise our eyebrows in faint surprise and correct him or her gently, "Oh no, to *study*." Indeed, it sometimes seems as if reading for pure pleasure were a lost custom here at college. There are still, to be sure, the few moments snatched before supper with *Vanity Fair* or the *Cosmopolitan*, and the rare afternoon under a tree on the lower campus with a novel and a steamer rug, but for the most part we are like the student who, Sunday night, in the New Book Room, was heard wistfully asking a friend

if she thought she could give up studying just for this one night, and read, but, on receiving very little encouragement, returned again to her studies. There is something about the atmosphere of the library that makes reading for itself alone, practically impossible to the possessor of a tender conscience.

Let us imagine a student animated by the desire to read. Her first impulse is to seek the magazine room. She finds the table surrounded by eager economists who are copying the stock quotations from the daily papers, or by members of the Minor History class, absorbed in ascertaining the changes in value of a kopeck. Debarred from the new magazines, our student remembers a pleasant nook in the basement of the stacks where she may browse undisturbed among the magazines of ten and twenty years ago. She arrives, only to meet the reproachful eyes of a Junior who has sought out this most inspiring corner to write a Minor Philosophy report. Our student flees. Down the hall she meets another reproach to her frivolity in the shape of two Freshmen mumbling Latin private reading behind the statue of Minerva. Finally she reaches the haven of the New Book Room. It is empty except for one person reading a book that is obviously a novel. Reassured by this and by the sign announcing that "this room is not to be used for study," our student settles herself comfortably with a book. Almost immediately she is disturbed by a rapid mumbling and pencil-scratching from the reader of the novel: "Seventy-five pages an hour—one hundred and ninety more pages—and only one more hour before our fiction quiz,—what shall I do!"

Of course there are still the cloisters and the roof—"but what if it should rain?"

---

Strange how easy it is to stir men to a passion of resentment. To-day a scrap of hunting, a borrowed phrase or two, may be enough to produce such manifestations of mob hatred as would, five weeks ago, have profoundly shocked the ordinary citizen. The formal declaration of war has altered facts in no way, it should not alter opinions, but it unchains many tongues, and abuse of the enemy is become the common coin of patriotism.

Whatever our criticism of the Administration, we are nearly all agreed that the United States in taking up arms after deliberate consideration, is adopting the only course that the situation allows, and we feel pledged, most of us eager, to support,—even academic scruples not debarring. But we

have not, perhaps, fully realized the duty for which education specifically equips us, that is the maintaining of a sane and unprejudiced attitude.

It is delusive to suppose that a nation will match itself against the world, will face starvation and destruction for the sake of an essentially vicious and ignoble purpose. We might have learned this during the last fifty years when the almost unparalleled bitterness of the Civil War has been converted to something like mutual admiration. Throughout history we see that the conflicts of nations are nearly always traceable to intangible economic and psychological causes, and that sacrifice and heroism are not confined to one party or the other. We remember the dark years when Regulus returned, when Rome sent out three fleets to destruction and finally raised a desperate army from the trust funds of her widows and orphans; we also remember how, at stricken Carthage, the people, tricked of every resource or defense, hearing the order to leave the city and move back from the sea, "converted even the temples into workshops" for new weapons, and cut off their hair to make bow-strings. May we complacently assume that our enemy is, man for man, less earnest, devoted, idealistic, than we? Must we not realize that he too is praying, and with as good a faith?

It is for all who claim any degree of enlightenment to guard speech and action from whatever tends to warp the passions. War is, after all, but the settling of a national difference of opinion, with a fee of lives to Ares, dealer in gold.

---

### THE HYPOCRITE

He strutted like a silly painted fool.  
We watched and scorned. But after, wonder grew—  
Beneath the thing he acted what might be  
Of dim but passionate hope that his pale lie  
Was somehow truth, or else might grow to truth,  
And he himself the very thing he aped.

E. S. C., '19.

## BEHIND THE WALL

TIME: THE PRESENT.

SCENE: BEHIND A STAGE WALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE AUTHOR.

THE COCKNEY TRAMP.

THREE SUPERS.

THE SENTRY.

*The scene is at the back of a high paper wall that wrinkles on its props. Some sign boards are heaped to the left near a mass of green stuff. Three long poles topped with feather dusters lean against a prop. There is a green door, closed, in the center of the wall. The Author writes at a table at the right. A few properties including hammer, bowl, and ladder at right.*

*Enter the Cockney Tramp from the right.*

COCKNEY TRAMP: Wot eh 'yer doin'?

AUTHOR: Writing a Play.

TRAMP (*going*): This way out.

AUTHOR: Stop. Do you want a job?

TRAMP: Mebbe I do.

AUTHOR: All right. Lucky you came.

TRAMP (*sitting down and sucking a short pipe*): Rum sort of place!

AUTHOR (*springing up*): Done!

TRAMP: What? Say, you're a quick 'un.

AUTHOR: I never waste time on words. (*Pointing to properties.*) This is the play, or rather, my plays. Here, lend a hand.

(*They tug at the props and straighten the wall.*)

AUTHOR: This wall's the thing. Play in itself. Nobody knows what's behind it.

TRAMP (*cheerfully*): Sure, they don't.

AUTHOR: I'm the most successful dramatist of the day. Bring over a sign.

TRAMP (*getting a signboard*): "Nebank anigar!"

AUTHOR (*seizing it and ladder, hammer, and nails*): That goes over the door. Name of the town. New one every time. (*He goes out through the gate, and his head appears over the top of the wall as he fixes the sign in place.*) Never take a real name. Troy, Athens, very bad. Embarrasses 'em. Brings down questions. Facts. Always avoid 'em. Motto please.

TRAMP (*picking up another signboard*): "Let cats delight to dance and sing!"

AUTHOR (*reaching for it, and then hammering it into place*): CruX of the play. Written on the wall. See? Nobody knows what it means. Gods! Mystery! Vengeance! (*He comes back through the door.*) Man, I'm telling you the secret of success. Keep 'em in the dark. They love it. That's patented. So is the wall (*puts ladder down*).

TRAMP (*straightening the poles so the feather dusters show over the top of the wall*): I don't want it.

AUTHOR (*helping him*): Sometimes palms, sometimes javelins. Same thing wrong end up. It's the properties make the play. (*He picks up the mass of green. It turns out to be three huge mannikins of green paper.*) These are what paralyze 'em. (*Blows a whistle and the three supers enter from left.*) Get in there. (*The supers get into the green mannikins.*) Say your pieces.

FIRST SUPER: Come!

SECOND SUPER: Come!

THIRD SUPER: Come! (*They stalk about.*)

AUTHOR: My masterpiece!

TRAMP: Walking pickles!

AUTHOR (*calling to right*): Sentry!

(*Enter Sentry from right.*)

AUTHOR: Same business. (*The Sentry leans against the gate and sleeps.*)

*Bell sounds.*

AUTHOR: There's the call. (*To Tramp.*) Here you, leading character. Take your bowl. (*Thrusts a wooden bowl into Tramp's hands.*)

TRAMP: Me? Not much!

AUTHOR (*with weary sarcasm*): It's nothing. You're the plot, the human interest, the whole thread of to-day's play. It struck me as you came in. Do it. There's a full house, money in floods—fame—(*Flings away bowl.*)—or don't. Call it all off. I'll make another to-morrow. It's nothing to me.

TRAMP: Here. What do I do?

AUTHOR (*gives him bowl*): Sit cross legged against the wall, and whenever you think of it say "I'm a beggar. I'm a beggar." It's a great part! Superb! I'd be glad to take it myself. I congratulate you. When they come (*points to supers waiting in the green suits*), they'll point, and you pretend to be stone. O, it's wonderful! You'll be headlined. (*Bell*



rings.) Quick! (*He pushes the Tramp through the gate, and it is left open, showing the curtain beyond rising on a large audience.*)

AUTHOR (*leaning out after the Tramp*): One thing. Don't twitch when you're stone. Ruins the magic!

(*Curtain rises. Roars of applause.*)

AUTHOR: Fame!!

VOICE OF TRAMP: I'm a beggar. I'm a beggar.

(*The Sentry throws down his spear and runs off wailing.*)

AUTHOR (*over his shoulder*): At two to-morrow. New play. Same business. (*Green Gods go clumping in single file through the gate, greeted by a deep, awed murmuring from the audience.*)

AUTHOR (*returns to desk*): That's done. Now, more, more. (*Tears off a sheet of paper.*) To-day's batch for the publisher. Next! (*The printing on one of the signboards catches his eye. He draws a fresh sheet of paper toward him and starts to write.*) Ah Yanfalanazaka, of the tower Gods.

CURTAIN.

CONSTANCE WILCOX, '17.

---

## GLIMPSE FROM A TRAIN WINDOW

A broad river, like dull light on steel, edged by distant winter woods; beyond, dark hills twinkling with small human lights; and spreading above, the pale evening sky.

---

As I lay on the shore a stalk of beach grass with its spray of seeds swayed in the wind over my head; and the glow of the late sun seemed to concentrate in its frail being, as it waved them, passionate gold against the cold infinity of the pale blue sky. It seemed a tiny life picked out for a moment on a background of eternity—dancing to-day in the wind that to-morrow would destroy it; and yet, eternity faded to insignificance behind that gallant bit of life.

S. W. M., '18.

## ON JAPANESE TEACUPS

My grandmother's teacups are so fragile that one can see the shadow of the spoon on the saucer. They are painted with court-scenes of lords and ladies in bright kimonas; one cup has on the inside, a demon or god, very frightful, poised in the air with all his robes fluttering; two small bowls show little gray ships on a misty sea. And if the story they tell is confused and broken and if the gay stiff pictures tell it over and over, never reaching an end—after all, it is only a "teacup tale."

The princess and all her court-ladies were performing the ceremony of tea-drinking in the royal pagoda. The pagoda was floored with squares of porcelain, painted with the wars of legendary kings. Across these flitted the court-ladies, now nibbling at a bit of rice-cake, now stopping to talk to one another in soft, chirping voices. Their sashes and sleeves made them look like the brightest butterflies. Above their heads little lanterns hung swinging in the breeze. The lanterns were blue and green and yellow, painted with cherry-blossoms and rising moons, or bearing the royal symbols of the phoenix and the dragon in gorgeous red or gold. The lanterns sat in little black dishes, and from each dish hung a silken tassel. They all fluttered gaily when a breath of wind came up from the sea.

In the midst of the butterfly throng were two people who neither moved nor spoke. One was the princess. She sat in a massy chair of carved teak, with her chin in her hand, and looked out over the long gardens where the cherries bloomed down to the sea. The other was the princess's page. He wore a green silk kimona, because the princess was fond of green; his cheeks were plump and round; his eyes, blue, for his mother had been a slave-girl from the North. He was of such low rank that he had not even a pigtail, and his black hair was cut short round his face. He sat curled up at the princess's feet waiting until she should be pleased to look down and smile.

Her smiles were worth the waiting, for she was very beautiful. Her cheeks were tinged with the softest pink like the petals of a cherry-blossom; her mouth was like a red bud about to open. Her hair was of exceeding fineness. She wore a kimona gray-blue, like the sea, and on the sleeves and skirts were embroidered white birds flying with wings outspread.

The princess looked down and smiled and the page's eager heart leaped into his eyes. "Dost love me, little one?" she asked languidly, as a question hardly worth the breath.

"As long as nightingales sing in

the garden," he answered, "as long as mute strings, touched, give forth a song!" He swept his hand across his lute.

As the song rose and fell dusk settled upon the garden and the cherry-trees glowed faintly in the dark. Far away a little gray boat stole like a shadow across the open sea. The page's song came to an end; the strings of his lute quivered and were still.

Seven Councillors of State tiptoed into the pagoda in a long line and prostrated themselves before the princess. They were very old and very wise and dressed all in black. Their finger-nails were cased in silver and their bald heads were yellow and shining like ivory.

"Is it the wish of the Most High," they quavered, "that we should prepare for the coming of the Prince her betrothed? His ship has been seen upon the sea and his messenger has arrived." The princess raised an eyelid and looked at the oldest Councillor. "Let him speak," she said.

A foreigner, dressed in garments of strange fashion and brilliant dye, ran forward and threw himself on his face before the princess's chair.

"Greetings!" he cried, "Greetings to the star who outshines all stars and the jewel brighter than the gifts of lovers—from the Prince of Three Nations and Seventy Tribes, Li Kan! Li Kan is as the sun in heaven. Before him walk a thousand men and

behind him a thousand, clad in cloth of gold. Li Kan comes a-wooing. The wind is even now wafting him upon the shore. He brings slippers with soles of sandal-wood, and robes stiff with needle-work, cunningly worked with secret names of gods—for the Princess of Japan! He brings a bird in a golden cage for the Princess of Japan! Its plumage is colored like the rainbow, its eyes are blind and it sings the song of love for the Princess of Japan."

The princess sat without moving, but the cherry-blossom color faded from her cheeks, leaving them white as snow. She raised her fan, and it was to hide the fluttering of her heart. The oldest Councillor quavered upon the silence, "Is it the wish of the Most High—"

She dismissed him with a wave of her fan. "Nay," she said, "such is not my wish. The Prince's gifts are all too few—and I have other suitors!"

As the oldest Councillor reached the door, he turned and looked darkly at the page, but the boy sat unheeding, with his troubled eyes on the princess's white face. "O for some god," he prayed, "that joy might bloom again in the princess's heart!" A glad thought came to him. He darted away and told his plan to the ladies of honor, who stood around him in a circle with their fans spread out, that the princess might not see. With trembling fingers he took from

his breast incense and burner and placed them on the ground. As the smoke rose in fragrant spirals he played and chanted the song of invocation that ends with the name of Kuan Ti. As he cried the name the sky darkened and the walls quaked. A cloud of smoke appeared, through which darted tongues of flame. The page was flung into a corner and the court-ladies fled screaming before the demon face of the horned god. The princess knelt before him with palms outspread. "Kuan Ti," she said, "thou hast come at need." The god spoke terribly, and the cherry-blossoms fell in showers at his voice. "Let the Phoenix mate with the Dragon! Let the Daughter of the Sun obey her rank!" He vanished

with a clap of thunder, but a haze of smoke and a bitter smell of burned incense lingered behind.

And here the story grows confused. A cup was broken, perhaps, or perhaps the long-ago painter had not known how the tale should end. For all my poring over painted teacups I could learn little of the fate of the princess and the page. Whether they sat together in the perfumed pagoda, unmindful of the royal suitor and the cares of state; whether the princess sacrificed her love to her rank; whether the little page ever knew how well she loved him—these are mysteries hidden in the depths of a teacup and lost in the tinkling of the cups and spoons.

MARY SWIFT RUPERT, '18.

---

## NIGHT

As the child journeyed daily to and fro to school there was a place on the way homeward, made half unfamiliar now in the lights and shadows of late evening, where her train passed through the intersection of several tunnels.

By pressing her face close to the window she could catch a glimpse of them, running off into darkness, choked, sometimes, with steam. Near at hand rose great walls of rock, looking almost natural in their irregularity, except for the electric

light fixtures which jugged out from them, and which blurred before the child's sleepy eyes. Close beneath the window, if she was on the right side, was a small triangular box of a house, in which a man sat, bending over the little circle of light that his lamp threw on a sheet of white paper. As the train shot by into darkness the child pictured him working there, no matter how late the hour, unmoved by the rumble and roar about him, by the strange lights and shadows, by the lack of

companionship. In her imagination he grew to be a symbol of inexorable labour. She thought with new misgivings of her easy faculty of ignoring lessons that she did not like, and she shivered when someone opened the door, admitting the cold night air.

---

The idea of night was connected in the child's imagination with a vivid scene from a fairy story in which everything was wrapped in darkness so thick that you could not see your hand before your face, a description which she took quite literally. She trembled for Pinocchio, hurrying on in spite of it, and wondered how he could keep his road and why he did not stumble into things, and thought how, in his place, she would have lain miserably down in despair. He indeed, so the tale went, felt a rising terror at the blackness and silence, although he could not guess that the Cat and the Fox were sweeping down on him with their padded feet, as swift and as noiseless

as the wind. Suddenly there was a glimmer of light, but no relief came with it, for it was the ghost of the Cricket, whom he had wantonly killed, and who had come to warn him of his misdeeds and to prophesy misfortune. He was more shaken than ever; he began to picture ambushed assassins—terrible words, not clearly understood. But he resolved to face them bravely. As he went on he rehearsed aloud the part he would play should he meet them. He would walk up to them—a climax at which the child shivered with delight, and between teeth locked to keep them from chattering, he would say boldly, "Gentlemen assassins, what do you wish?"

When she went out into the night, the child instinctively looked for something of this sort, and was partly relieved, partly disappointed not to find it. Nevertheless, more than once, looking up at the sky with sleepy eyes, she was suddenly unaccountably frightened at the stars.

E. S. C., '19.

## EFFICIENCY

Efficiency is one of the most potent of modern catch-words, a sort of fourteen-karat mark for everything excepting the weather.

"Shoes and ships and sealing-wax,  
And cabbages and kings"

all must be efficient.

Under the caption of "scientific management," efficiency proved its value in the industrial world, and "the maximum of work with the minimum of energy" became one of the canons of industry. But now its advocates attempt to apply its doctrines to life in general. In the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual world as well as in the industrial, efficiency takes all as grist that comes to its mill. Not only methods but men must be efficient. The Utopia of efficiency would be inhabited by two-thousand-dollar dynamoes, five-thousand-dollar dynamoes, and ten-thousand-dollar dynamoes. The president, of course, would be Whirr, because only five per cent. of his power passed off as heat, and he was trying to utilize that for other purposes.

It is claimed that efficiency develops the "all-round" man. According to a writer in *The Independent*, "an efficient man, like an efficient house, has four sides. His body forms the foundation, his mind

the outer walls, his heart the hangings and treasures and pictures, his soul the gable-windows, the tower and the roof". Ecce, the soulful roof! Efficiency is evidently not so mechanical a matter as we at first thought; at any rate, this efficient gentleman did not reach perfection without conscious effort. He consulted phrenology, astrology, cheirology, graphology, and many other "ologies." "He changed his mind — having grown friendly-minded, he attracted thousands of friends. He discerned that specific moral qualities were needed in him to produce leadership, so he developed courage, will-power, inspiration—as athletes develop muscles." He even took sponge baths. "He married the woman of his heart." Two of the questions he asked himself were, "Do you breathe deeply and hold a correct posture? Have you a great love in your life to steady, cheer and empower you?"

The same writer in *The Independent* obligingly furnishes charts, by which the reader, no matter what his position in life, may follow in the footsteps of the virtuous gentleman. There are charts for office boys, for tired business men, for school children, and for busy housewives. The questions on the charts are enlightening. "Is it your habit

to provide mirth at meals?—Do you refuse all between-meal nibbles such as fruit or candy?—Is your palate trained to know and reject wrong combinations, e. g., pickles and milk?” If you can answer “Yes,” to these questions, you are on the way to physical efficiency. Other questions enlarge our notion of efficiency still further. “Could you find in the dark every personal or professional article you own?—Could you be happy if all your friends deserted you?” By all means, let us get efficiency; we all need strength of character and good digestions.

A pity, that efficiency seems to encourage selfishness. For in doing “the maximum of work with the minimum of energy,” you cannot waste time to see how your neighbor is getting on. But efficiency is rooted in religion itself. Consider, for example, the efficiency hymn, *Work for the Night is Coming*. Efficiency agents are trying to

“Give every flying moment  
Something to keep in store.”

So far we have been discussing the influence of efficiency on the ordinary man; let us now take the case of the genius, both the recognized genius and ourselves. The genius, too, is included in the Utopia of efficiency. Efficiency will increase his output! He will no longer lay his work aside for nine years, according to Horace’s rule; nor dawdle like Vergil over the *Georgics*. As for the *Aeneid*—“What! eleven years and not done yet!” we can imagine Augustus saying: “Burn it? Certainly not! After all, he was a learned gentleman, even if woefully inefficient.” Flaubert’s example will be marked to avoid. Five years to write *Salammô*, and a voyage to Carthage for the archaeological details! The genius of the future will consult a public library, or send his secretary.

But there is one serious fault to find with efficiency. Its devotees are always with us; and under the strain of their presence we are provoked to cry, “Down with efficiency! He is only a steel god with wheels in his head!”

E. E. M., '19.

## IMPRESSIONS

### A Word to the Wise

"Alcibiades, stop talking!" That is what I have been wishing to shout from time to time as we read that fatal speech which persuaded the Athenians to set out on the disastrous Sicilian expedition. In the theatre, when the hero of a tragedy is about to make his fatal blunder, I have always an impulse to shout a warning to the actor: "Brutus, look out for Cassius!" or "Othello, don't trust Iago." If I shouted loudly enough, perhaps the actor would stop, for a minute; but all the shouting in the world will not stop Alcibiades. He is down in cold print, and he is being painfully translated, a section a day. To the bitter end I must hear him ruin the Athenian empire, all without a cry, "Alcibiades, stop talking!"

E. E. M., '19.

Scipio Africanus lay awake in the third story front of my aunt's house in the city, and his teeth chattered with terror. In reality he was having a nightmare, and as usually happens in nightmares his mind told him that he was all right—that he would soon wake up safe in his tent before the Phoenician host, that there was nothing worse to fear than a simple battle on the morrow. Yet

he was cold with fear, and his hair stood on end, and his skin crept. For, out in the street, the most terrible things were going on; frightful, horrible things, weird and mysterious; but what, he could not tell. Now, there would be a huge whirling noise, as of some gigantic bird passing, and an unearthly cry would accompany it, like the "honk" of a goose, but far more terrible; now from the distance, nearer and nearer, came the ominous sound of a bell, a clamorous bell, that approached with miraculous swiftness; the din of wheels and galloping hoofs was added to the bell as it came down the street—for an instant the noise filled the room, then it faded in the distance. Scipio's eyes bulged with fright as he clutched the bed clothes: did evil spirits from the underworld haunt these streets at midnight in their iron chariots? He had hardly time to think before another loud bell with its accompanying din approached, passed, and receded; and yet another! Scipio was quite demoralized: he dove under the bed clothes, and the springs creaked with his shudderings. But no sooner had he forced himself to emerge, upbraiding himself for acting as no Roman general should, when there came—the crowning horror! It came with bangings and janglings



and long-drawn squeaks; and an insistent bell like a cymbal; and rattlings and bumpings and a mad, wild rush. Scipio's eardrums, used but to the noise of battle, nearly burst with the din. He knew that at last the crack of doom had come, and he felt himself dying of terror ———. He woke with a start, and gave a gasp of relief on discovering that the sentry was merely sounding the alarm for a night attack of the enemy.

S. W. M., '18.

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### Grandmothers

It is the duty of grandmothers to feel that everyone is either tired or hungry or both, and they spend the major part of their time devising stealthy plans for trapping courteous but unwary guests into eating more than is good for them. Grandchildren in particular are urged to outdo their capacity (which in any case is sufficiently large) at dinner. "A little more toast now, Susy, and don't forget to drink your milk—remember you're a growing girl and *need* to be *nourished*." Grandmothers are stern advocates of going to bed early, and although they do not approve of lying abed in the morning ("such things were not allowed when *I* was a girl") are disposed to look indulgently upon an occasional sleeping-over after a dance. Grandmothers often have

peculiarities such as that of folding away torn bits of wrapping-paper for future use and helping the maid beat up the feather pillows in the morning. Looking over the silver drawers in the side-board to make sure that every fork and spoon is in its proper place is another pastime secretly enjoyed by grandmothers. Like all these evidences of a friendly desire to be useful, this habit persists in spite of merciless scoffing from ungrateful children and *their* children.

Would grandmothers were as sensible for themselves as they are for others! Whether belonging to the sprightly or to the serene class, mostly they have a feeling that this world is not long theirs. Yet their indiscretions, like those of the very young, have no mental connection with their ill-health. A certain grandmother of my acquaintance is even known to have drunk ale and sampled lobster salad after sitting late around the bridge table. In the cold grayness of dawn, feeling ill, she sent post haste for all her relatives. An uncle, leaping the stairs three at a time, came upon her lying pale and weak, spread out upon the counterpane her will. A whispered word with the doctor reassured him, and he was about to utter cheering words when a voice sounded faintly from the depths of the great four-poster bed. "I'm done for, John; you were good to

come. Be sure they give H  l  ne Aunt Lecky's wedding tea-set—the sugar tongs are missing, but I've always meant that she should have it.....*Well*, can't you say something?"

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### At My Grandfather's

A pleasant memory, rather hushed and proper, is that of Sunday visits at my grandfather's. After I had been kissed by all the relations, a shy, pink-cheeked maid unfastened the top hook of my coat and took me upstairs to dress for supper. The stairs were thickly carpeted and almost dark, and so was the hall, and the guest-room was quite dark, until the maid lighted a single lamp above the dressing-table. It cast a circle of pale light on the wall behind it, half showed the huge double bed where I was to sleep, and made the long mirror of the dressing table look very bright and warm. On each side of the mirror were little shelves; on one, the tower of Pisa in ivory, brought from abroad; on another, two English sparrows in bronze; on another, a pin-cushion full of colored pins. I looked at them while the maid did my hair. She rarely said anything, but brushed very hard and braided very tightly, so that I felt all evening as if my head were being pulled back. Always, just as she was putting the pin in my sash, the Chinese

gong sounded downstairs, and when it sounded she disappeared. I had to go down all those dark stairs alone, clinging tightly to the banisters with my patent-leather slippers creaking at every step. When I reached the dining-room I found everyone at table, and the silent maid standing behind my chair ready to push me in. At my place there was milk toast in a bowl with pink roses on it, and a china spoon to match. My grandfather said a very long grace in a harsh, solemn voice that somehow made me want to cry. He went on and on rather terribly, and I sat, not daring to look up while the top of the hot milk slowly crinkled and shrank.

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### English Club

Tea was over. The maid, rustling in her white apron, had just taken our cups, and placed the enticing little iced cakes on the table out of every one's reach. I wiped the last crumbs from my fingers and sighed. Outside, the light was fading fast. Above the long hill, grey clouds went scudding by, seeming to brush the tops of bent trees on the horizon. We sat in a wide semi-circle, here and there broken into whispering groups of two or three. The green lamp threw a gleam of light on the white table-cloth, the brass tea-kettle and a tidy row of cups. It touched into coherence the faded

pattern of the blue and green rug. Beside the lamp, someone was reading aloud from a book of poems. There was something about the war, something about loneliness, a love-song. The reader paused, there was a moment of uncomfortable silence, and I sought for some appropriate comment. The only thing that occurred to me was "high-brow," and I held my peace. "It is like very, very early Icelandic poetry," said someone, casually, and I felt that the situation was saved. The reader cleared her throat and went on, and slowly I lost the thread of the poem. The room grew darker; in the dusk every one looked strange and unfamiliar. All at once, through the open door, loud laughter sounded, almost like a light in the room. A group of Freshmen approached noisily, and as they neared the door, peered in, became silent and tip-toed past. I reflected that we were to them a charmed circle, select, aloof. I wonder if all charmed circles are more thrilling, viewed from the outside looking in? Perhaps when we were gone, the Freshmen returned to feast joyously upon the cakes we had politely left.

M. S. R., '18.

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### Glimpses

On a day in spring, in which lingers a touch of late coolness, one looks up suddenly from the foot of

a young tree, and catches a dazzling glimpse of a slender company of fresh leaves, pale yellow green, about to melt into the sunlight, and beyond them, the clear, blue sky.

Without premeditation one's eyes turn toward a window curtained in soft rose and green and écreu. Without the western sky is of no colour, but it is filled with that perfect light, the brightest the unmoved eye can look upon, and over it is traced a delicate interlacing of dark branches, doubled each with a pale line of snow.

E. S. C., '19.

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### Landscape

The wind swept by, drawing the snow after it in languorous, scarf-like swirls, as though invisible fingers lifted chiffons. . . . . The snow crystals settled again. They were not shining, but there was something in their everlasting whiteness to make one's eyes ache. Where the wind had made a hollow, there was no shadow—nothing to show that it was not flat. The effect was of a level plain, stretching to the low hills at the other side of the valley, whose wooded sides, except where evergreens made a darker spot, were of the grey of the sky. The clouds hung in low folds like the quarter drops of a stage draped long ago, now covered with soft dust and

cobwebs; ragged tatters hung loose. The snow was no longer sifting over the hard surface. An old man stood a moment on the edge of the wood at the foot of one of the hills. Then he turned noiselessly, disappearing into the blackness of the trees. From the north a cold wind sent a blast down the valley. Night had come.

---

### Vita Beata

I should like to be between thirty or thirty-five with a patrimony comfortable, yet not exceeding the bounds of the refined. I should buy a little house in a university town, a professor of history and his family living to the right and a French professor to the left.

I should have a living room done in brown, with tall candlesticks in the corners and the walls hung with a pleasing number of copies of Italian and Flemish painters, with somewhere a Japanese print, and on the mantel a model of some Greek statue, not too well known. The living room would be the main room

of the house. There I should sit propped up on comfortable pillows, and read French and Italian novels, some Isben, Shaw, and a little philosophy. The volumes would be leather, with gilt edges, and correct marginal notes in a fine handwriting. In the living room would be the charming little tea table, with interesting china, and there I should receive my friends at tea. We should discuss the latest books and operas. I should never force my opinions upon anyone, but I should never be ashamed of them; and if perchance someone were present, someone below the intellectual aristocracy and therefore embarrassed, I should be kind and courteous, though reserved.

I should have two thoroughbred dogs to add to the air of the place and to accompany me on my walks, for the country around would be beautiful and I should take long tramps, bringing home branches of leaves or wild flowers. And if I wanted to go still longer distances, why, then, perhaps I should have a Ford.

M. F. C., '17.

## BOOK REVIEW

### Merlin

(*A Poem, by Edwin Arlington Robinson*)

In this new handling of the "still unfaded legends" of the Arthurian cycle there is much real significance and unstrained originality, both as an interpretation of life from an entirely modern point of view, and as a re-working of the old material of *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Fidelity to as much of the spirit of the original as can be blended with contemporary thought and emotion, unites the two worlds with extraordinary effectiveness. The stress in plot and character is very different from the wandering narrative and unemphatic personalities in Malory. In tone, however, the effect is rather that given by a heightening of qualities already present than of radical change, as if the old worn tapestry were given new life by a brightening of colour and an added sharpness of outline.

The central figure in the impending tragedy, the general trend of which is not unlike that of Tennyson's, is Merlin, the man who sees farthest and clearest. He had created Arthur's reign because he

loved the king.  
And loved the world, and therefore made  
him king,  
To be a mirror for it,"

knowing quite well what seeds of evil and ruin existed at its foundation. Failing of new vision and fresh knowledge, he went down to his "living grave in Brittany," to find the Lady Vivian in her beautiful conventional forest, sheathed all in green, like a slender cedar, outwardly at ease, gay, beautiful, inwardly frightened at his greatness, humanly fearful of not pleasing. She had been waiting for the sage the greater part of her "five and twenty worldly years," and desiring other things of him besides conquest:

"In an age  
That has no plan for me that I can read  
Without him, shall he tell me what I am,  
And why I am, I wonder?"

Of herself she says:

"I'm cruel and I'm cold, and I like  
snakes"

On which Merlin is to comment later:

"She said once  
That she was cold and cruel, but she  
meant  
That she was warm and kind, and over-  
wise  
For woman in a world where men see not  
Beyond themselves. She saw beyond  
them all,  
As I did."

There are other characters newly interpreted. The fool is splendidly

drawn, a man of helpless insight and understanding. Arthur gains from being no longer "blameless," but erring and lost when Merlin's help fails. The allegory, if it is to be called allegory, into which these and a few others are woven, is not in the least conventional. It is rather such as the imagination is sometimes persuaded to make out of actuality, when it endeavors to see life "steadily and whole" without fear or prejudice or illusion.

The plot, which includes practically all the Arthurian cycle of which Tennyson makes use, gains from its comparative brevity and from its unity. In the omission of irrelevancies this is an advance over *The Idylls of the King* as that was an advance over *Le Morte d'Arthur*. By far the greater part of the poem is given to Merlin and Vivian in Broceliande, but the loose threads of what has preceded and what is to follow are skillfully caught up. The blank verse has unfailing ease and polish. There is much freshness of phraseology, much simplicity and wise restraint in imagery and ornament.

There are very decorative scenes, not overstressed. The dialogue is well managed, marked by swiftness and urbanity, a trifle too modern sometimes, too much what one might find in a short story. Throughout there is a lightness and rapidity and deftness that would seem not unlike a fulfillment in style of Malory's humour.

The tragedy is entirely inevitable, clearly foreshadowed from the opening lines. The reign which Arthur would have made

"—A monument  
For kings and peoples of the waiting  
ages  
To reverence and remember"

fails when Merlin's great insight comes upon that last and most difficult knowledge that it can penetrate no farther. His helpfulness is made to seem part of the necessary and inherent tragedy that attends things human, since men first imagined and desired impossible things and afterwards ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

E. S. C., '19.

Although we do not usually print communications from persons not members of the student body, the TIPYN O' BOB is glad to open its columns to a literary discussion of such immediate interest as the following. The pathetic fallacy in the spirit of this poem leads us to regard it as a product of late Latin, undoubtedly the work of some decadent priestly writer, whom we may characterize in the lines of Sappho:

οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρείθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὕσδῳ  
 ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπῃς,  
 οὐ μὰν ἐκλελαθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐπ'ίκεσθαι.

We hope to receive some good translations from our readers. Manuscripts should be handed in before May tenth.—*Ed.*

BRYN MAWR, in the month  
 of March.

DEAR TIPYN O' BOB:

My edition of Horace turns out to be quite unlike the general Freshman service; and it occurred to me that your Gaelic soul might be interested. I argued, also, that if you lived up to the catholicity of your name, no literary waif could knock unheeded at the door of the Tipyn-o-bobbery, nor find in your polished board the planking for his own coffin.

So I beg your eyesight and your learning in behalf of a strangely Horatian ode which I have discovered. It carries a rubric: "MARTYRIBUS PURISQUE CANTO,"—which seems neither common Latin nor common sense. I, for one, do not profess to understand it; yet it stirs vague memories of Stevenson and flaccid Latin poets. Beneath that heading are the stanzas,—

Virgines odi, puer, apparatus;  
 displicent nexae studiis choreae.  
 Mitte sectari pueros, in urbe  
 sera morari.

Simplici vitae nihil adlaborant  
 sedulac virûm; neque te ministram  
 deficit viscum, neque te maritus  
 rite studentem.

It may not be real wisdom, this worldly distillation of a scholar's alembic; yet it is worth the trouble of a translation. How those old songs repay us for our thumbed dictionaries and uncut grammars! But "martyribus canto" seems a strange caption! I confess, I do not see the bearing of it all.

Dear Tipyn, Gael and Roman have often fought in the past. But the Roman comes humbly to you this time, and begs for a row in your galleys. If you put him to the proof, respect the purity of his tongue, lest he orthoepize you for TYPIN O' BOB, and suspect you of Welshing your Latinity.

In every and with all respect, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

RHYS CARPENTER.

To

TYPIN O' BOB, Esq.



## DULCI FISTULA

### A PORTRAIT

*(Apologies to Browning)*

Here is a student of a modern age  
Looking as if she were alive; the page  
Of learning limitless lit by her fire,  
The following of stars her sole desire  
And all she cared for. Sir 'tis not  
The zest of learning only called that spot  
Of joy into the student's cheek. Perchance  
Some traded compliment, "How well you dance!"  
Or themely mark defiant of detection  
Treasured for autograph but not correction,  
A class omission—heaven sent—such stuff  
For calling up that spot is quite enough.  
She has a heart too soon made glad: Impressed  
With little. Tea she likes best  
Flavored with drifting talk, not learning  
But passing tid-bits gleaned from the discerning.  
Sir 'tis all one. The swiftness of her day  
Prevents discrimination, so they say.  
A great book, quickly read, some flavor caught;  
A comrade tumbling in proficient sport:  
A word misspelled, the homeward silhouettes  
Of her professors 'gainst a sun that sets  
And makes them comic. All and each  
Draw from her alike the approving speech  
Or blush at least. Think not so ill  
Of this poor trifling. It just lives until  
Four years are run. And he is wrong who spurns,  
For somehow, while she trifles on—she learns.

C. G. W., '17.

## THE LECTURE

*(One of a series of dictagraph records made in a required course)*

"Yesterday you will remember, my lecture concerned itself with tracing the history of Christian thought from chaos to the year two thousand. Owing to the limited time allowed for this course, I was obliged to pass over some of the minor details rather rapidly, but I trust that you were able to get a connected idea of the subject. More than this I could scarcely hope for from undergraduates.

Before taking up Psychiatry to-morrow, I want to give you a brief account of the process of note-taking in order to relate what I have already said to what is yet to come. After ten years of intensive study, I have come to a conclusion reached by all the foremost thinkers of modern times: namely, that in taking notes three elements are involved. To avoid giving you any difficulty with the spelling, I will write them on the board, numbered in order, with diagrams which you will please copy carefully.

Number one: a surface (generally paper) upon which the notes are written. This may be either: (a) square, or (b) oblong.

Number two: the pen with which the writing is done. Of this there are many types which I shall not take time to enumerate.

Number three: the ink into which the pen is dipped. This, although perhaps not at first apparently so, is in reality the most important of the three elements.

I shall hope to make you understand this point as the course proceeds. There is a fourth element related to the process: namely, the mind that controls the pen—but since I take that up rather fully in my graduate seminary, I prefer not to discuss it at the present time. Class dismissed.

E. M., '19.

## A SKELETON

The familiar triangle.  
An old duke, a young wife and a lover—  
And all were prominent in the "best circles."  
The duke was away on merrymaking of his own account,  
Which was perfectly righteous.  
The wife and the lover endured his absence.  
One night the husband returned, unexpectedly.  
A great wardrobe of heavy carving  
Seemed the only place in which to hide;  
So the lover hid there.  
The wife seemed excited as her husband entered her room  
But he was calm, and in the midst of casual talk about trivialities  
of the day,  
He turned the key in the wardrobe door, which hung a little ajar,  
And dropped the key in his pocket.  
In the morning,  
When the duke had gone,  
His wife called in the servants  
Who broke open the door.  
The lover fell forward, stiffly,  
A fool or a hero.  
The wife was taken to the madhouse, and the husband was tried for  
murder.—  
But how could he have known there was a man in the cupboard.  
He was acquitted.

H. I. B., '18.



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## Contents

	PAGE
Editorials .....	1
Wild Geese ..... J. G. W., '19	3
Harbingers ..... M. O'S., '17	3
Founding a Library ..... Adelaide Shaffer, '18	4
Tibullus. Book II, 2 ..... Marian Rhoads, '17	6
A Picture for the Duchess ..... Sarah Hinde, '17	7
A Hieroglyph ..... Constance Wilcox, '17	11
Church Bells ..... J. R. G., '17	11
Impressions .....	12
Book Review .....	14
Dulci Fistula .....	17

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**Vol. XIV**

**MAY, 1917**

**No. 8**

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## EDITORIALS

If one may judge by the temper of an audience, the Senior Plays achieved success. It argues a real interest that the audience troubled itself to consider difficulties of production—as that the stage was too short for any but a very crowded mantelpiece, and that, if the actors lacked incisiveness, they had had much less rehearsing than other casts. What might have been a painful experiment has proved enjoyable—even diverting—and we may hope that, if the Drama course continues to be given, other classes may at times forego a hunt through the minor playwrights in favour of the somewhat greater risks and glories attendant upon the production of their own pieces. With the Senior plays as a standard, the change will not be greatly for the worse.

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Once upon a time, we are told, our bulletin boards displayed signs to the effect that certain students would guarantee to make for whomsoever desired it, a reputation of whatsoever kind desired. These adventurous spirits, the story goes on, carried out their promises with the greatest success.

One likes to think how smoothly things must have run in those days, how easily each one slipped into the groove of her choice. Then all college positions were not thrust upon one overworked student because she was the only one in the class who was reputed to be efficient. The student who wore tortoise shell glasses and had once been seen in the library was not irrevocably classed as a grind. She, of mild, studious tendencies, was not dragged from her books because the class captains had always heard that she was "good at athletics." Above all, when each one could have something to say in the making of her reputation, "prunes" were a species almost unknown. And so the pleasant dream goes on, until we remember that all this was a long time ago, in the days when students wore their gowns to lectures and went to lectures without cut rules. Nowadays we must get along as best we may with our uncongenial reputations. We search the bulletin boards in vain for a promise of relief.

---

With the characteristic perversity of blessings that brighten as they take flight, the college year as it departs takes on an added radiance. We have longed for vacation. But when it comes shall we not look back with regret? With the self-centredness so often urged in our reproach, what we shall regret most will be each other. We may make closer friendships outside college. We shall hardly find people with whom we shall have so much in common. Bryn Mawr is not the conventional Arcadia, but it is equally a common bond between those who have lived in it. It is insufficient to say "over us the same skies have lightened." The same skies have poured rain upon our picnic. We have sat at the same desks, eaten the same—or very similar—potatoes; studied the same books. The catchwords that fly about the campus would be unintelligible to an outsider. The "sleuth-stories" with which we regale each other generally depend for their comprehension on other sleuth-stories. We have endured and enjoyed much together—so many classes, so many quizzes, so many cuts. No wonder that conversation springs up quickly and easily—even in quiet hours! All these common associations create, if not wide friendship, at any rate wide intimacies, which we shall not find elsewhere.



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## WILD GEESE

You will see them some misty green morning in April, a long V-shaped line of dark bodies across the gray sky. As they come nearer, you hear that prolonged, sonorous cry, with its wild, persistent note of sadness. They pass over your head, and the last faint cries die away into silence. Then you know that the wild geese have come, and it is spring.

Sometimes they pass at night. You stand outside, your eyes vainly trying to pierce the blackness. But you only hear the lone cry, and the "whirr whirr" of many wings. You have a sudden strange feeling that perhaps, after all, these are not wild birds, but wandering spirits forever winging their way in the wake of uncertain spring. So near they sound that you stretch up your arms to touch them, but the whirr of wings, the sad cry, fade away in the distance. You are standing alone in the darkness, your arms upstretched toward something that is not there.

J. G. W., '19.

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## HARBINGERS

The child behind me beat on the train window.

"Mama, look!" His voice stopped on a sharp note of excitement.

Below, near the cross-roads, where a stream had made the grass faintly green, there was a little fire. In the still air the smoke was rising thin and blue. Beside the fire sat a woman, crosslegged, nursing a baby. Stretched out, his back against a tree, a man was watching them. Three shaggy horses browsed nearby regardless of the rags and papers littering the ground. There was a wagon with a battered canvas top, and a bare-legged boy straddled half way up one shaft.

The child behind me craned his neck, his cheek flat against the glass, then dropped back into his seat.

"Gypsies," he sighed.

M. O'S., '17.

## FOUNDING A LIBRARY

There are many ways of acquiring a library. For instance, you may have one bequeathed to you full-fledged, or you may start at the age of seven with *Mother Goose Rhymes* and *Alice in Wonderland*, and at the approach of your seventeenth birthday suddenly discover that through no conscious effort of your own, you are entitled to ask for a book-plate. A far more thrilling way is to found your library with reckless abandon, all at once. An adequate stimulus may be provided by the sudden departure of your roommate, bag and baggage. As you stand before the book-case, which once proudly flaunted red and green "sets" of Shakespeare, Kipling and Stevenson, (these authors seem to run to sets) and realize with a shock that your share of the library consists of *Durell's Plane Geometry* and other trophies of your matriculation days, with a few pompous texts such as *The Persistent Problems of Philosophy* and *The Principles of Political Economy*, when you have tried to prop the fallen ranks against a stark bulwark of note-books, then a light breaks over you and you see that you must found a library.

In such circumstances, if you are weak and at the same time canny, you begin by seeking out the most literary senior of your acquaintance and casually asking for her opinion

of modern literature. As she murmurs raptly about Gertrude Stein, Lord Dunsany, Amy Lowell, Gorky, you take a few surreptitious notes, disregarding your recent bewilderment at Gertrude Stein's poem in the December "*Vanity Fair*," or your suspicion that no Lord could really write well.

Later, when you write to the bookseller, you probably have a moment of revolt and resolve to add a few books of your own choosing. For example, you may desire to give a cosmopolitan air to the bookcase by including a French novel or so. In that case you may consult one of the old text-books, which happens, perhaps, to be *Eugenie Grandet* and select from the list of the authors' works in the back *Les Contes Drôlatiques* because that sounds amusing and must at the same time be profitable for oral readings since it is written by a "classic author." It is always best to put "something of yourself" into the collection. At this stage you fondly remember some old favorites and include *The First Violin*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and, perhaps, even *St. Elmo*.

When the books arrive, you are at first overcome by the orgy of color. The Runian novelists appear in passionate blues and orange, Galsworthy in royal purple, and Theodore Dreiser in a pale gray-blue which

convinces you that he must be the leader of an æsthetic reaction. You find the greatest of pleasure in arranging the collection in a harmonious cycle of color, which begins, say, with Oscar Wilde and ends with George Moore. The result is perfect when surveyed through the closed glass doors of the bookcase.

Some day, later, you wonder why the cerise of *Clayhanger* clashes so with the rose of *The Reef* and by deductive reasoning discover that a harmonizing raspberry binding, perhaps *The Everlasting Mercy* has been removed. Soon your beautiful color scheme is entirely disarranged, and you realize that a great enthusiasm for modern literature exists at college.

It is a known fact that, in spite of a secret preference for magazine stories, you, the owner of a library, must sooner or later read your own books. It becomes very embarrassing when members of the English Club drop in for an *intime* discussion of *A Night at an Inn*, or *Imaginations and Rev-*

*eries*, which they have borrowed just "to refresh their memory." And when a member of the English *department* asks to see your volume of a rare edition of *The Life of Shelley* you realize that you are sailing under false colors indeed. Then it is that you sit up until the small hours sampling your collection. You find that *Les Contes Drôlatiques* is written unaccountably in mystifying, archaic spelling, hence you postpone your education in French and plunge into *The Crock of Gold* or *The Golden Bowl*, according to whether you have a preference for the simple or ornate in titles. This may not be a good beginning, but if you persevere you find that you are quite capable of becoming erudite. In fact, one who formed a library by the method just recounted, after a few weeks removed *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *St. Elmo* entirely, and substituted *The Dark Forest* and *Men, Women and Ghosts*, although the binding of both of these clashed with every other book in the collection.

ADELAIDE SHAFFER, 1918.

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My mind is like a flock of geese, straying witlessly, with awkward gambols and irrelevant flappings and quackings. And I, I am an inexperienced goose-girl, with an ineffective switch, who vainly tries to order it and drive it.

S. W. M., '18.

**TIBULLUS. BOOK II, 2**

Upon the altar pious flames leap high;  
Let incense flow and perfumes rare  
From rich Arabia fill the air,  
Propitious be—Natalis now draws nigh.

Let gentle garlands bind his sacred hair,  
And when his brow with pure oil drips  
And when sweet wine has touched his lips  
And he has drunk his fill—make then thy prayer.

Why pause? For well I know thou dost not want  
The wealth of some broad ox-plowed field  
Or pearls which furthest Indies yield,  
But thy wife's love—and this the great gods grant.

The offerings fall—may Love on vibrant wing  
Thy bonds of marriage e'er renew,  
And old age coming late to you  
Be brightened by the joys that children bring.

MARIAN RHOADS, 1917.

## A PICTURE FOR THE DUCHESS

Maria Garsenda Altichiara, twelfth Duchess of Aldobrandeschi, struck her cane sharply against the marble floor.

"Miserable, all of them. Not one worth as much as the brush it is painted with."

Her harsh voice echoed faintly down the long gallery and lost itself against the farthest wall. From the copper brazier at her side the coals threw a red glow over the stiff folds of her black velvet dress and sent crimson lights quivering through the stones of her heavy rings, but in the shadow of the high-backed, tapestried chair her face was colourless. Amelita watched the spark of anger die out of the cold blue eyes and the pale lips set themselves again in their thin bitter line, then very carefully she turned the illumined page of the leather-bound book in her lap, and in a clear, thin voice resumed the reading.

The tramontana, blowing through the tall windows, turned the air to ice, but through the windows too came the North light which showed to their best advantage the Duchess's pictures. They covered the South wall of the long gallery. Down there at the farthest end, were the dim tapestry-coloured portraits of the former dukes and duchesses of Aldobrandeschi—haughty duchesses with stiff coiffures and richly clad dukes

whose swarthy, fierce-eyed faces contrasted strangely with their pale, delicate hands resting on jewel-hilted swords.

Farther up hung the pictures to the collection of which the Duchess's whole life had been devoted: blue-robed Madonnas painted on gold grounds, a series of rarely coloured pictures representing the Legend of Saint Francis, a little farther on, a Resurrection of Fra Angelico, a Nativity of the early Florentine School, The Portrait of a Gentleman by Leonardo, the head of an angel by some unknown artist. Just opposite the Duchess's chair, a space had been made temporarily to hang the pictures of the artists of Florence who were competing for the Duchess's prize.

It was at these that the Duchess now looked angrily. For six years she had been awarding her prize, and it was always the same story. These young artists could not paint. She despised the new school with all its experiments in futurism and impressionism. It would never come to anything. That was why she offered her prize to the artist whose work should most resemble that of the old masters. And this was the result—these crude, childish imitations! Was real art then dying out utterly? She looked over the pictures again, searchingly, one by one. There was

good drawing in some of them, some of them even achieved the rich colouring of the Masters, but the emotion, the spirituality, the supernal harmonies—

She turned away and, as always, her eyes were drawn to the pictures on the South wall. Slowly her glance travelled over them, then paused where a slanting sunbeam caught the gold halo of a Madonna. The Duchess leaned back sideways in her chair, to see more clearly, and her hard lips relaxed into a smile.

“Donna Garsenda,” it was Donizo, the Duchess’s steward, who had shuffled across the floor. The Duchess turned angrily. “There is below a young man who brings a picture for the competition. I told him he was too late, but la Signora Duchessa knows the insistence of these young men——”

The Duchess broke in sharply. “A picture? But let him bring it.”

Giovanni Sarzana, carefully carrying his freshly painted canvas, hesitated a moment at the door, walked forward a few steps, bowed, and then blushed angrily at his awkwardness. But the Duchess paid no attention to him.

“Your picture, ragazzo, turn it to the light,” she exclaimed, and as Giovanni obeyed she gave a sharp exclamation.

“Santa Maria! And did you paint that picture yourself?”

“Yes, Signora Duchessa, I myself.

I could have made it better, but the time was short. I hurried——”

He stopped. The Duchess was leaning forward eagerly. There were strange lights in her eyes, and her clasped hands trembled on the black velvet of her dress.

The next day all Florence talked about the Duchess’s new protégé. Giovanni Sarzana was to have instruction under the best teachers of the day, and he was to have the honour of painting a picture which should hang in the Duchess’s gallery beside the old Masters themselves. The young artists of Florence protested hotly. It was not fair. This Giovanni Sarzana came from Rome. The preference should have been given to an artist of Florence. But the older artists merely shrugged their shoulders. “Ah, well, she will soon tire of her protégé. She has had them before, and they have not lasted long. He will do something to displease her and she will drop him like that,” and they snapped their fingers disdainfully.

But spring came, and the first days of summer, and still Giovanni enjoyed the Duchess’s favour. Even yesterday the Duchess had been seen out driving for the first time in years. Moreover, she had tossed a few soldi to the little boy who threw a bunch of roses into her carriage. Now that Giovanni was to start his picture, the Duchess must go with him to select the best canvas and the finest cam-

els' hair brushes and many different tubes of paint. Giovanni himself was becoming accustomed to the Duchess. At first he had felt only fear and dislike of this old woman who sat all day alone in a cold picture gallery. Her hard blue eyes and harsh voice frightened him, and he sat constrained and awkward in her presence; and one day as they drove through the streets to some painter's shop he had almost looked for rebuke when he unconsciously laughed aloud at the antics of an urchin playing in the gutter. But the Duchess had not seemed to notice. Later he learned to anticipate her indifference to personal incidents, her sudden, exacting interest when conversation turned upon the details of his early studies.

In summer the great picture which was to hang in the Duchess's gallery was well under way, and the Duchess was getting impatient. "You shall paint me the shrine of San Lorenzo," she had said, but Giovanni had shaken his head. "It is too dark, too lifeless. I must have the winds and the sunshine—something that really lives." And half-amused, half-annoyed at being so contradicted, the Duchess had given him permission to paint what he wished. She almost regretted it now. He had chosen the vineyards at Fiesole, and there he went every day and stayed until evening. It was lonely sitting in the Palazzo all day, or driving slowly

behind her fat horses through the streets of Florence. She grew restless when Amelita read, and when she looked at her pictures it made her think of the picture Giovanni was painting, and then of Giovanni himself, when he should return in the evening to talk of the vineyards with the ripening grapes, and the great white oxen moving slowly up and down with their loads, and the green olive groves in the distance.

"Is it not nearly done?" the Duchess would ask impatiently. But he would only shake his head. The grapes were not yet quite ripe enough, they did not yet have the rich lustre he wished for his picture. When the sun grew a little hotter—And so the Duchess still waited.

One night he came in later than usual. Shaking his hair back from his flushed face, he laughed excitedly. The grapes were ripe now. It made him a little dizzy sometimes in the hot sun, but he only worked the better for that. Oh, if she knew how fast he was working! He would finish it to-morrow perhaps.

And the Duchess had paused, indulgent of his enthusiasm; then, with a return of her impatience, "Ah, Giovanni," she had cried, "Finish it to-morrow for my sake. I have waited so long."

And Giovanni had answered, "I promise you, you shall see it finished to-morrow."

The next evening Amelita had

been to the window a hundred times, but still Giovanni did not come. It grew later and later. It was very late when a man carrying a large canvas knocked at the door of the Palazzo Aldobrandeschi and was shown into the Duchess's presence. He was a grape gatherer from the vineyards, and he told his story in a few words. The canvas was from the young painter who made pictures in the vineyards. They had told him that he was not accustomed to the sun, that it would be harmful, but he wouldn't listen. It was just as they had all said. He was taken by the sun fever. In his delirium he had talked of a promise to send his picture to the Duchess, so it had been brought to her. They had done their best for the young man, but it was no use. He had died that afternoon in the house of one of the grape gatherers. The Blessed Virgin receive

his soul. And the old man crossed himself philosophically.

Slowly the Palazzo Aldobrandeschi slipped back into its old routine. Donizo did not order the carriage any more, and Amelita again shivered over the Dante in the cold gallery.

One bleak November afternoon Giovanni's picture was hung opposite the Duchess's chair. From out its dark frame it burned through the shadows, glowing with the hot sunshine of August; the lustrous, over-ripe grapes hung heavy on the vines that stretched far out into the distance. The Duchess's eyes narrowed in quick appreciation. "Read, Amelita," she said harshly. And Amelita read. . . .

How exquisitely he had caught the poise of the figure of the young grape gatherer in the foreground. As her eyes followed the line of the uplifted arm, the Duchess smiled.

SARAH HINDE, 1917.



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**A HIEROGLYPH**

A blown red lotus in my hand,  
Painted on a wall I stand.  
The sun my broken courtyard steeps,  
A vagrant on my altar sleeps.  
Deep upon my golden thigh  
Is carven "Ptah the Great Am I."  
I live—and watch with scornful eyes  
The yellow desert sand that flies  
Where once a hundred pillars stood  
And Pharaoh burned my sacred wood.

CONSTANCE WILCOX, 1917.

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**CHURCH BELLS**

Faint, bright, lingering; measuring man's yearning and his faith;  
blundering, unfaltering, limited yet vastly melancholy; a chain of notes  
told over ceaselessly—brave tones with steady utterance—untrue!

J. R. G., '17.

## IMPRESSIONS

### The Vanity of Human Wishes

We learn by experience that it is things they told us to do which we go on doing when we are grown up—eating oatmeal and eggs for breakfast and going to bed at a reasonable hour. Since the enchantment of transgression must vanish in any case, and the desire to do these things shall fail, why not, for the few years that we want to, be allowed to make our breakfast of watermelons and sarsaparilla and plum cake and lemon meringue? Why not stay up every night till twelve? Soon enough it will be our pride and joy to be in bed at ten.

M. S. R., '18.

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### A Fish's Advantages

I have felt decidedly cheated ever since I read of the recapitulation theory. If it is true that the development of the individual passes along the same course as that of the race, I want to begin all over again and stop at the fish-stage. It would be much jollier to be a fish than a human being. You would have beautiful silver scales, and a tail to wave like a jewelled fan. When the storms raged above and the waves broke shouting on the wild shore, you would slip down to the quiet depths of the ocean, and play hide-and-seek with a

few congenial companions in and out of boats that have lain there for ages. You could circle languidly among the mazes of the sea-forest on dull days, or rest in the snail beds and blow air-bubbles up through the violet light. But when the lively water currents brought a sense of excitement, you would all go in a crowd, with scales exceptionally glistening, and see the great whales float slowly by, winking their round eyes. And perhaps some day, if you rescued a member of the royal sunfish family from a pirate shark, you would be decorated with a necklace of rose coral, and have two notches cut in your tail.

T. H. S., '17.

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### Easter Service

He ascends the pulpit rapidly and stands looking at us out of deep-set, gleaming eyes. Over his shoulder one can see the broad, vigorous face of the soprano, who is signalling, with a sort of devastating energy, to a sullen choir boy. In a deep, not unmusical voice, the clergyman pronounces the text, a ringing one, for it is Easter Sunday. He pauses, and for an instant horizons widen. Then comes the inevitable descent to a lower literary level and the sermon has begun.

Directly below him is a long pew filled with young people, obviously strangers to the form of service, very attentive, scrupulously decorous. Above his head rises a new memorial window, still veiled in thin white that does not conceal the stiff saints. Why are bright red and purple and green pleasant, one wonders, in stained glass and not, certainly, elsewhere? The sermon goes on; what one hears of it is earnest, chaotic optimism. The congregation sits motionless and grave, attired as the season dictates, thinking, one can only guess what. It is very human, partly amusing, partly pathetic, this deliberate assembling of people, with some ceremony and indifferent success, to have their finer feelings stirred.

E. S. C., '19.

### Valentine

Valentine Dryling was my father's hired boy. I think I could not have been more than seven or eight when he lived with us, and his features have become quite indistinct to me, yet I am certain that they were rather coarse but pleasant and that he had a shock of blonde hair. Sometimes we called him Val for short. He slept in the loft over the garage (which we then spoke of as the auto shed). He had come to us from the barber's, where, he reported, he had slept in the bath-tub and they

used to turn on the water to wake him up.

I remember that he was particularly fond of my mother's boiled dinners, and that the young lady librarian who lived with us used to teach him reading and arithmetic in the evenings. Later he went away to work on a farm, whence he occasionally wrote to my father. I remember being indignant once when he wrote, "How is Frances, or have you got a new machine yet?" Once he came back to see us. He had learned German, he told me privately, because he could then swear at the farmers without their knowing it.

M. F. C., '17.

### The Two Calendars—A Study in Genro

The square blotter with the scratched leather corners was a mass of red and black ink. Pens, pencils, erasers, ink stoppers and tab cards were thrown in untidy heaps among the note books on the desk. The only objects which seemed to retain a certain degree of neatness, in the general confusion were two calendars which stood side by side in one corner of the desk. The first was one of those neat, practical calendars which have loose leaves sliding on tin rods and under the date a blank space where the systematic owner may record his engagements. The other,

beautifully decorated with red flowers and golden scroll work was of the kind which gives for every day some uplifting precept by which one may guide one's life. On the first calendar appeared the date May 27, and underneath, pencilled in a round,

clear hand the words: "Narrative Writing Exam—Nine o'Clock."

The other calendar, in large fancy letters illumined in red and gold, bore the inscription: "May 27,—God Help You!"

S. F. H., '17.

## BOOK REVIEW

### Kipling and Cosmopolitanism

Misery is not the only thing that loves company. It takes two to enjoy a joke, for instance. Marginal notes in a reference-room book are an appeal for sympathetic amusement from unknown to unknown. Someone that read Chesterton's essay on Kipling has filled the margins of "Heretics" with caustic and illuminating remarks. At one point—lest you should not agree, I shall not specify—she has written, "Ha-ha." The remark that occurs oftenest and sheds most light from the margin on the printed page is "Hobby." I take this opportunity of agreeing. In the end of the essay, Mr. Chesterton is certainly hobby-riding. He is unfailingly original. He takes paradoxical loop-the-loops that make us hold our breath. His theory of cosmopolitanism interests—but we wish he had not applied it to Mr. Kipling.

What I—with the support of my unknown predecessor—object to, is the irrelevant presence of Mr. Kipling in the essay.

The true cosmopolitan, says Mr. Chesterton, the man who becomes a citizen of the world, loses his native citizenship during his indiscriminate wanderings. He may learn much that is of superficial interest—the dress of a Saddhu as distinguished from that of a Mahratta, for example. He loses—Mr. Chesterton's reasoning is not so clear as I could wish on this point—the great essentials. "The real life of man goes on totally uncomprehended, totally untouched." This is plausible. But when Mr. Chesterton identifies Kipling with the globe-trotter, "the philanthroper of the nations," we rebel. Mr. Chesterton recommends Kipling to identify himself with one place, that by continued residence there he

may touch the realities of life,—“hunger and babies and the beauty of women.” These, with all due respect to Mr. Chesterton, Kipling has touched. “Without Benefit of Clergy” is not the expression of the “light melancholy” that marks the cosmopolitan; neither is “Ba-ba Black Sheep.” He may find the realities in Bombay or in Devon. We accept the fact that he has identified himself with Bombay and with Devon.

In conclusion, may we not urge that a mere fainéant tourist and critic of non-essentials could never

have won the popularity of Rudyard Kipling. It is by his hold on the things that unite all men that he appeals to all men. Moreover, his somewhat sweeping references to “lesser breeds without the law” is the voice of a narrow and insular, not an overbroad patriotism. And lastly, cannot Kipling’s own story of a globe-trotter be urged in his defense? When Chesterton gives his rather questionable interpretation of “The Tramp Royal” can we not counter with “An Habitation Enforced”?

MARY SWIFT RUPERT, 1918.

THE LIBRARY,  
MAY EIGHTH.

DEAR MR. O’BOB,

Mr. Carpenter’s letter is, of course, shocking, and I wonder that you gave it house room in your magazine. But I suppose broad-mindedness is the *sine qua non* of true conventual living, and the out-spokenness of that letter was merely the slight entasis of your columns for the time being. Since he wants a translation, I hasten to offer one, bearing in mind the old principle “No *vers libre* without some license,” and following the suggestion of your editor that the Latin is more or less late.

I hate, O boy, the maidens well prepared—  
The maidens with their studies trimly, neatly learned,  
I abhor them!  
I spend the weary hours contemplating how to murder them,  
But all in vain.  
One of that kind I saw but the other day  
(That day when the waters lapped coagulate and

The flowers flamed,—but tush!  
'Twas but the other day!)  
She was long and green and lissome,  
Her hair curdled as it fell  
In swooning wisps.  
We laughed at each other and waved joyously,  
But either knew, and under my breath I hissed:  
“Send me away from that caricature of humanity!  
Send me to follow the youths,  
To follow them into the cities—  
Into the great places!  
Where there are men and banks and restaurants  
And milliners and theaters and subways,  
To follow them on in their lurid way  
Panting, eager—to live their life of greatness;  
To walk in their manner, smoke, swear, and stay up late,  
And other devilish things:  
To follow on, on, and leave the old limitations—  
Oh, to break from the shackles!  
I gasp, I breathe freer with it all,  
It all, it all . . . .  
The simple life gets one nowhere;  
Those who work at anything worth-while, work men.  
And so to thee I sing,  
To thee!  
Come, bird, to the lime!  
Come, bird, to the lure!  
With thy fleet youthful step  
Treading the Spring on burgeoning flowers,  
Wide-lipped, pale, morbid little flowers;  
With thy urgent silver-tipped toes  
Beating the margent grass:  
See, thy Circe!  
The cup of poison waits,  
I faint for thee, I call tremulously,  
I am going more than the conventional demi-distance—  
Thou knowest!”

I hope this translation will please Mr. Carpenter and help him to understand the interpolation in his book. I am thankful I am not he. I would not be in his shoes for anything under these circumstances, not for a Typin O' Bobulus!

With all due respect, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

HOWARD R. PATCH.

TIPYN o' BOB,

Bryn Mawr College.

We are grateful for this free and pertinent rendering, though our correspondent seems to have been badly affected by Mr. Carpenter's flights in spelling.—*Ed.*

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## DULCI FISTULA

### DINNER

(After reading *Malady*, by F. S. Flint, in *Some Imagist Poets*)

I haste;  
perhaps I have washed me;  
this is a brush;  
this is a comb;  
and there are hair-pins.

Powder!

Have I endured  
the dozen pangs or so  
that make me a girl  
fit to see?

The door bangs,  
and in the hall—  
shouting!

I can hear mobs: the cry, the warning!

The dress, the gap, the pull,  
only a minute!  
Despair! to compress is hard!  
Why try?  
To fast is harder. Squeeze!

Down to the eating place;  
it flees before me.

Me?

I rush all ways:  
The steps reach up and trip me.

Food?

Food! I know it will be food.

Clatter, and then  
I gain the door.  
Smell, oh smell of cauliflower!  
And joy! there is the dining room,  
there is my bread, there my spoon,  
there the last napkin I used,  
there the last table-cloth,  
and oh, the fern dish!

The soup gurgles.

E. E. M., '19.





## Telling the Cook

"Girls who marry men wealthy enough to hire a cook ought to know something about cooking, so they can tell the cook how they want things."

After saying that, Henry T. Finck, the eminent musical critic and author, adds:

"I bless the stars that I have a wife who can tell what's wrong and how to mend it."

One of the beauties of the

# JELL-O

dish is that it never has to be mended, no matter who made it. Cook or no cook, the dish of Jell-O is never wrong.

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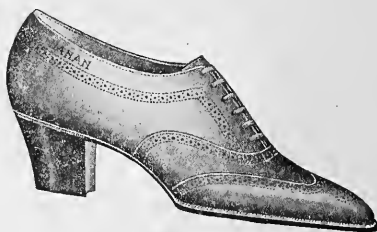
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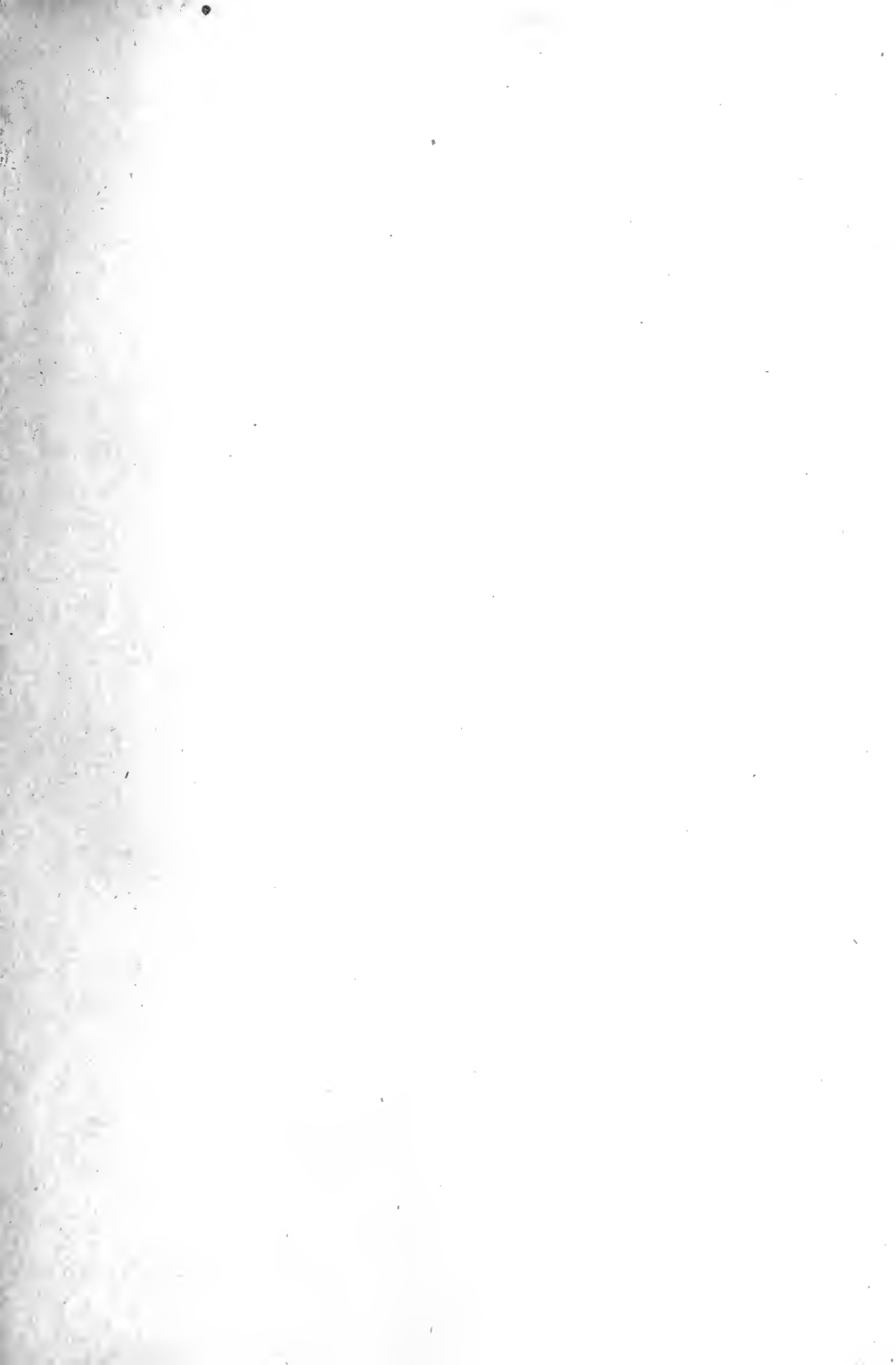


Medium weight welted soles

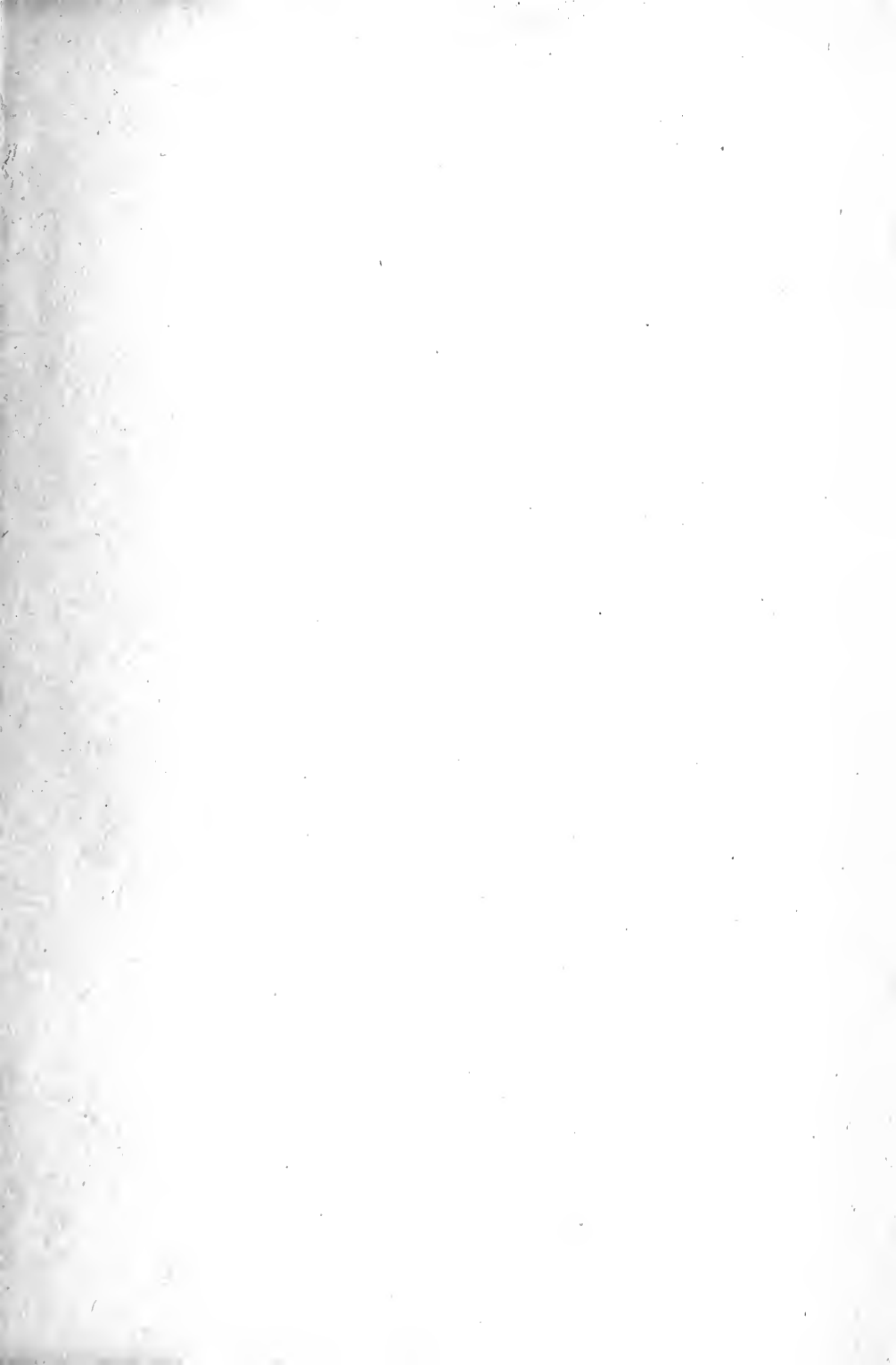
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